

RECOLLECTIONS  
DIPLOMATIC AND  
UNDIPLOMATIC

HERBERT W. BOWEN

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RECOLLECTIONS  
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# RECOLLECTIONS DIPLOMATIC AND UNDIPLOMATIC

BY  
HERBERT W. BOWEN



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## FOREWORD

IN order to meet the criticism of the publisher of this book that my references to my family and to some of my friends are too brief to present them clearly to any readers but those of my own generation, I venture, instead of resorting to footnotes, to group his suggestions in this foreword.

First, then, I may explain that my Father was lineally descended from Griffith Bowen, "Gentleman of Lambe Parke," Wales, who landed in Boston in 1638; from John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians; and from Henry Wolcott, who was the progenitor of many distinguished Wolcotts; and that my Mother was a lineal descendant of Mary, the sister of Benjamin Franklin. Griffith Bowen's son, Henry, was one of the thirteen first settlers of Woodstock, and it was for him that my Father was named. When my Father, who was born in 1813, was about twenty years old, he went to New York City, and there acquired a comfortable fortune, and became interested in anti-slavery work. In 1848 he founded the weekly newspaper, *The Independent*, and secured for it as editors some of the most

remarkable men of his day, such as Dr. Richard S. Storrs, Dr. Leonard Bacon, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Tilton, Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, Charles F. Briggs, the friend of Edgar Allan Poe, and Dr. William H. Ward. *The Independent* quickly became the most influential paper in the United States. After the Civil War, which settled the slavery question, *The Independent* continued to be a prominent periodical up to the time of my Father's death in 1896. A few years later it passed out of the control of his family.

Then, of the names mentioned in this book, Fawcett's, perhaps, is hardly remembered, but he was a novelist of ability, and was the *alter ego* of Edgar Saltus; and, perhaps, Henry M. Hoyt's and Edward B. Whitney's may be known to but comparatively few persons outside of college and legal circles, although each of them served as Solicitor-general of the United States with conspicuous success. Of the other classmates I mention, Frank V. McDonald became one of the leading citizens of San Francisco; Edward Howard Seely was a fine writer up to the time of his death; George L. Curtis was an exceptionally eloquent preacher; Roger Foster was a very scholarly lawyer; and William H. Law was a veritable prince of good fellows; while Henry E. Coe is still a very charming personality in the social circles, as well as in the legal circles of New York;

and Alfred L. Ripley and Clarence H. Kelsey, still youthfully vigorous, besides belonging to the Board of Trustees, or Corporation, of Yale, are financiers of extraordinary ability, Ripley being the President of the Merchants Bank of Boston, and Kelsey, President of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company of New York.

Finally, I should mention that Mr. Norman B. Ream, to whom I refer as a man of great wealth and generosity, attained distinction as a financier in Chicago, and that later when he moved to New York, he added very much to his prestige by his sagacity and wisdom. His country home where his intimate friend, Robert Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln, often visited, was in Thompson, near Woodstock, and to the very last day of his life, his neighbors knew no better, no truer, no kinder friend.

H. W. B.

Woodstock, Connecticut,

July 17, 1926.



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RECOLLECTIONS  
DIPLOMATIC AND UNDIPLOMATIC



## CHAPTER I

**A**BRAHAM LINCOLN, when he came to New York to make his Cooper Union speech, was invited by my Father, who had been giving him quite a little law business to transact in the West, to cross over to Brooklyn to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach. Mr. Lincoln accepted the invitation, made his way alone on foot the first Sunday after his arrival in New York, and occupied our pew. At the conclusion of the services my Father introduced him to Mr. Beecher, and then brought him to our house, which was not far from the Church, with the idea of keeping him for luncheon; but Mr. Lincoln as he started up the front steps suddenly paused, and said that he must, after all, hurry back to his hotel to prepare his speech, as he had only a few hours left before it was to be delivered, and as he practically had done no work at all on it: so, long, lanky, quaint and immortal, he strode away to the great regret of our household, including my five-year-old self.

The speech that Mr. Lincoln was anxious to prepare made a great impression on the people of the East, and led not only to many other invitations to

him to speak, but to the Presidency. But the people of the East were not more enthusiastic over his shrewd and splendid eloquence than he was over the powerful oratory of Mr. Beecher; and several years later, during the Civil War, when the sympathy of England with the Confederate cause became somewhat ominous, Mr. Lincoln was easily convinced that no one could present to the English public the Federal side of the controversy more ably than Mr. Beecher could, and that no time should be lost in arranging for his departure for Liverpool. The success of Mr. Beecher on English platforms was phenomenal. He was generally greeted at first with jeers and sneers by his audiences; but as he proceeded to describe the pitiful and shameful institution of slavery he always evoked from them applause and smiles and, not infrequently, tears.

Mr. Beecher came from his pastorate in the West to Brooklyn at the request of my Father, who gave to him one hundred dollars to defray the expenses of his journey, and who entertained him at our house until he could secure a home for himself and his family in the neighborhood of Plymouth Church. It is a rather strange coincidence that my Father should have brought Mr. Beecher to Brooklyn, and that my Mother should have been the one to get Dr. Richard S. Storrs there. While visiting her Uncles, Augustus Aspinwall and Col. Thomas Aspinwall,



(Colonel Thomas had just returned at that time from London, where he had served for twenty years as United States Consul-General) in their home in Brookline, near Boston, she happened to hear Dr. Storrs preach, and she was so much impressed with his personality and ability that she urged her friends in the Church of the Pilgrims, when she returned home, to select him as their pastor. They were as favorably impressed with him as she had been, after he had come to Brooklyn at their request, and after they had heard him preach; and the result was that he accepted their call, and remained in Brooklyn to the end of his life.

My Mother would have been pleased to remain a member of the Church of the Pilgrims, not only because she preferred Dr. Storrs to Mr. Beecher both as a preacher and as a man, but also because there was an air of refinement in Dr. Storrs' congregation which she felt that Mr. Beecher's Church would never have; and she was quite right; but my Father was one of the two or three founders of Plymouth Church, and felt that he must attend it; and besides, Puritan though he was, he preferred by much the genial philosophy of Mr. Beecher to the somewhat rigid religiosity of Dr. Storrs.

The pew that we had in Plymouth Church was directly back of the Beecher pew: so I became very familiar with the looks of the Beecher family. Mrs.

Beecher was generally considered to be a very efficient woman; but she looked very old and cold and austere and queer, and I often wondered how any one could love her. Perhaps no one did; and for that reason she could not help looking old and cold and austere and queer. Her three sons and her daughter impressed me much more favorably; but none of them had the charm or cleverness of their father. Occasionally Mr. Beecher's brother, Edward, and his sisters, Catharine and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, would occupy the family pew, and all three looked interesting. Mr. Edward was also a clergyman. He was tall and bulky; and, in talking, worked his mouth as if he wanted to utter words of profound significance. Miss Catharine was small and thin, tart and crisp, and was, probably, at her best when she was at her worst. Mrs. Stowe was quite different. There was nothing self-assertive about her: on the contrary she suggested nun-like patience and a great sadness of soul. She and her sister wore costumes that indicated very plainly that they were not inclined to claim *le glorieux privilege d'étonner le beau monde*; but they could not have been entirely indifferent to their looks, for they arranged their hair in innumerable curls, which they never could have done without much thought and care and at least a little vanity.

Several years before my time, Dr. Lyman Beecher,

the father of Henry Ward Beecher, used to occupy the Beecher pew quite frequently; but he became feeble-minded the last years of his life; and when I saw him he was always pacing up and down in front of the house opposite to ours, where he lived with some of his relations. He had more the figure of his daughters than of his sons; and, with his flowing white hair, he looked very patriarchal. My governess, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, used to urge me never to forget him, "as he was born in 1775, one year before the Declaration of Independence was signed."

Another curly-haired lady that was visible from our pew was Mrs. Theodore Tilton. She was rather more petite than either of Mr. Beecher's sisters was, and quite a little less intellectual. Of course I was too young in those days to understand her personality; but understanding came afterwards. Children's impressions are stronger, I am inclined to think, than those of grown-up persons are, and, for that reason, later in life we are generally capable of judging those we knew in our early days with merciless accuracy. At all events, it is clear now to my mind that Mrs. Tilton, diminutive, dark, and delicate, was a woman adoring rather than adored. She evidently was capable of rising to extraordinary heights of spiritual and physical exaltation, and was correspondingly prone to sink, in times of disillusion,

to the depths of utter despair. With such a wide range to her nature as that she naturally was intuitive and sympathetic to the highest degree. Had her husband after their first few happy years together not accepted as a matter of course her devotion to him, and had he not grown more and more infatuated with his own magnificent figure and Miltonian features and with the brilliancy and charm of his own mind, she, doubtless, would have remained in love with him. But she could not help understanding that, as his fame and success as a writer and a lecturer grew, the flattery that he received from his countless admirers of both sexes was so satisfying to his vanity and so constantly novel and thrilling to him that she was no longer a sustaining force in his life, but simply a domestic convenience. She felt like an artist forbidden to paint, or a singer not allowed to sing. At this juncture in her life Mr. Beecher was frequently at her home, as he and Mr. Tilton had become very intimate with each other, not only because they were the two principal Editors of my Father's newspaper, *The Independent*, but also because each was an inspiration and a delight to the other intellectually. Mr. Beecher was somewhat older than Mr. Tilton, but was quite as young in his feelings. As an orator Mr. Beecher was Mr. Tilton's superior, but as a writer he was inferior to him, evidently because he was too self-conscious when he

wrote, just as Mr. Tilton became too self-conscious when he spoke.

As Mr. Beecher was unspoiled by all the adulation he had received, and as he was overwhelmingly sympathetic and magnetic, he was as capable of giving love as he was of receiving it.

Mrs. Tilton's passion to adore, intensified by long repression and suppression, now reasserted itself, and then the great tragedy occurred.

She was the principal victim. Condemned by both Mr. Tilton's and Mr. Beecher's adherents, she found herself alone in the world and despised, and she wept and wept until she became totally blind. Death mercifully in a few months put an end to her agony, but the two men she had loved lived for years and years, never, perhaps, quite so happy but still happy, Mr. Beecher preaching in Plymouth Church sermons that were still eloquent, though perhaps not so eloquent as his earlier ones were, and Mr. Tilton, a voluntary exile, living in Paris, writing poems, playing chess, and entertaining a small circle of cosmopolites with his wit and wisdom, always charming, always sanguine, handsomer and statelier than ever, and always blithely resembling this passionate portrait he drew of himself just before he bade farewell to his native land:

SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS

I

I won a noble fame ;  
     But, with a sudden frown,  
     The people snatched my crown—  
     And, in the mire, trod down  
 My lofty name.

II

I bore a bounteous purse ;  
     And beggars by the way  
     Then blest me, day by day ;  
     But I, grown poor as they,  
 Have now their curse.

III

I gained what men call friends ;  
     But now their love is hate—  
     And I have learned, too late,  
     How mated minds unmate,  
 And friendship ends.

IV

I clasped a woman's breast—  
     As if her heart, I knew,  
     Or fancied, would be true—  
     Who proved, alas ! she too !  
 False like the rest.

## V

I now am all bereft—  
 As when some tower doth fall,  
 With battlement, and wall,  
 And gate, and bridge, and all—  
 And nothing left.

## VI

But I account it worth  
 All pangs of fair hopes crossed—  
 All loves and honours lost—  
 To gain the Heavens, at cost  
 Of losing Earth.

## VII

So, lest I be inclined  
 To render ill for ill—  
 Henceforth in me instil,  
 O God, a sweet good-will  
 To all mankind.

## CHAPTER II

**B**ROOKLYN, the City of Churches, before it was connected with New York by the Roebling bridge, was an overgrown village, and life there was beautifully simple. Everybody knew everybody, no one was pretentious, the children all played in the streets, the social centres were the churches, and the only places of amusement were the Academy of Music, one small theatre, which only the wild and wicked attended, and Hooley's Minstrel Show, which everyone was supposed to support, but not more than half-heartedly. Generally once a day a solitary policeman walked leisurely through our district, but he was never needed, so far as I remember, except once in a while to rescue some timid cat from the perilous heights of a tree. We had a few fire-engines that were drawn by hand, and some street-cars pulled by horses, and streets that were paved with horrible cobble-stones. The main objections I had to life in those far-off childish days were that I had to go to Church and Sunday School and to attend family prayers. At times I felt suffocated with the atmosphere of piety that surrounded me; and I



remember looking at my elders and wondering how any one could look so solemn and sedate as they did in this bright and beautiful world. It is the exceptional children that have a leaning towards piety. Normal children are naturally opposed to anything that is not sunny; and all do more independent thinking than their elders suspect. It is said that when six or seven years old all children ask "Who made God?" I was not an exception to the rule, and I remember, when I received the usual unsatisfactory answers, concluding that people do not know so much after all. I still think so. Some time later I recall hearing with amazement that Christ declared that religion consists of loving God with your whole heart and your neighbor as yourself. I forthwith began to wonder why there were so many sects and churches as I found wherever I went; and I still wonder. Then again when I learned that God had blessed the Seventh Day and hallowed it, I marveled at the audacity of people in ignoring the sanctity of Saturday and in keeping Sunday holy instead, and I became convinced that people change things, the Commandments included, to suit themselves; and I am still inclined to think that they do. From that time I became interested in people rather than in religions; and I still am.

My interest in people, in and out of books, was greatly stimulated by my governess, Miss Proctor,

who, possessed of a fascinating kind of oriental beauty of face and figure, of a fine education, a marvelous memory and imagination, and of extraordinary conversational powers, never wearied of telling me about the eminent men and women and books of the past and present; and her charm was so great that she always held not only us children spellbound, but also any grown-ups who came for a moment to join our circle. She was especially interesting Sunday afternoons; for then she would tell us stories from the Arabian Nights, or recount the experiences of Gulliver, Robinson Crusoe, Jean Valjean, Dante, Cromwell, the Pilgrim Fathers, or of some other of the innumerable dramatic characters she admired. Occasionally she would recite some of her own poems, and she could make them interesting, even if they were beyond our infantile comprehension, simply with her thrilling intonation and changing facial expression. Her poetry was generally published in *The Independent*, and obtained for her a wide circle of friends and admirers, and from time to time was published in book-form. A little prose-book she published in her early days, that had a very large sale, was "Life Thoughts," which was a collection of notable ideas she had culled from Mr. Beecher's sermons while she sat in our pew Sundays with her pencil in hand and a pad on her knee, and which Mr. Beecher himself revised during a long suc-

cession of conferences with her in the library of our house.

Her personal admirers, both while she lived with us and after she began her world-wide travels, were many, and included, besides Mr. Beecher, Vice-president Colfax, Judge Benedict, Mr. Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Charles Storrs, who with his brother founded The Storrs Agricultural College of Connecticut, the Poet Whittier, Horace Greeley, and many other distinguished men, but she never married.

What her ambitions, abilities, and experiences were may be inferred from the following self-revealing verses, which are included in the book of her collected poems published by her literary executors:

#### A PRAYER

Let me not die, O Lord, till I have done  
Some deed to bless the world wherein I dwell!  
Spoken some word that when I leave the sun  
In other hearts the tide of life shall swell,  
And, like a clarion, call to high emprise,  
Though hushed for aye my voice and closed my eyes!

For I have been so glad, thy blue below,  
That earth and air kept carnival with me;  
From banks of rose the winds that softest blow  
Bore my light bark across a halcyon sea;  
And the swift year through all its days and nights  
Blent fairest hopes with dear, fulfilled delights.

And I have swept into such dread abysses,  
 Tossed with such tides on sorrow's wintry main,  
 That neither altar-fires nor holy chrisms  
 Could light my soul or bring a balm for pain;  
 But, back from every sheltering harbor blown,  
 Through the great darkness I have groped alone.

And shall I pass, and all this life of mine  
 Sink voiceless, fruitless in oblivion's wells?—  
 I who have drained earth's rue and quaffed its wine,  
 Whose joys have touched the heavens, whose griefs the hells—  
 Die as the wind upon some alien shore  
 That sings and sighs, then falls to wake no more?

In her talks with even her most intimate friends Miss Proctor was particularly and almost peculiarly reticent about her inner life; and few even suspected that she had an emotional history such as she described in the foregoing poem and in the poem implying that Judgment Day would have intolerable terrors for her were she not sustained by the thought that the Creator would understand her. Doubtless her fear of being misjudged kept her from confiding her feelings to her closest friends. That she felt the need, however, of expressing herself is apparent; and the way she discovered of doing so was most ingenious. She simply unburdened her soul, in poems, to Nature, finding sympathy in the mountains for her great burdens and in the valleys and streams for her joyful memories. Occasionally she chose for her theme some hero's name and deed, to depict the ex-

ceptional courage that she had been called upon to show in the great crises of her life; but it was naturally the mountains and the valleys and the streams that were oftenest in her mind.

Finally and inevitably won over by the same irresistible force that compelled Sappho to describe her erotic ecstasies and Mrs. Browning to pen her ardent sonnets, she compressed her confidences into a few lyrics, startling in their intensity and intrepidity, and gave them to the world.

While her collected poems, including these lyrics, prove that she is entitled to rank only with our minor poets, a complete elucidation of the causes, which she hardly hinted at, of the great emotional vicissitudes of her life would undoubtedly make her personality and, consequently, her poems more impressive than they seem now.

### CHAPTER III

OUR city home in Brooklyn and our country home in Woodstock, Connecticut, were presided over by my very beautiful and loving Mother until I was seven years old, when she died, and then three years later by the Stepmother my father brought to us from Pomfret, Connecticut, where she had been greatly respected because of her fine mind and excellent qualities. She and I were the best of friends, and the only difference I remember having with her was over the interpretation of an order she gave me once not to go out to play in the snow until I had asked her permission. I wanted very much to join the other boys who were making a snow-fort—and finally I asked her permission to leave the house for that purpose. She met my request with a firm refusal, explaining that I had not yet recovered sufficiently from a cold I had been having to incur the danger of adding to it. I left her without further argument, and a half hour later, when she happened to look out of the window, she was astonished to see me helping to put the finishing touches on the fort. She called me in, and asked me why I had disobeyed

her. I told her that, on the contrary, I had obeyed her, and I explained that she had only said that I must not go out until I had asked her permission, and that I had asked it. Nothing had been said, I added, about staying in if she said "No," so I had done what I thought best. She accepted my specious reasoning for what it was worth, but when my Father came home I quickly concluded it was not worth much. My Father was a martinet in the matter of obedience, but in all other respects he was more than ordinarily indulgent. For instance, he insisted that I must not smoke, drink, play at cards, go to the theatre, or leave the house evenings without permission; but he allowed me to satisfy my somewhat foppish taste in dress, to read whatever I wanted to, and to omit making explanations whenever my marks at school were exceptionally low; and he never asked any questions when I returned home from street-fights with a black eye or swollen nose. He favored children's parties and picnics, and even encouraged dancing; but he was too much of a Puritan ever to relax greatly or gracefully. Socially he was only at his best when he was entertaining his dignified contemporaries such as Judges, Senators, Governors and their stately wives and daughters. The first of his dinner-parties that I remember was one that he gave in honor of Chief Justice Chase and his daughter, Kate. Through a half-open door of the drawing-



room I gazed at the great Chief Justice with wonder, for he seemed to me the personification of power, and I was hardly less impressed with his daughter, for she bore herself with an air of great distinction, and looked so lovely that I was not surprised to hear some years later that Senator Roscoe Conkling was so attracted by her that it took nothing less than a shot gun to keep him away from her.

The next dinner-party I remember was less formal, although it was given for Vice-president Colfax. At all events I was allowed to enter the drawing-room, and to be introduced to those present. There was nothing particularly awe-inspiring about Mr. Colfax's looks and manner; but he had a wonderful smile, which he was careful not to hide; for he kept his upper lip bare although his cheeks and chin were adorned with a beard. He was called, I was told afterwards, by his intimates, not Schuyler Colfax but "Smiler" Colfax. A few years later he lost a great deal of his popularity and therefore, had much less reason to smile. Thereupon he grew a mustache.

Another noted man we entertained soon after Mr. Colfax was at our house, who also had a clean upper lip and whiskers, was the great banker, Jay Cooke. He was invited by my father to present his Northern Pacific Railway scheme to an audience of bankers and business men in our drawing-room. Mr. Cooke



came with maps and a pointer, and for an hour or more explained to the three or four hundred gentlemen that were present the benefits that the northern section of our country would derive from being provided with a railway. It had seemed a vast and almost impossible undertaking to many of his auditors before he began to talk; but his admirable arguments, his fine appearance, his evident sincerity, and his almost instantaneous but quite unconscious success in identifying himself with the ideal everyone had of him when he came heroically to our Country's aid during the dark days of the Civil War, won for his prodigious project, before he ceased speaking, the approval of all and the support of those he had hoped to secure.

During one of the few interruptions of his speech he was asked how he could operate his railway through the snow. Without a moment's hesitation he replied, "It will run just north of the snow line." Surely back of wit of that kind is the wisdom of genius, which knows when and how to treat obstacles lightly.

This was the only occasion, I believe, when a reception was given by us for gentlemen only; and I was particularly interested in it because my Father had deputed me to make all the arrangements for refreshments, although I was only fourteen years old. I had a long interview, I remember, with the

caterer; and I dictated to him a list of what I thought was needed. It included ice cream, cakes, charlotte russe, fried oysters, salads, sandwiches, candied towers of very appealing architectural beauty, coffee and lemonade. My Father being a rabid teetotaler, I did not dare order any wines and liqueurs; but I compromised with my desire to do so, by obtaining from the caterer his solemn promise to put champagne into the lemonade but not on the bill. After the supper had been served and the last guest had gone, my Father complimented me on the looks of the table and on the refreshments, and stated that he had particularly enjoyed the lemonade. He never knew how pleasantly I had deceived him, and it has often occurred to me that very few of us ever know when we are pleasantly deceived. It is the unpleasantness of deception that arouses our ire and resentment, while the pleasant kind suggests to our minds bouyant aphorisms like "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

My Father evidently believed in making his children shoulder responsibilities early in life. At all events, shortly after the Jay Cooke reception he told me to find the pianist, Joseffy, and to engage him to play at our house at a dinner-party he was giving. I did not know where Joseffy lived, nor did I know how much to pay him; but after diligent inquiries I found him with some of his admirers in a very dis-

arranged room in a side street of New York. As he got up from his piano-stool I was greatly impressed with his wild locks, silk smoking-jacket, and embroidered slippers. I diplomatically asked him whether he objected to playing in private houses, and he a little less diplomatically replied "No, if I can get my price." Thereupon, throwing all reserve aside, I boldly asked him what his price was. He answered, "Five hundred dollars." That seemed to me quite a tidy sum, but without hesitation I accepted his offer, and handed to him my Father's card. He appeared on the evening designated, and played with great brilliancy, but without much depth of feeling: still everyone was delighted with his skill, including my Father, who never expressed even the slightest doubt that the honorarium was a proper one.

Another rather unusual commission my Father gave to me at this time was to take a new span of carriage horses to our country home in Woodstock. He left all the arrangements to me; and without being the least surprised, I proceeded to have them delivered by the seller on the New London boat. I was there in time to receive them, and to see that they were given proper accommodations. I slept near them that night, and early in the morning, when we landed at New London, I engaged a freight car, and led them into it myself, and stayed with them

until we reached our station, Putnam. They were high spirited, and were greatly excited during the trip. When I got to Putnam I borrowed a saddle, and started to ride one of them, and lead the other; but they both bolted, and I had to drop the rope of the horse I was leading. I expected to see him disappear; but after a few snorts and kicks he decided to follow his mate, which I managed to keep headed toward Woodstock. It was a wild, hard ride of five miles; but finally I got them to come to a halt near our stable, where they were quickly taken in hand by our colored coachman, who Summer and Winter had charge of our stables in Woodstock, and who a few weeks later brought to our house from Putnam with these same horses the President of the United States, General Grant.

## CHAPTER IV

GENERAL GRANT was the first President of the United States to visit Woodstock, but President Washington crossed the southern part of the town while returning to the seat of government from Boston, but he did not alight from his coach until he reached Pomfret. The visit of President Grant at "Roseland," our home in Woodstock, took place July 4, 1870, and was a momentous event, and my Father took great pains to let the entire community share the honor of entertaining our distinguished guest. The house-party consisted of the President, and his Secretary, General Horace Porter, Baron Cataczy, the Russian Minister to Washington; Governor Jewell of Connecticut; General Hawley, Senator of the United States; General Pleasanton; General Benjamin F. Butler; General Stewart L. Woodford; and several wives and daughters of the guests. A company of Civil War veterans acted as guard of honor, and occupied tents on our lawn. A public reception was given to the President on the Common, and to the thousands there gathered he made a brief speech, which was enthusiastically

cheered, but which, as a matter of fact, was quite commonplace. The people cheered the man and not the speech; and the man certainly was a man, strong, staunch, indomitable, independent, and at the same time generous, thoughtful, considerate and splendidly modest. After the President had spoken, several real speeches were made, and Baron Catacazy's, General Hawley's and General Woodford's were particularly well received. Everybody was curious to see General Butler, for he had more reputation of an uncertain kind than any one else had who had ever come to Woodstock. He looked like a cross between a pirate and a priest, and he had the audacity of the one and the subtlety of the other: so he was always interesting, and he always got what he wanted, except the degree from Harvard of Doctor of Laws when he became Governor of Massachusetts. Harvard up to his time had always given that high honorary degree to every Governor of its State as a matter of course, but also, as a matter of course, it abstained from so honoring General Butler.

Of quite a different caliber from General Butler was General Stewart L. Woodford. He had side whiskers and a benign countenance, and was a real orator of the popular type. A queer thing about him was that he could talk without thinking, but that he could not write, never mind how much he thought. My Father at one time engaged him as an Editor;

but after the General had paced the floor of his Editorial Sanctum for two days without being able to make his pen work, he resigned his position. He stood well with the politicians of New York, and came within an ace of being selected to run as Vice-President on the ticket with Garfield. He was so disappointed that he was finally given, as a *douceur*, the mission to Spain.

As for General Hawley, he came often to Woodstock, and there probably was no more popular man in Connecticut than he was. He had a fine war-record, and became so prominent as an Editor that he was very naturally brought forward as a candidate for a Senatorship. He was easily elected, and remained a Senator as long as he lived, an honor to his State and to his Country.

General Grant felt quite at home among all these Generals, but he talked very little. There was nothing ungracious, however, about him. He was simply silent, because it was his nature to be so. When he did speak he always said something that was sensible and appropriate. His voice was well-modulated, his enunciation was clear, and he was noticeably partial to the Anglo-Saxon words of our composite language.

Two incidents occurred during his stay that were amusing. Very soon after he arrived at "Roseland" he asked my Father where the smoking room was.



My Father, not in the least flustered by the question, answered that he was opposed to the use of tobacco, and had therefore never permitted smoking in his house. The President did not appear surprised or annoyed, but he quietly made his way to the garden, and there smoked to his heart's content, attended by some of us children. Hearing from us that we had a bowling alley near by, he said that he had never done any bowling, and he asked to be taken to it. The pins were set up for him, and, taking a ball, he aimed carefully and hurled it down the run. It hit the first pin exactly right, and down it went with all the other pins too. As he seemed much pleased with his success, we urged him to bowl some more; but he put his hands in his pockets, puffed for a moment on his cigar, and then said: "No; I have done the best I could, and I have learned to be satisfied with the best." That was a new kind of philosophy to us; for we liked to bowl by the hour, not thinking so much of doing our best as of doing better than our opponents; and I am inclined to think even now that our sporting spirit was on the whole more commendable than his philosophy was.

The people of Woodstock were particularly interested in seeing General Grant, as one of his predecessors in the command of our armies, General McClellan, was descended from an old Woodstock family, and as many of its soldiers had served in the



field under both commanders. General McClellan, who also visited at "Roseland" soon after General Grant's departure, with his wife, daughter, and son, later Mayor of New York, was a very charming man, and was quite as loquacious as General Grant was silent. He was doubtless a more efficient organizer of armies than General Grant was, but he lacked the latter's fighting qualities, and it was these that were needed to crush the Rebellion. As a fighter General Grant never had a superior, and it is doubtful that he ever had an equal; so he could well afford to be somewhat deficient in the characteristics which add lustre to a great commander's career.

Another distinguished descendant of an old Woodstock family was the poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes. He, Senator James G. Blaine and Governor Daniel H. Chamberlain were invited by my Father to attend the first Fourth of July Celebration held in Roseland Park, and they were our guests at "Roseland" for several days. That was in 1877. It was my good fortune to be sent to Putnam to meet the train from Boston on the morning of July 3rd to greet Dr. Holmes, and to drive him to Woodstock. When the train arrived, and the passengers descended to the platform, I had no difficulty in recognizing the celebrated poet, as I had frequently seen pictures of him; but I was somewhat astonished to find him wearing a tall white hat and a long linen

duster, and looking as solemn as if he had just come from the seven hills of Rome, and was trying to recall their names. His face brightened for a moment when I took his handbag from him, after briefly introducing myself. As I led the way to the carriage he said that he wanted to walk for half a mile, and that he would like to have me keep the carriage not ahead of him, nor behind him, but at his side. As he started off I followed his directions meticulously, and he walked exactly half a mile. Then he motioned to me to stop, and, as he took his seat beside me, he remarked, "I do not want to talk." I, therefore, proceeded to forget his existence to the best of my ability; but after we had gone about a mile he suddenly exclaimed in a cheery voice, "Now I will talk," and talk he did in a perfect stream, quite like a school-boy. I suppose now that the hot ride in the train tired him, and that his brisk walk made him feel somewhat asthmatic; but at the time I thought that he was about the rudest man I ever met. He seemed to know all about his Woodstock ancestors and he referred with great pride to his grandfather, Dr. David Holmes, who gained considerable distinction during the French War and the Revolutionary War, and to his great-great-grandfather, John Holmes, who identified himself with Woodstock in its very earliest days. As a house guest he was delightful, and when he read his poem at Roseland

Park about the Ship of State and his ancestors he was charming. The first part of his poem, "The Ship of State," was written because Governor Chamberlain had criticised in his presence the attitude of the Government toward the Southern States during the existing reconstruction period, and Dr. Holmes felt that he must assert his own loyalty on the spot. He did so most gracefully, and no one applauded him more enthusiastically than Governor Chamberlain, who appreciated the Poet's patriotism, even if he could not approve of the President's policy.

Governor Chamberlain was an exceptionally entertaining guest. Unlike many public men, he appeared perfectly at home in the drawing-room and quite at his ease in the society of ladies. Indeed he made a very much better impression as a man of the world than was made by Mr. Blaine, who had a way of greeting most cordially those to whom he was introduced, and then of assuming the attitude of a sympathetic listener, while it was perfectly apparent to any one who observed him for any length of time that he was greatly bored with the banalities of the young and with the garrulities of the old, and was not at ease. He was at his best when speaking to a large audience on foreign and domestic affairs, or talking politics with his colleagues or supporters.

Neither his face nor his conversation indicated that he was a man of high ideals, or that he was

appreciative of the sublime and beautiful in nature and in the arts; yet he was the most popular man of his day. His intense partizanship, his reckless courage, his mordant sarcasm, charmed and captivated the great majority of his party, and it seemed as if nothing could prevent him from being elected President of the United States. But something always happened. First it was his impetuosity in antagonizing his great rival, Senator Roscoe Conkling, by publicly comparing him with a turkey cock. If he had called him an archangel or an Apollo he would have been made President. Then again he would have obtained the Presidency if he had happened to hear Dr. Burchard in his address to him refer to the Democratic Party as the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," and had at once stated emphatically that he repudiated absolutely the idea that the Reverend gentleman's three R's were responsible for the condition of the Democratic Party, and would continue to maintain that that condition was brought about by its lack of proficiency in the old three R's—readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic. Still again he lost the Presidency because of his apprehensiveness about his health. Had he been more sanguine, he would have entered the arena, and won, unless something else had happened to defeat again his hopes. At the time when his candidacy was first formally

announced Robert Ingersoll described him as a "Plumed Knight," but he was never quite that; and history is not at all unlikely to maintain that he was a Plucked Knight.

## CHAPTER V

HAVING obtained permission from my Father to complete in Europe my preparation for college, I sailed with my tutor two weeks after I was sixteen years old on the old "City of New York" for Liverpool. It was a stormy voyage of thirteen days, but was quite delightful. Among the passengers was a man who interested me very much, as he spoke many languages, and had traveled in many lands, and as he was very gentlemanly and genial. He was bound for his African home and, in time, for fame as a captive. Ian Perdicaris it was, and it was he whose release was demanded in the most melodramatic cablegram our government has ever had to its credit—or discredit. He had passed some of his stormy youthful years in Paris; and as he learned that I was going there to study French, he gave me a letter of introduction to his former landlady, and begged her to assign to me his old room, and to keep a friendly eye on me. When we landed at Liverpool we parted, and I never saw him again, but I have always remembered his lithe and graceful figure, his suave

manners, his animated face and his *esprit*, which was *étendu, fin, délié, et de lumière*.

Without delaying in Liverpool, my tutor and I proceeded to London, and the next day being Sunday, and my tutor having just been graduated from a theological seminary, it was decided that we should go to church, and that it would be more interesting to hear Mr. Spurgeon preach than it would be to listen to someone with whose name we had never been familiar. So we went to his church, secured good seats, and listened carefully to the sermon. Mr. Spurgeon was a rather heavily-built man, with a beard, and was evidently a man of the people. He made but few gestures, and spoke with the utmost directness and simplicity. In short, he was very like Mr. Moody, our American evangelist, but was not quite so magnetic. His congregation looked solid and stolid; and on walking back to the hotel I noted with some amusement how very seriously the English take their Sunday. They all looked to me as if they were about to attend the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

The next morning we were off to Paris; and, on arriving there, I lost no time in presenting Mr. Perdicaris's letter to his old landlady. She read it with great delight, and assured me at once that she would give my tutor and myself good rooms, and take the best of care of us. She had a whole house in the rue



d'Erfuth in the Latin quarter, and she must have been very pretty and attractive fifteen years earlier, when Mr. Perdicaris first met her. For a long time I was too astonished to appreciate the romantic side of life in the Latin Quarter, and also too busy; for, besides being drilled two hours daily in French verbs and grammar by Professor Jeanne, the best of the French teachers of his day, I had music lessons, vocal and instrumental, and my Greek and Latin lessons; and, when I was not studying, my natural love of the arts kept me occupied in visiting the Louvre and all the other treasure-houses in and near Paris.

When the hot weather came, we went to St. Malo, where we had excellent bathing and learned something of the stilted way in which the French take their pleasure when far from theatres and cafés. We made the short voyage, of course, to the almost neighboring isles of Guernsey and Jersey, and I was quite thrilled when the guide we had pointed out a man in the cupola of a rather large house, and said that it was Victor Hugo. Later I was amused to hear that, being requested to write something in the guest-book of one of the local inns, the great French poet contributed these lines to it:

"Pour chasser le spleen  
J' entrai dans un Inn,  
Où je bus du gin.  
God save the Queen!"



Shortly after our return to Paris I prevailed on my Father to let me dismiss my tutor, and to live independently. The truth is I thought that my tutor had been long enough in Paris, and that he ought to go back home to put new life and vigor into his theological beliefs, and to give me a chance to breathe the air of freedom. After he left me I became well acquainted with many of the students in my neighborhood, and I was quite fascinated with the seriousness with which they worked and with the *abandon* with which they played. I had all of my meals at the restaurants they patronized. I often attended lectures with them. I even passed many hours in the dissecting-room of the Medical School, and I joined the gymnasium facing the Sorbonne and the night art-class. Sunday nights I was always to be found at the Students' Ball, and for pure fun with a dash of impure fun I do not believe that anything quite so natural and amusing existed anywhere else in the whole wide world.

At the end of a year I was speaking French fluently, and I decided it was time to go to Germany. I selected Berlin as my place of residence, and thanks to Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, who had been one of my Father's Editors, and who was now living permanently in Berlin, I was introduced to his friends, the Misses Lemcke, who were engaged in superintending the education of several young ladies,

but who kindly consented to include me in their household. Dr. Thompson told me that the younger one, Miss Marguerite, was the best educated woman he had ever met, and he was quite right. She had a genius for appreciation and assimilation, and was an artist in everything except creative power, which she either lacked entirely or failed to cultivate. She supervised my studies for the next year, and taught me German herself. Very little German prose appealed to me strongly, but I was delighted with the poetical works of Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and the lesser lyrists, and found them much easier to memorize than the *debonnair* and sprightly verses I had studied in Paris of Villon, Ronsard, Beranger and their contemporaries, and the decadent poetry of Baudelaire and his imitators, and much more vital and melodious than the Alexandrines of Corneille and Racine.

It was in Berlin that I first attended the opera and theatre, and I owe that great concession on the part of my Father to a very appealing and sensible letter Dr. Thompson wrote to him, explaining the educational and moral value of the stage in Germany to both the old and young. The first ticket I bought was to see Goethe's "Faust." It was a thrilling performance, and it seemed to me that I had never seen any one so fresh and fair as the actress who took the part of *Marguerite*. A few days later she was

pointed out to me in the street, and I was shocked to see that she was at least forty years old, and to learn that the two husky children at her side were her own. It was a cruel disillusion, and all the more cruel because I had only myself to blame for it.

Besides the theatre and the Opera House, there was another great "Educational and Moral" institution in Berlin, and that was the Museum, with its fine collection of paintings and statues and its exceptionally good department of Egyptology. At least once a week the Misses Lemcke led a party of us thither, and not infrequently some of the young officers would be with us, who took English lessons of them; and they were quite as anxious as we were to listen to the cultured criticisms of our *cicerones*. The walk to and from the museum was along Berlin's sumptuous boulevard, "Unter den Linden," and we seldom failed to see there some member of the Royal family, the most impressive one of whom was old Emperor William, still erect and vigorous, and not a little awe-inspiring, for he had vanquished Napoleon Third and had borne a conspicuous part in celebrating with the Allied Powers the defeat and downfall of Napoleon Buonaparte.

His son, Frederick, the Crown Prince, was also a tall, striking looking man, and he was very popular with the masses because he was humane. His aggressive wife, Victoria, daughter of Queen Victoria

of England, was undoubtedly able and intellectual, but she was genuinely disliked by a majority of the people, and was considered unduly meddlesome by practically everyone.

The two sons of Frederick and Victoria were in their teens at this time, and were not supposed to be particularly clever or likeable.

I never met any of the Royal Family walking in the Thier Garten, or public park, but it was a favorite haunt of Bismarck and also of Von Moltke, both of whom I saw there frequently. Bismarck, brawny and bulky, was the personification of power, and I have never seen any one else quite so commanding-looking as he was. Von Moltke, on the other hand, was inconspicuous and slender, but he had, in spite of his slight stoop, an elegant figure. Bismarck always walked in a leisurely way, and was very observant, while Von Moltke stepped quickly and yet without hurry, looking neither to the right nor to the left, as if everything and everybody were familiar to him and no longer had any claim on his curiosity. If Bismarck was the man of power, Von Moltke was the man of purpose, and they were equally determined and formidable. They were a wonderful pair, and the Old Emperor evidently appreciated them, and knew it was they and not he who had united Germany, and made her a great nation. To commemorate the stupendous success of

his reign the monument of Victory was erected in the Thier Garten, and it was my good fortune to be present at the spectacular ceremony that took place when it was unveiled. Our Minister, Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, gave tickets both to Dr. Thompson and to me to the Grand Pavilion, where we had front seats. The Emperor and his staff entered the Garten on horseback, and took up his position so near our seats that we could hear him whenever he spoke. His voice and manner were quite as imperious as they were imperial, and nothing seemed to escape his eye. As the troops marched by he was very punctilious about saluting, and he glanced from time to time at the special Pavilion for the Princes and Princesses of the realm as if he wanted to feel sure that they were comporting themselves with due dignity. All of the uniforms in sight were of the gala kind, and were resplendent with decorations; and the Princesses and Court ladies were correspondingly arrayed in their best brocades and adorned with their most magnificent jewels. When, after the National Anthem had been played, the signal was at last given to unveil the Monument, the draperies fell in graceful folds, and before us it stood revealed, a marvel of beauty and strength, glittering with three rings of burnished field-pieces captured in the recent wars against the Danes, the Austrians, and the French.

The following day I called at our Legation to thank Mr. Bancroft for his courtesy to me, and was much pleased to learn from him that he had favored me the day before not only because he had me in mind, but also because he had been intimately acquainted in Boston with my grandfather, Lewis Tappan, when they were both young men.

While we were talking, Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow were ushered into the drawing-room, and after Mr. Bancroft had greeted them very cordially he introduced me to them. Mr. Bigelow had made a fine reputation for himself as our Minister to France, and Mrs. Bigelow was almost as well known, because of her queenly looks and great originality.

There were but few Americans of the scholarly class living in Berlin at that time, and I had some trouble in finding one who would teach me Greek; but I finally persuaded Mr. Robert Keep to give me an hour a day until some one else turned up, and he stood by me for several weeks. Then Mr. Rufus B. Richardson suddenly arrived, and he agreed to give me two hours for several months. He was a fine teacher, and was a very winning man, as my sister, Alice, subsequently discovered, for she married him. What with German lessons, and singing lessons, and piano lessons and Greek lessons, my time was pretty well occupied, but I was quite as happy as I was busy.



As the Misses Lemcke found that having a young man in the house was not objectionable, they yielded to the earnest solicitation of two recent graduates of Yale to provide them also with a home. They were Theodore Woolsey, son of the President of Yale, and Ben Hoppin, the son of Professor Hoppin of the Yale Divinity School. They were very sober and studious young men, and evenings their favorite amusement with me was to recite the principal parts of Latin verbs. Finally I ventured to propose that we should all three take dancing lessons, as I felt sure that our heels were in need of cultivation quite as much as our heads were, and, to my surprise, they consented, and appointed me a committee of one to engage the dancing-master. None but the best would do: so I engaged the Court dancing-master, and he came with a fiddler several days later, and we took our first lesson. He arranged us in a row, and soon had us advancing and retreating to the strongly accented music furnished by his fiddler and to his own even more strongly accented instructions in French. His greatest difficulty seemed to be to get our feet to come together after they had once got started; but after the lesson was over each of us claimed to have done very well, and we all began to look forward with enthusiasm to our next lesson. But we never had a next lesson. The Court Dancing-master sent word to us that he must decline to give

us any more of his time, and he intimated that it was his business to develop talent and not to try to create it. What a shock! Woolsey and Hoppin may have recovered from it during the ensuing year; but, judging from my own experience, I doubt it.

Just before the time came for me to leave Berlin to take my entrance examinations at New Haven for Yale, I visited Potsdam and some of the other environs of the German Capital, and went more frequently to the opera, theatre, and beer-gardens, so as to absorb as much as possible of the local atmosphere. My object was to be able, not to criticise, but to appreciate, and I must have succeeded, for when I had said all my distressing good-byes, and had started away in the train, I felt that I was taking away countless memories that would be life-long delights to me, and that all my unpleasant recollections could be summed up in the statement that I found German ideals far worse than German ideas.



## CHAPTER VI

HAVING passed my entrance examinations to Yale in June, 1874, I began my freshman year the following September. Dr. Noah Porter was our President, having succeeded Dr. Woolsey, who was as wise and worthy a President as any college ever possessed, and who was the author of a very clear and concise work on International Law. Dr. Porter was considerably less admirable; but he was a serene old gentleman, who had a ponderous work to his credit called "The Human Intellect," and who, like Aristotle, very sanely and helpfully maintained the doctrine that learning is "an ornament to men in prosperity and a refuge in adversity."

Both Dr. Woolsey and Dr. Porter preached frequently in the Chapel in my day, and we occasionally heard Dr. Leonard Bacon, who had been a Professor in the Yale Theological Seminary, and who was one of the three that formed the first board of Editors of my Father's paper, *The Independent*, the other two being Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn and Dr. Thompson of the Broadway Tabernacle Church of New York. Surely there were great Editors in those

days! Dr. Bacon was nothing if not pugnacious and courageous, and so he was respected rather more than he was liked. My Father told many humorous stories about him, and this one I remember particularly well. There was a large Church Convention held in New York just before the Civil War, and the discussion about doctrine became very heated. Finally a peace-maker arose, and begged that they should all stop, and pray. Thereupon Dr. Bacon sprang to his feet, and shouted, "This is no time to pray. It is the time to act." At that point in the story my Father paused, and then added with a smile, "We acted."

Nearly everybody who was connected with Yale at that time as a trustee or as a member of the Faculty was a theologian or a near theologian, and the college itself had lost hardly any of its Puritanical character and appearance. The old brick-row of buildings and the old fence were still there, and the atmosphere of the classrooms, with their rigid and frigid seats and desks, bare walls, and midget windows, was still dismal and depressing. The professors and tutors, or "the grindstone crowd," as I used to call them, still taught in the old-fashioned way, which consisted not so much of teaching as of trying to discover just how little the students knew of their lesson. There were one or two exceptions among them, of course; for instance, Prof. Loomis, I

really believe, saved his own time and ours by simply assuming that we knew nothing, and Prof. Northrup, who was just as human as he dared to be, had a most charming way of showing pleasurable surprise whenever we gave evidence of possessing the slightest bit of originality. He was called, later, to the Presidency of a Western College, and he made a very great success of his work.

Another one of our professors who became a college president was Dr. Franklin Carter. He went to Williams College, but not before he had made his reputation at Yale as a scholar and a wit. I grew to know him well, as he had rooms over mine. He used to send for me frequently to caution me not to play my piano and sing out of hours. He always made the same remark: "Bowen, I am very fond of music, but you must obey the rules." Finally that remark came to my mind one holiday while I was sitting on the old fence listening to the ambitious melodies of an organ-grinder; and, acting on the inspiration of the moment, I approached the man and offered him a quarter if he would play for a friend of mine who was confined to his room. He agreed at once; and I led him to the landing in front of Professor Carter's door, handed him twenty-five cents, and told him to play his loudest arias, as my friend's hearing was none too acute. Then I hastily descended the stairs to the doorway, where sev-

eral hundred of the students had collected to see what would happen. The organ-grinder meanwhile had begun to play "Bella Napoli" with great vigor, and the crowd below had started to grow exhilarated and hilarious. But all of a sudden "Bella Napoli" was suppressed by a Vesuvius-like eruption in the shape of Professor Carter, who sprang through his door, seized the dreamy Italian by the collar, pushed him with his organ down the stairs to the Campus, through the Campus to the street, and there gave him a final and vicious shove which the crowd cheered as if it had been a successful tackle in a Yale-Harvard football game. The doughty Professor, without hat, with disordered hair, with rage reddening his entire countenance, with flapping dressing-gown, and with slippers gaping at the heel with every step, strode back through the Campus and up the stairway to his study, feeling better, much better, we hoped, after his little outing!

The next day I attended his class. Before he dismissed us he looked seriously at me and said, "Bowen, you will please remain!" I waited in my seat until all the others had gone, and then I arose, and waited for him to speak. He regarded me thoughtfully for a moment, and then he motioned to me to draw near him. When I was within reach of his desk, he leaned forward,

and putting his arm around my neck he whispered into my ear, "Bowen, I take it back: I am not fond of music." With an ambiguous "I am sorry," and with a laugh in which he joined me, I retired, and he never had any reason to complain of me again.

The only other member of the faculty that was reported to have a sense of humor was Professor Thomas Thatcher, and he, *mirabile dictu*, had been teaching Latin Grammar for fifty years! Poor man! humor probably was his only relaxation. His best flash occurred when he was a tutor. He was very unpopular then; for he acted as sleuth for the Faculty, and was especially vigilant after the shadows of evening fell, and the Sophomoric spirit of mischief arose. It seems that he finally became so unpopular that the students, finding a load of coal in front of his quarters one dark night, took it, lump by lump, and threw it through his windows. To save his life he had to get under his bed. Shortly afterwards, while taking supper at one of the hospitable homes of New Haven, he was asked by his fatherly host what salary he received. He smiled grimly, and replied, "Twelve hundred dollars a year and coal thrown in."

I personally profited by his sense of humor; for it saved me once from suspension. I had answered "Present" for another member of the Freshman

Crew when the roll was called at the Gymnasium by Prof. Sargent, who was engaged by the Faculty to give the Freshman class, as an experiment, which was dropped the next year, a series of scientific exercises. As the Crew was having exercise enough, it was agreed that only one of its members should attend Dr. Sargent's class at a time, and that he should answer "Present" for all the others when the roll was called. Dr. Sargent happened to be standing near me when he called the roll, and when I answered "Present" for Burrill, he said, "What do you mean, Sir, by trying to deceive me? I will mark Burrill present, and I will mark you absent." When I sought to explain the matter, he grew more enraged still, and shaking his record-book at me, he said, "I shall report you to the Faculty for impertinence." And he did report me, and the Faculty were on the point of suspending me, when one of them suggested that it might be well to learn whether I had any defense to make. President Porter thereupon appointed Prof. Thatcher to call on me in my room, and to learn what I had to say, and then to return forthwith to the meeting and recommend what action should be taken. I happened to be in my room when he came. After I had seen that he was comfortably seated, he told me what had taken place at the Faculty meeting, and then added, "I do not suppose you can give me any excuse; and I am very



sorry, for I know that your Father will be greatly grieved at your suspension, and it will be a lasting mortification to you." When he paused, I bent forward very earnestly, and said, "Professor, it must be a huge mistake. The Faculty can not suspend me. On the day that Dr. Sargent says all this occurred his own book shows that I was not present," and I explained exactly what had taken place. Without a word he got up, and left the room, and his recommendation to the Faculty was such that the matter was dropped and I was not.

The Freshman Crew to which I have referred, and to which I belonged, was trained by the celebrated "Bob Cook," who was now a Junior, and who was our first scientific oarsman. He had the qualities, but not the looks, of a gentleman; and although he was of medium size and not apparently very muscular, he pulled the best and strongest oar of any man in college.

Another modest man of those days who made a great reputation as an athlete was Walter Camp. He gave his attention while an undergraduate to football; but later he mastered the entire subject of physical culture, and secured and kept for himself a national name that seemed to grow more honored every year of his life.

Yale in those days was just beginning to be really interested in sports; but the number of men who

actually took part in them was very small. In the ideal college physical culture would be deemed quite as important as intellectual culture, and every undergraduate would be marked quite as strictly for his work in the former as for his accomplishments in the latter. Nothing that is manly and that promotes manliness should be regarded with indifference by college faculties; and they should favor sport especially as it promotes virility and a sense of fair play, both of which are needed not only in our private life, but also in our National life, if we are to attain the kind of success that is worth having.

I have no doubt that "Bill" Taft, who was in our Class at Yale, has had a much more successful career because of his wrestling bouts in the gymnasium and his work on the tug-of-war team. He weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds while he was an undergraduate, and so was too heavy to row, to play ball or to sprint; but he was good at wrestling, as I know, for I was generally his antagonist; and he was the hardest puller on our tug-of-war team, as I knew also, for I pulled just back of him. His dominant characteristic was that he put his whole mind on what he was doing; and so he never did anything poorly. As a scholar he stood high; but that was because he was a plodder and not because he was particularly bright. If I were to compare him with some of our Classmates, I should say that he did not



have the marvelously clear mentality of Kelsey and Ripley, nor the splendid spirituality of Curtis and Seely, nor the social charm of Harry Hoyt, Bill Law and "Duffer" Coe, nor the fine familiarity with the English language that Whitney and Foster possessed; but he towered above us all as a moral force, and, consequently, was the most admired and respected man not only in my class, but in all Yale.

The residents of New Haven were not conspicuously social in those days, but some of the young ladies there, including "Teeny" Ingersoll, Hattie Staples, Delia Lyman, and Anna Graves, were exceptionally and extraordinarily attractive, and it would be impossible for those of us who knew them to sing even now "Bright College Days" without associating them very intimately with the word, "Bright."

Towards the end of my college career, which, I do not need to confess, was far from brilliant, I became convinced that Yale ought to have a daily paper, and, having talked the matter over with my classmate, Frank McDonald, whose purse was always full, I decided, with his backing, to make the experiment. It was more of an undertaking than I thought it would be; for at first I had to do all the writing and proof-reading, and had to secure all the advertisements. I experienced no difficulty in getting advertisements; but no one will ever know how

mortified I was, again and again, at my mistakes in spelling and in punctuation; but little by little the burden on my shoulders was lightened by those to whom I appealed for literary contributions and for items of interest. It was thus that the *Yale News*, the first College daily paper in the world, came into existence. It was a paying proposition from the start, and McDonald and I always divided at least ten dollars a week as net profits!

The only other Yale institution I helped to organize was Wolf's Head secret society; but that was originated several years after I left college, while my youngest brother, Frank, was a Junior. The scheme was first discussed by my brothers, Clarence and John, and myself, and we selected the name, "Wolf's Head," and drew up its general plan. My brother, Clarence, took the matter in hand of raising the money, and the new Society was in a flourishing condition the following year. I had given my assistance with the understanding that I would not become a member of the Society, and I never joined it, not because I am entirely opposed to College Fraternities, but rather because I am not wholly in favor of them.

Owing to my lack of scholarship at Yale, I had not expected that my name would be associated in any way with our Graduation Exercises; but in the Class-Ode Competition some verses I wrote almost at

the last moment were favored by the Committee of the Faculty appointed to pass on the matter, and were printed on the official program. All that I recall of the verses was the concluding stanza, which was this:

“To us who part from thee, dear Yale,  
This thought doth solace give:  
The leaves may in their season fall,  
But still the tree will live.  
Thou’lt live and blossom when we’re gone,  
And wilt, perhaps, relate  
That we were once thy foliage  
In dear, old Seventy-eight.”

## CHAPTER VII

**W**ITHIN a week after I left Yale I took the steamer for Liverpool to travel for a time, and then to settle down in Italy for the Winter.

First I went to Scotland to visit my Scotch cousins, the Stoddards, at their home bordering on the Clyde. There I met old Lord-mayor Watson of Glasgow, who told me much that was interesting about his early days; and I recall particularly his vivid account of how, when he was a boy, he saw his father's butler go around the dining-room after the men-guests had fallen from their chairs from over-indulgence in after-dinner port, and loosen their neck-cloths. There also I met the Misses Campbell of Glasgow, who were great social favorites there, and who told so many dreamy tales about the highlands and lowlands that they seemed like legendary lassies themselves come to life. Miss Hannah Campbell had a magnificent contralto voice; and she was one of the very few persons I have ever heard who could sing Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba" with adequate depth of feeling. Every evening for two weeks we all gathered about the piano, but not for long, as we

dined late and had family-prayers promptly at ten o'clock. It was a patriarchal home, large and commodious, and always filled with children, grandchildren, guests and good cheer.

After leaving the Clyde I went through the lovely Scotch Lake-district and up to Inverness, where I had some fine salmon fishing, and then down to Edinburgh, where I felt I had arrived just too late to see Mary Queen of Scots, John Knox, Robert Burns and all the other dignitaries and geniuses of whose presence there the very stones seemed to speak.

From Edinburgh I jogged down to London, where I arrived just in time to see Disraeli and Lord Salisbury given the freedom of the City after their return from the celebrated Berlin Conference, which was not quite the triumph for Disraeli that he thought it was, for it started as many things as it suppressed.

Disraeli was the most devilishly fascinating looking man I ever saw. The crowd in the streets went wild over him, and he smiled his acknowledgments with oriental urbanity and unctuousness, turning his grasping glance now to the right and now to the left with diplomatic impartiality.

To Lord Salisbury very little attention was paid; but he evidently was not looking for any, probably because he was too much of a gentleman and a philosopher to care for the plaudits of the populace.

From London I hastened to Paris to see the Expo-

sition, which was then drawing travelers from all parts of the world. It was a great spectacle, and Paris was a superb setting for it; but Exhibitions, however stimulating they may be to trade, are very enervating to sightseers; and I was glad to leave Paris and all its ephemeral allurements to enjoy the exhilarating charms first of the Swiss lakes and then of the Italian lakes.

A chance acquaintance I made in Como, on learning of my plan to pass the winter months in Italy, prevailed on me to go to Florence, and he gave a letter to me to a young couple there, assuring me that they would doubtless be very willing to share their home with me, and to teach me their language. So I went to Florence, and presented my letter, and was soon installed in the two rooms of their apartment which faced the Pitti Palace. It is not an easy thing to learn a language; but I remembered what Professor Whitney of Yale once told me about the method which he pursued, and which had given him very quickly a good working-knowledge of some of the languages he needed to use in preparing his work on Comparative Philology. He said that he selected one hundred word-roots, learned them by heart, and then turned them into nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs by applying to them the proper prefixes and suffixes. He would then commit those to memory, and thus would acquire a vocabulary sufficiently

large to enable him, with the help of a dictionary, to pursue his work satisfactorily. I tried that method with Italian, and I found that it resulted even better than I had expected; and, thanks to it and my young host and hostess, who were very loquacious and who spoke no language but their own, I was talking Italian at the end of six weeks better than I had talked French or German after six months of hard study.

But no one can master a language in a short time, and very few can master a language, even their own, in a long time.

Language is an art like painting, sculpture, or music, and no one but a genius can excel in any of them. The rest of us have to be satisfied with mediocrity varying in degree according to our natural talents or to our persistence of effort.

Besides studying Italian I took singing lessons and enough guitar lessons to enable me to play simple accompaniments; but I always passed an hour or more every day in getting acquainted with Florence,

"Florence, 'neath the Sun,  
Of cities fairest one."

From San Miniato and Fiesole, the Boboli gardens and the Cascine Park and the distinct Apennines I received my preliminary impressions of the city's beauty, and then I began to view her architectural and art treasures, always delighted but often doubt-



ing my capacity to appreciate. After having seen a score or so of her one hundred and fifty churches the thought often occurred to me, "What a contrast this City of Churches makes with 'The City of Churches' where I was born!" Florence and Brooklyn! Did they belong to the same world? There was nothing in Brooklyn to gaze at with wonder, nothing except the bridge, and only one side of that rests on its territory. "Could Michelangelo," I thought, "come back to life and see Brooklyn's ugly little churches, cold public buildings and statues, and our commonplace houses and streets, he would eye me with pity and exclaim with horror, 'You have secularized religion, commercialized art and architecture, and demoralized all standards save those of Comfort'"—and what could I answer—I who had beheld the Duomo and Baptistery, the Loggia, Santa Croce, the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries and Ponte Vecchio, and who had lived among all the rest of the glories and treasures of his beloved Florence? The only answer I could have given him would have been "Wait," but he would not have understood that, for he lived in a time of autocratic princes and potentates when there was no organized popular government and no

"Sweet land of liberty,"

and he could never believe, as I did, that to that land would come an artistic era after having its agricultural, commercial, inventive and scientific eras,



and that its combined wonders in time would not only equal those of Ancient and Medieval Europe but would surpass them, as there is no limit to the possible achievements of a civilized, self-controlled, and independent people living under the influence of liberty.

It was that line of reasoning that always kept me from attaching undue value to the glamour of Europe. I could enjoy without envy. I could admire without trying to imitate. In short, I could remain a true and stanch American.

There is, of course, much that is fascinating about pomp and power, and so there is about theatres and operas and fancy-dress balls and wild-west shows; but it is the part of good sense to make a distinction between the temporary glitter of illusions and the steady glow of truth.

There was quite a large number of Americans in those days living in Florence and other European resorts who could not make that distinction, and who loved the glitter of the Old World so exclusively that life in their own New World offered no attractions to them. They seemed to me a pathetic lot, like children peeping through a circus tent without any hope of gaining admission to share the privileges of the inner charmed circle. Of course I do not include in this class our American artists; for they needed, without doubt, the inspiration of the Old

World to develop their genius satisfactorily and to produce works that would bring them fame and fortune.

Outside of the *Porta Romana* of Florence dwelt a small and a very distinguished colony of American sculptors and painters, and I passed with them many delightful and profitable hours. The family of the sculptor, Hiram Powers, were especially attractive, and they were as simple and unpretentious as if they were living in some cultured centre of New England. A reminder of that part of the world that they seemed to regard with even more affection than they did their art treasures was a Catawba grape-vine, which one of them had brought from home, and which they pruned and preserved with tender care. Loulie, shortly after my arrival in Florence, presented me with a bunch of its fruit with the same hand that her father had reproduced in marble when she was of cherub age, and a very beautiful little work of art it was, with the strongly appealing quality that everything in the baby-world has. Loulie when I met her was about twenty, and was a very fair and lovely girl with a Madonna-like sweetness of character and expression, and with a figure of exquisite symmetry and grace.

I had hoped while in Florence to meet "Ouida." She had a house there, but lived the life of a recluse. I was doomed to disappointment, therefore, and I

never even caught a glimpse of her; but I learned that Mrs. John Bigelow made up her mind to see her in spite of all her peculiarities and also because of them, and that she boldly went to her door, and rang the bell. When the servant appeared, Mrs. Bigelow stepped into the house, thrust her card into the servant's hand, and ordered her to take it to her mistress. The servant hesitated, but, intimidated by a glance from the majestic lady before her, she turned and hastened up the stairs, at the top of which stood "Ouida," who, highly indignant, snatched the card from the trembling servant, and after glancing at the name and address, cried out, "Tell her to go away. I do not want to see any Americans." At that Mrs. Bigelow approached the foot of the stairs, and retorted, "We are the only people who read your old books." Thereupon "Ouida," the celebrity, relented, and, with a laugh, descended the stairs, and proceeded to give to Mrs. Bigelow a hearty welcome, as everyone else always had to, for she was better than a celebrity: she was a novelty.

My winter in Florence passed like a dream, too beautiful to last and too impressive to be forgotten.

The early Spring days found me obtaining lovely visions of Rome, Naples, Genoa, Milan and Venice, and later of the lakes and mountains of Switzerland. Then I hurried home to begin my studies at the Columbia Law School in New York.

## CHAPTER VIII

**P**ROFESSOR THEODORE DWIGHT was at the full height of his fame while I attended Columbia Law School, which at that time was generally conceded to be the best one in our country, and he was ably assisted by Mr. Chase and Judge Dillon. He had a remarkable aptitude for teaching and for the first time in my life I really studied assiduously, and enjoyed reciting my lessons. Near me in the classroom sat Edgar Saltus, and a very trim, neat, and dainty little fellow he was, with a very handsome and dark-hued head and face that reminded me of both Lord Byron and Edgar Allan Poe. He was a little self-conscious in his manner and speech, and prided himself very much on his intimate acquaintance with the French language and everything else that was French. He was not particularly bright as a student of the law, but he was regular in his attendance at recitation time. He spoke to but very few of his classmates; and I never heard of his ever having any intimate man-friend except Fawcett. If I had known him well enough to suggest to him that he gave the impression to those that saw him of be-

ing lonely, I feel sure that he would have answered something like this: "I am never alone; for I am always with myself."

While taking my regular law course I attended also the classroom of Prof. Burgess, who offered an extra course in Diplomacy, International Law, and Constitutional Law, with the degree of LL.B. *cum laude* to those who passed a satisfactory examination. Over a hundred, or about half my class, started to take this extra course, but, as it was very confining, after a few months only twelve of us had decided to complete it. Prof. Burgess also was a fine teacher, and the work he required of us was far more interesting to me than any I had ever attempted to perform. It was a new course of study in those days, and it was admirably adapted to fitting us for the duties of public life. Among those who dropped out was Theodore Roosevelt. He had just been graduated from Harvard, and was seemingly inclined to make a thorough study of the law. He was a very attractive young man, with an ingenuous and earnest face and with an air of good breeding that made him quite conspicuous in the class. He was not particularly bright, and when he recited he spoke with some effort, and laid a rather peculiar stress on his consonants and let the vowels take care of themselves. After a time his interest in his work began to wane, and then he disappeared. It is a great pity that he

did not complete his course; for he needed and lacked in after life the very knowledge and balance it would have given to him.

The second year I was in Columbia, in order to obtain a little practical experience, I entered the law offices of William M. Ivins, who later was the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York. He did not at that time have a large practice; but he was so anxious for his clerks to get on that he kept us busy drawing up legal papers and solving legal questions: so when the time came for us to go to our final examinations we passed quite as well as those of our classmates who had been in larger and busier offices.

Shortly after I received my two diplomas from Columbia I took the steamer for Liverpool with my brother, John, and passed two delightful months with him in England, Scotland, and Wales, seeing old friends and making new ones; and I use the word "friends" to include impartially bits of scenery as well as bits of humanity. It would be rather shameful, it seems to me, not to think of mountains and lakes and hills and meadows as friends, when we receive from them and give to them so much that is personal.

Leaving my brother to extend his travels to the Continent, I returned to New York *via* Queenstown, so as to get a view of the Lakes of Killarney. While there my classmate Bill Taft put in an appearance,



and he was especially glad to see me for the reason indicated in the following letter which I received from him two days after he left me :

“Dear Herbert.

I enclose herewith money order for the £2 which you were kind enough to help me out with when we were so nearly stranded on the shores of Killarney. I received your note at the station and following your suggestion bought Justin H. McCarthy’s Outlines. They are very simply and clearly written and apparently in an impartial spirit.

I wish you a splendid Summer and a safe return.

As ever,

Your friend

WM. H. TAFT.”

On the steamer home I had the pleasure of talking many times with Mr. William M. Evarts. He was an intensely interesting man, and probably was born so, just as the fluent Thomas Babington Macaulay was probably born with a large vocabulary in his mouth instead of a silver spoon. Mr. Evarts was tall and thin and erect, with a fine head, classical features and a splendid voice. His diction was very distinguished and his erudition inspiring. He had a habit of using very long sentences; but they were perfectly clear, and brought out, as short sentences never could have, the varied qualities and cadences of his voice. He should have been a great orator and a great statesman; but he was not, as he was somewhat deficient in moral courage; still, he was a

great lawyer and a great after-dinner speaker and a great wit. He probably said more very clever things than any American who ever lived, with the exception of Benjamin Franklin; but he kept no record of his witty sayings, and no one else could keep one for him: so he will only get from posterity five smiles to Ben Franklin's one hundred, or rather one thousand; for Ben Franklin mingled wisdom with his wit, while Mr. Evarts, lacking, as I have just intimated, moral courage, kept his wisdom to himself, and never ventured to express it in apothegms and aphorisms.

When I arrived in New York I opened law offices with my brother-in-law, George C. Holt, afterwards a Federal Judge. We started off fairly well, he with a bank case, which after some months of litigation he won, and I with a breach of promise case, which was brought to me, out of a clear—or rather cloudy—sky by a young man, who had quite a lot of money, and who claimed that it was the girl's mother who had made all the trouble. He gave me the address of the mother and daughter, and also permission to call on them. I told him that I would rather call on them than I would on their lawyer; but I did not tell him that their lawyer was one of the most pugnacious criminal lawyers in town. Having heard his story, I called that evening at the address he had given me, and asked to see the young lady. When



she appeared I explained my business; and then with a flood of words and tears she told me all about it. As it was perfectly clear to me that she loved her young man, I described his heart-broken appeal to me to aid him, and how manly he looked. She started to weep some more, but I told her to wait, and in the meantime to go upstairs, and bring her mother down to me. She hurried away, and soon returned followed by her mother, who looked both proud and sentimental. She was good material to work on, and, after she had had her say, she finally agreed not to interfere any more with the young man. The result was the two lorn lovers made up their differences with each other, and were married; and my first fee as a lawyer went for a wedding-present for the happy couple.

One other case I might mention with which I was temporarily connected and which was of unusual interest was the Grant and Ward failure. Ex-president Grant was the senior member of the firm, Ferdinand Ward was the active partner, and the two younger sons of General Grant were the very silent partners. Ferdinand Ward, who was a clever young man with an elastic conscience, devised a scheme for making money for those who entrusted their ready cash to him that was most alluring. He would intimate confidentially to his victims that, owing to General Grant's influence with our Government, he

could obtain contracts and make large profits, and that all he needed was capital. To secure capital he could afford to pay interest of about twenty per cent. The victims were nearly all men of good standing, not only in Wall Street but in church circles; and they almost stepped on one another's toes in their eagerness to supply him with money, and to get in return the promised twenty per cent. At first the twenty per cent was promptly paid when due, and even if one of the victims happened to need the principal he had handed over to young Ward, and asked for it, he would get it back without difficulty and with interest; for there was always new capital coming in from new victims. General Grant and his sons, knowing practically nothing of Wall Street methods, left the entire management of the firm to their alert partner, who probably thought that he could go on finding victims indefinitely; but there came a time when he could not, and the bubble burst, and so did the firm of Grant and Ward.

In the legal proceedings that immediately followed, Mr. Holt was appointed assignee for young Ward, and I was asked to secure an inventory of his assets. The keys of the Grant and Ward offices at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street were given to me, and I took them there, and opened the door in the presence of the two sons of General Grant whom I have already described. It was a small

office, and I made an inventory of what I found there, with the exception of certain decanters and glasses and bottles, which I decided to overlook, as they would be rather conspicuous in a printed report.

Later in the day I went to Ludlow Street Jail, and there examined young Ward, who, without referring to any books or notes, gave me a long list of his assets from memory; and it was afterwards ascertained that he had omitted practically nothing from it. His morals may have been bad, but his memory certainly was excellent. He was rather dark, thin, and short; and was perfectly self-possessed, much to my surprise, as I had expected to find him in tears. On the whole he made a very good impression on me, and I left him rather inclined to think that it is just as wicked to receive twenty per cent as it is to give it.

My connection with the case ended at that point, owing to some other work I had that demanded my attention; but I learned of an incident relating to it that is of great interest. It seems that Ward had a farm at Stamford, and that he kept in his pasture an old horse which belonged to General Grant. I am under the impression that it was one of his war-horses; but, whether it was or not, the General was very fond of it, and was anxious for it to pass its declining years in restful and bountiful surroundings. After the failure and after arrangements had

been made by Mr. Holt for the sale of Ward's property, Mr. Holt wrote to General Grant asking him to send for the horse, as the farm at Stamford was to be sold. General Grant, after a few days, replied that he did not have money enough to send for the horse nor to pay for him to be cared for, and added that he must ask to have it sold with the rest of the farm property.

It was a pathetic little letter, and Mr. Holt took it home to keep; but, unfortunately, he left it on his desk while he went to call on a neighbor, and when he returned he found that his young son had destroyed it with some scissors he was eager to test for sharpness.

The extreme poverty of General Grant, however, did not last for long. As in the Civil War, so now in his conflict with adversity, he marshaled all his forces, and came out victorious.

## CHAPTER IX

AS there was in Brooklyn during the early '80's much interest taken in literary matters by the younger set, owing in a great measure to the influence of our local authors, Edward Bellamy, Paul Ford, Grace Denio Litchfield, and Mrs. Spencer Trask, my brothers and I, with the aid of our sister, Grace, started our "Tuesday Evenings." They were very informal affairs, and our object was to have our two hundred or more guests hear some distinguished person speak or read, and then to meet him personally. The younger set was composed of bright young men like Will Read, Norman Dike, Howard Van Sinderen, and George Ide, and of some very lovely girls, including, of course, Carrie Seaman, Mamie Brinsmade, Bessie Packard, Florence Littlejohn, Hattie Robinson, Florence Chauncey, Millie Barnes, Mamie Ide, Ethel Moore, May Gilkison and Mary Stillman, and I am sure that it was quite as much of a pleasure and an honor to the principal guest of the evening to meet them as it was to them to meet him.

Of the literary celebrities whose acquaintance I

thus made, I became quite intimate with Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Frank Stockton, and William Henry Bishop. Mr. Stoddard was the greatest natural genius of them all, and I found him so interesting that I kept a very careful record of our talks. He was very outspoken, and, at times, he used language that was hardly fit—*virginibus puerisque*—but the thought back of it was sound and sincere, which is more than can be said of much loose talk. From that record I venture now to transcribe to these pages some of his reminiscences and sayings; but first let me quote two of his lyrics by way of introducing him to any of my readers who may not be acquainted with his poetry, which I am sure was inspired neither by piety nor drink, as was very much of our best-known American poetry, but by true poetic feeling:

“THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH”

“There are gains for all our losses,  
     There are balms for all our pain;  
 But when youth, the dream, departs,  
 It takes something from our hearts,  
     And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
     Under manhood's sterner reign;  
 Still we feel that something fleet  
 Followed youth, with flying feet,  
     And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,  
 And we sigh for it in vain;  
 We behold it everywhere,  
 On the earth and in the air,  
 But it never comes again."

"THE OLD HIDALGO"

"You know the old Hidalgo,  
 His box is next to ours,  
 Who threw the prima donna  
 A wreath of orange flowers.  
 He owns the half of Aragon  
 With lands beyond the main,  
 A very ancient nobleman  
 And gentleman of Spain.

They say that I must wed him  
 In spite of yea or nay  
 Though uglier than the Scaramouch,  
 The Spectre of the play.  
 But I would rather die a maid  
 Than wear a gilded chain  
 For all the ancient noblemen  
 And gentlemen of Spain."

In the latter poem there is a daintiness and elegance that neither Herrick nor Suckling would have deemed inferior to their own; and "The Flight of Youth" is certainly a masterpiece that ranks with the best lyrics ever written. He gave me a copy of it in his own handwriting, and wrote at the bottom of the page opposite to his signature, "Winter of 1853." I asked him once how he came to write it,



and, with his usual frankness he replied, "We were living in Sands Street, Brooklyn, and one day after my wife had been jawing me awfully, I went to another room, closed the door, and when I came out I handed her, 'The Flight of Youth,' which I think was suggested to me by Schiller's line, 'The beautiful is vanished and returns not,' " and he smiled most tenderly as was his habit whenever he spoke of his wife. "What a pity," I exclaimed, "that she did not jaw you oftener!"

Now that he is introduced I shall let him speak for himself:

"My father died at sea without my ever having seen him. After his death my mother worked in factories until she remarried. My step-father was a worthless individual for whom I had no respect. I sailed with my mother and step-father from Providence in 1835 for New York. We landed near Castle Garden on a Sunday. I was surprised to find hogs roaming about the streets. We lived for a time in Attorney Street. For two days I sold matches. If I did not sell any I brought them back, and that was certainly commendable. At the end of that time my mother declared that I should not peddle any longer. Then I worked for two dollars a month, and every month my mother gave me fifty cents of it, which I spent at old book stores. The first poet I ever read was N. P. Willis. I thought he was an old man;

for he said so in one of his poems. A friend of my step-father's had a copy of Burns. I read it. I thought it very queer English. Finally I began to write in imitation of Burns, and used the dialect freely. But my earliest poem was about a Sunday-school boy, who died. Among other lines were these:

‘He loved his Mother  
And his Jesus too.  
He was a pretty child:  
His eyes were blue.’

“I was a delicate boy. My mother was so embittered by the loss of her first husband, my Father, and by her hard lot, that she kept herself and me away from mankind as much as possible. There was never any sympathy between us. She did not care for my poetry. She was a tall, fine-looking woman. She lived to be about seventy years old. My step-father died a week after she passed away. Like all my relatives and best friends, he was poor. When I was eighteen I tried to be a blacksmith, but I was not strong enough for that kind of work. The first day I blistered my hand terribly with the anvil work, and I frequently had to open my right hand with my left, it was so cramped. I gave up that job soon, and I went to an iron foundry. While working there I composed poems, which I took to a clergyman by the name of Hoyt. He was something of a poet too.

He criticised what I wrote, and I got on so well that I sold some of my lines to the magazines. The Editor of 'The Albion' thought I had some ability, and he appointed me his dramatic critic. I worked for two years filling his columns, and one Christmas he gave me five dollars. That was all the pay I ever received from him; but I made many friends and one of the kindest of them was Hawthorne. I visited him in '51, and did not find him the reserved man I heard he was. He showed me about his farm, and talked as freely as I do to you. His house was small. His dining-room was on the left, and his study on the right. For dinner we had a leg of mutton and various simple dishes. After dinner we walked into the study, where there were two or three engravings of Madonnas. I remember while we were there Julian, who was a boy of eight or nine, came in, and rummaged about his father's desk, and his father could do nothing with him. Hawthorne was the means of getting me into the New York Custom House, where I stayed from 1853 to 1870. I wrote him asking him if he could help me to secure a position there, and he sent me a very witty reply, telling me how to proceed in order to obtain the position. He said, 'If you get into the foreign department, don't forget that it is for them to find out that you don't know the languages.' I went to President Pierce with my letter of introduction, and secured a position, and I

might have been in the Custom-house still if I had not made a remark about Grant which caused my removal. It happened this way. We got some new trucks, and the question came up what names we should give to them. Some one spoke up, and said we ought to name one of them Grant. I thoughtlessly replied, 'That would be a better name to give to a hearse.' Shortly afterwards I received my dismissal, but I did not care much. I never had a dollar, and never will; for I spend my money as fast as I get it. However, I am thankful to Hawthorne. He stands head and shoulders above all American prose writers, and compared with him Irving is most cold and insignificant. Shortly after I was dismissed I lived with Bayard Taylor. He was then working on his translation of 'Faust.' I knew Bayard for many years, and I always thought it a shame that the papers ran him so much about his drinking. He drank very moderately for an American; and probably no one would have believed 'The Sun's' stories about his capacity for beer had it not been that by a strange coincidence a number of brewers sent to the steamer, which was to carry him to his mission in Berlin, a dozen or two cases of beer as a present to him. His one great literary desire was to write a life of Goethe, and he was compiling material for it when he died. I wrote an article about him after his death for 'The Atlantic,' and I included in it a letter

Bayard had written to me when he was twenty-two or three years old, when his first child was born. It was written with all the joy of a young father; but it was not published with my article, as those Boston men think it is indelicate to speak of such matters. I was provoked; but I have never referred to it when I have met Howells. Those Boston men are snobs; but they are not frauds like Joaquin Miller. He would like to be a Byron if he could; but he never succeeded in imitating him further than in the carelessness of his dress. He was not, however, the immoral man Poe was. The first time I saw Poe I went into his office with a poem, hoping he would accept it, and pay for it. He read it through, swore I did not write it, and threatened to kick me down stairs unless I left immediately. He was under the influence of drink, or he would have seen that the verses, so good and yet so poor, must have been mine. I am collecting facts now regarding his life, and I am particularly interested in the story told to you by your Father's Editor, Charles F. Briggs, about how he corrected 'The Raven.' It is probably true, for Briggs and Poe were very intimate, and Briggs was an exceptional man, brainy and appreciative.

"Speaking of drunkenness reminds me of Edwin Booth, who was a great drinker when I first knew him. I have seen him so drunk on the stage that he confused Hamlet and Richard III while playing the

latter. He always drank a horn of whisky between the acts, and if his managers refused to give it to him he would decline to go on the stage. His brother, Wilkes Booth, was most indignant at his brother's lack of self-control, and on one occasion wrote a note to him, and sent me to give it to him. I read it, and as it said, 'You disgrace the family,' I put it in my pocket, and never delivered it. I have it now among my Booth papers, which comprise a letter from Edwin's father, one from his mother, two from Wilkes, and about thirty from Edwin. When Edwin's wife died I sat up with him all night and smoked. From that time I believe he never drank again. How he must have fought with the demon within him to conquer his craving! I never could have succeeded. When he was half drunk he was the most lordly man I ever met.

"Walt Whitman I never respected, as he writes for effect, and Oscar Wilde, whom you heard lecture in Brooklyn last week, is also a sham, but he has great ability.

"The work of my own that I like best is my poem, 'The King's Bell.' The idea of it is this: A young Prince on coming to the throne, orders a bell to be placed in his palace that he may ring it whenever he is perfectly happy. Several times in life he touched the cord to ring it, but each time turned away because of some adverse thought or sudden apprehension. Finally, when he was on his death bed he



asked for the cord, and at the very last moment he pulled it, smiling as he heard its joyful tones.

"I sent the poem to Hawthorne, who wrote to me, after reading it, 'I wish he might have pulled the cord at least once during his youth or prime, but as I look back on my own life I do not know when I could have pulled it.' "

My notes contain many other remarks and reminiscences of Mr. Stoddard's, but I can not make a connected story of them; and *disjecta membra* are not easy to group well unless one has the genius showed by Shelley in his *Ozymandias*.

The last distinct recollection I have of Mr. Stoddard was seeing him at the Sargents' reception to Bronson Howard, leaning against the drawing-room door, and listening intently to a paper Bronson Howard read on that occasion about "Plays and Playrights." Mr. Stoddard, with his white hair and white mustache and beard, and his dark eyes set rather far apart, looked like a bard of old, and he must have had olden ideals in his mind; for when the lecture was over, he said, while all present, Stedman, Stockton, Boyeson, Col. Higginson, Mrs. Moulton, Gilder and about twenty others, looked at him quite reverently, "How happens it that there is no literature in the plays of to-day?" Mr. Howard smiled, and replied without hesitation, "A play to be successful now-a-days, Mr. Stoddard, must make a broker's wife cry, and make the broker laugh."



## CHAPTER X

**I**N 1883 I moved to bachelor quarters in New York, in Madison Avenue near Thirty-third Street, as the Puritanical atmosphere in which I had been living had got on my nerves; but kept in touch with my family and friends in Brooklyn, and shared with them some of their more important social pleasures. In the Summer time I betook myself to Netherwood, New Jersey, where my brother, Henry, resided with his family, and where I found the hotel most comfortable. The trip on the train and ferry to and from New York lasted but an hour, and was a daily delight in so far as the ferry was concerned, during the hottest weeks.

Among the interesting persons I met at the hotel were Howells, Julian Hawthorne, Judge Gildersleeve, Mrs. Stanhope Phillips, Harrison Millard, the song writer, Frick, the Musical Editor of the "Evening Post," and the Bolton Halls, but Howells was only interesting because of the friends he had made and of the wonder he excited in me as to how he made them, for he was but a chronicler

of the commonplace and a purveyor of the platitudinous.

In the neighborhood were some delightful homes and woods and walks, and the wherewithal to make them delightful, if one may designate with such an inelegantly inclusive word such elegantly exclusive girls as Eva and Fannie Johnstone were, and Geraldine Anthony, Lulu Talmadge, and Elinor Shephard.

Of course when the time for my summer vacation arrived I always hastened to Woodstock, except once when I was induced to go to Swampscott instead, and I am very glad I was, for while I was there my friend, Mrs. Eugene Gibbs (sister-in-law of Major Gibbs of Newport), whom I had met the previous summer at Killarney, Ireland, invited me to pass a day at Salem, as she knew I had never been there, and was very much interested in everything relating to Hawthorne.

I accepted her invitation with great pleasure, and on the appointed day she and I accompanied by Miss Briggs, who belonged to one of the old families of Salem, and who, I am sure, was lineally descended from its very prettiest witch, made the tour of the town in Mrs. Gibbs's carriage, and then alighted and visited some of the principal points of interest, including the Essex Institute, where we saw some fine portraits; the First Church, which could not have

held over fifty persons, and which made me exclaim that the old Puritans could not have been so keen about going to church as people think; Hawthorne's modest birthplace in Union Street; and the Custom House, which Hawthorne made famous, in the preface to "The Scarlet Letter," and where he worked at a desk we had just gazed at with interest in a corner of the little First Church.

As we turned away from the Custom House we met a superb looking old gentleman of sixty-five years or so, fully six feet six in height, with white hair and a white bristly mustache, and with eyes and nose indicating great force of character and refinement. He raised his hat to Miss Briggs, and she forthwith introduced us to him, and appealed to him to let us see his house. He consented at once; and, having been informed for what purpose I had come to Salem, he indicated that I was to walk at his side while we were en route to his home. His name was Mr. George Curwin, and it was one of his ancestors who tried nineteen of the witches, and who owned the house where the trials took place. He began at once to speak of Hawthorne, saying that the three principal friends of the renowned author were Horace E. Conolly-Ingersoll, William B. Pike and Zachariah Burchmore, of whom Conolly-Ingersoll was the most interesting, having been at one time the owner of the House of the Seven Gables, and having

been in turn lawyer, doctor and clergyman. "His original name was Conolly," Mr. Curwin added, "but he was adopted as a boy by Miss Ingersoll, when she lived in the House of the Seven Gables. After inheriting her property, he spent it recklessly, and lost it all; and he is now kept out of the poor house by several of his old friends, who provide him with money enough to pay for his board, clothes and tobacco."

On arriving at Mr. Curwin's house, we were shown all his treasures—portraits of nine generations of ancestors, laces, silk gowns, miniatures, funeral wigs, slippers of quaint design, shoe buckles, a big circular red cloak and cape, and some very fine specimens of Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Chippendale, and Duncan Phyfe furniture.

Just before we left him, he let me read a letter from Hawthorne in which Hawthorne congratulated himself on having been "dug out" of the Custom House, as he had since been obliged to do serious work, and had succeeded in making a name for himself.

We were entertained at luncheon by the Misses Fettyplace, two elderly ladies who were devoted to Miss Briggs, and who were of the old Colonial type, half formal and wholly gracious. Immediately after luncheon I was taken to call on Mrs. Narbonne, an old lady friend to both Mrs. Gibbs and Miss

Briggs. She was then ninety-five years old, and was living in a house which, she told us, had not been altered or renovated since 1660. She said that she remembered the services that were held in her church in Salem when Washington died; and that she was attending church in 1812 when the news came that a British cruiser was making towards Marblehead. "William Bentley, the clergyman, stopped the service," she added, "got astride the cannon, and set out for Marblehead with all the men of the town. There were brave men in those days!" she concluded proudly. "Yes," I answered, "and fair women too," and I judged from her smile and fine features that she created much more havoc among her Salem heroes than the British cruiser could have.

From Mrs. Narbonne's very attractive home and presence we drove to the House of the Seven Gables. It was shaded by some very leafy trees, and protected from incursions from the street by a rugged wooden fence; but it certainly did not have seven gables. All I could find were three; but the number increased after my imagination had begun to work. Surely there was so much to feel when once we had gained entrance to the house that seven seemed just about the right number of gables for it to have. The owner of the house at that time was Mrs. Upton, and she at once very kindly assumed the double role of hostess and *cicerone*. She took us first into the room facing the

garden, and there pointed out to us the seat in the window where Hawthorne used to sit, and the portrait of Miss Ingersoll, who evidently at the time it was painted was a fine looking woman of about thirty-five, rather serious and quite brunette. Mrs. Upton told us that when Conolly-Ingersoll sold the house he cut the portrait out of the frame, and took it away concealed under his coat; but that when his purse became lean he was induced by her husband to part with it, and let it be restored to its frame. I could not help feeling that it was a pity that Miss Ingersoll herself could not have been returned with equal ease to her mortal frame.

We were then taken to the room on the opposite side of the hall where Hepzebah kept her little store. It had just the kind of a high window that would permit the dear old lady to expose her gingerbread temptations most alluringly to the little boys and girls of the neighborhood.

From there we were shown into the dining-room, where Miss Ingersoll one time, when Longfellow asked her to suggest a good idea for a poem, pointed to the old arm-chair in the hallway, and urged him to use that. He was fascinated with the suggestion, and the result was that before long he wrote, "The Old Arm Chair."

We now went upstairs, and viewed the room that



Hepzebah occupied; and it must have looked with her in it hopelessly prim and primly hopeless.

Climbing to the garret, we looked into the room that belonged to the Daguerreotypist. The cobwebs there hung from the ceiling like a mist, and as Mrs. Upton did not apologize for them I concluded that they appealed to her imagination in some subtle way as the sole surviving suggestion of the room's romantic past. As the attic, much to my disappointment, did not contain any mysterious boxes or trunks or even broken chairs or bureaus, reminiscent of earlier eras, there was nothing for us now to do but to descend to the garden, and to take our leave.

As my one great desire now was to have a talk with Conolly-Ingersoll, I took the ladies to Miss Briggs's home, and there expressed my gratitude for a charming day, and bade them good-bye, but not until Miss Briggs had presented to me a little package, which afterwards I found to contain a copy of the first edition of "The Scarlet Letter," with a key to the persons referred to in the preface. It was an appallingly valuable gift, in spite of its cheap covers and paper and print, and it always speaks volumes to me, if I may use a metaphor equally cheap in my effort to convey an idea of my appreciation of Hawthorne's genius and Miss Briggs's generosity.

I found Conolly-Ingersoll living in a boarding



house at 53 Charter Street, near the old Charter burying ground, and he took me, on learning the object of my visit, to his room, and gave me a chair. After I had handed him a cigar, and described briefly what I had done since arriving in Salem in the morning, I frankly asked him whether he would tell me what he could about Hawthorne, and whether he would permit me to use my note-book while he talked. He was graciousness itself, and was soon giving me a very vivid picture of his days with Hawthorne.

“Hawthorne,” he said, “was born in 1804. He was appointed by President Pierce to the Custom House when he was about thirty-four years old. He was six feet in height, and had a good speaking voice, but I never heard him sing, and I do not believe that he could tell one tune from another. He had neither time nor order in his composition. His eyes were large and dark and piercing. When he became excited they grew wonderfully brilliant. He dressed well and always in black. In the summer time he wore a large straw hat, which made him a conspicuous figure in the street, and in which he delighted.

“While he was at the Custom House, Elizabeth Peabody met him, and, in my opinion, made up her mind immediately to make a match between him and her sister, Sophia. She persuaded him first to let her give him German lessons, and at last she prevailed

on him to call. The Peabodys at that time lived in this very house, and the meeting between Hawthorne and Sophia took place in the room below this. I believe that it was a case of love at first sight. Hawthorne had a high opinion of her artistic abilities, and was devoted to her. She was a blonde, and was a lovely woman.

“While Hawthorne was in the Custom House, Zachariah Burchmore, William B. Pike, he and I were frequently together. Some times Hawthorne talked a great deal, and then at times he was silent and moody. He could drink more liquor than any man I ever saw, but he never got intoxicated. Before his marriage he was gay like President Pierce and all other young men except Longfellow, but afterwards he became sedate. In 1847 he and I had a quarrel. He, Pike, Burchmore and I went sailing, and I took my dog with me. She yelped several times. I accused Pike of pinching her. He denied the charge and I turned then to Hawthorne, and exclaimed, ‘It was you, damn you.’ He did not deny it. Just then it began to rain, and we put for the shore. There was an omnibus near where we landed, and I jumped out first, and hurried to it, and told the driver I would pay for all the seats if he would take me right home; and away we went before the others could stop us. We did not speak for three years; but at the end of that time I met my three old

cronies near the Custom House, and Hawthorne put out his hand, and said, 'Let's bury the hatchet,' and we all did, then and there. Since we had last spoken he had been turned out of the Custom House, and he expressed the belief to me some time after our reconciliation that Pike had been the one to 'dig him out,' as he put it. I laughed at the idea, and told him that there were just three things Pike stood for through thick and thin, and those were, 'The Great Jehovah, the Continental Congress, and Hawthorne.' Soon after that talk Hawthorne went to Europe, and remained there a long time. When he returned he did not come back to Salem to live. Once I dined with him and Longfellow in Cambridge, and it was on that occasion that Longfellow exclaimed, 'Hawthorne, why do you not start writing again?' Hawthorne replied that he had no plot in mind. I suggested that he take the one I had once given him; but he shook his head, and observed that it did not suit him. 'What is it?' asked Longfellow. 'Shall I give it away,' I inquired, turning to Hawthorne. 'Yes,' he answered, and then I told Longfellow the story of Evangeline. Perhaps it took me three-quarters of an hour to tell it just as I heard it from Mrs. Halliburton, wife of George H. Halliburton, an officer in the Custom House. She had heard the story in Nova Scotia, where she was born.

"I met Hawthorne for the last time in 1864. We

were in Essex Street, and I saw him coming towards me. He looked so feeble and bent that I asked him at once what was the matter with him. He answered that he was as well as ever. I advised him to go home, and write his will, as he evidently had but a short time to live. We walked down the street, and when we came to the old book-store he remarked that he would like to know when Ticknor's body would be brought from Philadelphia to be buried. I suggested that he should go in, and ask. He replied that there was no one there but Fields, and that he did not care to see him again. We then parted.

"When I think how we used to swear at each other, I realize what close friends we were. He used to come to 'The Seven Gables' often. Miss Ingersoll was a fourth or fifth cousin of his, her mother having been a Hawthorne. He was very fond of walking, and if you will come to Salem again I will take you over some of the paths he liked best. I am nearly eighty years old, but I am still fairly vigorous."

Thereupon I closed my note-book, and, thanking him for his courtesy, left him to start another cigar that I had handed to him after bidding him good-bye.

The description of him that I put in my note-book when I returned to Swampscott was this: "Conolly-Ingersoll is about eighty years old. He is of medium height, and is thin and has narrow shoulders. His

brow is high, his hair is white and rather long, and his eyebrows are heavy. His eyes are small, dark and alert. His nose is large, but not strong. His upper lip is long and shaven, and his chin is angular and also shaven. Close to his large ears white whiskers fall negligently over his wrinkled throat. He spoke slowly and used plain, forcible English."

At the beginning of my talk with him I could hardly believe that he had ever been Hawthorne's intimate friend; but as he proceeded to disclose his characteristics I could see there was real charm in the man. He was a little of everything he should be, and a little of everything he should not be, and while Hawthorne may have been disturbed by his instability, he must have enjoyed his whimsicalities, and found in them the kind of buoyancy his nature needed during the dull and despairing years that preceded his recognition as a dominant genius in the domain of romance.

## CHAPTER XI

NEW YORK was a snug and smug town in the eighteen-eighties, and it was possible to know everyone of importance there, at least by sight. It still impressed one as being an American city if one did not stray too far from Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue. The social district was so small that the custom of making formal and informal calls still obtained, and a very good custom it was, for it demanded conversation of a sustained character; and that requisite encouraged everyone to read, and to go to lectures, museums, art-galleries, theatres, operas, and concerts, not simply for amusement but for information and *Bildung*.

One of the most popular callers at that time was General Sherman. He was welcome everywhere, and had a pleasant word for everybody. The first time I met him I remember that he eyed me critically, and then asked, "You must be about six feet four?" When I answered that I was an inch shorter, he advised me to put something on my head to keep me down. I laughed, and replied that I was too busy trying to put something in my head to bring me

up. He himself was over six feet in height, and doubtless had long ago discovered, what is very true, that excessive height is a drawback to everyone except porters and drum-majors. But imposing as his appearance was, he fell short of being handsome, as General Hancock was, but he had great charm and was always approachable, which very few great persons are, and which certainly General Hancock was not. He never posed, and he never looked bored, and he had a ready wit. He had moral courage enough to fight the entire universe if necessary, and, of course, he had more than his share of physical courage. Still his physical courage had its limitations; for he himself told me that when he was obliged to have a tooth pulled he always had to walk "around the block" several times before he could force himself to face the dentist. Less imaginative heroes like Grant, Sheridan, and Hancock, doubtless would have gone to the dentist's chair without any preliminary perambulations; but (who knows?) they might have been better men if they had been acutely sensitive too. The one great disappointment of General Sherman's life was that his son became a Catholic priest; and when it happened the General disappeared, and his family did not see him for three months.

The last time I saw General Hancock was the day when he rode at the head of General Grant's funeral



procession. His was a truly noble figure, and the crowd several times could hardly refrain from cheering him; but he raised his hand, commanding silence, and he was obeyed.

Sheridan I saw but once, and then he was in a carriage immediately following that of President Arthur when they drove down Broadway to open the Brooklyn Bridge. Sheridan received almost as great an ovation as was accorded to the President, but he very properly paid less attention to it, and sat in his peculiar settled-down way, looking somewhat grim and impassive, but with a sort of suppressed intensity in his countenance that appealed very strongly to the throngs lining the streets. Behind his carriage rode Buffalo Bill, and the multitude hailed him with wild delight. A latter-day psychologist would have explained the difference in the greeting the three received by declaring that the President, and to a less degree General Sheridan, inspired the crowds with awe and with a sense of their remoteness, while they recognized in Buffalo Bill a kind of impersonation of their boyhood days when they played at being scouts and at shooting Indians.

Of all our Presidents since Jefferson, President Arthur was the most gentlemanly looking, and was the only one who could have properly been called a man of the world. The most prosaic-looking of them was President Hayes, but he was a fine,

straight man, simple and sincere. He and his wife visited us in Woodstock at "Roseland" while he was still President, and made an excellent impression on all that met him there. He liked the country, and was quite fascinated with our little lake. As the weather was warm, he decided one morning to join us in a swim. He frolicked about in the water with great glee, and his wife had to call him several times before he would return to his dressing-room in the Boat House. Once there, he discovered that his new bathing-suit had shrunk, and he had to call for help to divest himself of it. Not long after the Presidential bathing party I happened to meet the Secretary of the Water Company that supplies water from our lake to the people of Putnam. He complained to me because he thought the water was getting polluted because of all the bathing we allowed from our Park. After reminding him good-naturedly that his rights by the terms of his charter were entirely subordinated to ours, I assured him that nevertheless we really intended to be reasonable, and had only been delinquent once, and that was when we let President Hayes go in bathing, and wash off all the mud that the Democrats had been throwing at him since he entered the White House. I never heard President Hayes make any reference to the abuse that was heaped on him; but I remember in a letter that he wrote to my brother, Clarence, he said, "It has been

my habit not to defend, not to deny—to allow my public conduct and record to take their chances at the hands of others.” The wording was so peculiar that I copied the sentence into my note-book, but the meaning is clear—and pathetic.

Very different from either President Hayes or President Arthur was President Cleveland. I saw him first in Washington in 1886, and his appearance gave me a decided shock, for he looked every inch a Sheriff, big, stubborn and common; but subsequent impressions he made on me were all to his credit. I met him first when he was with his sister Rose, and she too had to be seen many times before one could really admire her. There were, however, in the Administration circle some that suggested “love at first sight,” and two of them were Miss Endicott, who soon became the bride of Joseph Chamberlain, and Mrs. Whitney, who had long been the bride of William Whitney. With both of these ladies my brother Clarence and I had much conversation and many cups of tea, the former being even more stimulating than the latter. We were also very much attracted by Secretary of State Bayard and his clever daughter, Kate. It was the Winter season: so Washington was very gay, and we found it also very hospitable. Introductions always seemed to lead to invitations, and we met a bewildering number of Senators, Senators’ wives and daughters, and

even some of the families of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Chief Justice Waite, who had visited our country home, "Roseland," and Justice Stanley Mathews, who had also been our guest there, were particularly nice to us; but I enjoyed a morning we passed with George Bancroft more than anything else during our stay in Washington. We went to him Sunday morning by appointment, and when we arrived he said that he wanted our call to be a long one: so we settled down for a protracted talk. He began by telling us that he had dined out the night before, and had sat at the table between Miss Rose Cleveland and Miss Endicott, and he added with a smile, "Miss Endicott is a young lady I would like to bring into my family if I were a young man."

"Yes," I answered, "quite as charming as Coleridge's 'Christabel.' "

"A wonderful poem!" he exclaimed.

"Which?" I inquired—"Christobel or Miss Endicott?"

"Both," he replied with a laugh, and then he added, "Do you remember the lines in 'Christobel,' beginning, 'They parted ne'er to meet again' ?

"They are almost the strongest in the English language."

"And the very strangest," I asked, "Are they not Tennyson's,

'His honor rooted in dishonor stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true?'

"Perhaps," he conceded musingly, and then, recalling the dinner he had been describing, he continued: "After dinner President Cleveland sat with us, and he conversed easily, without any flight of rhetoric, and he impressed me as being a man of sound sense and earnest purpose. I think he is one of the best Presidents we ever had." Then he spoke of another dinner he had attended some time before, that was given in honor of his old friend, William Allen Butler, who was one of the most prominent lawyers of New York, and who was the author of the poem that tells of the woman that had nothing to wear. "There was something remarkable about that dinner," he said, "and I will tell you about it; but I must begin back at a breakfast Samuel Rogers gave me in London forty years ago. Mr. Rogers at that time was about eighty years old, and he was like his poems, calm and even. He was always kind in asking me to meet distinguished men at his celebrated breakfasts, and I was particularly pleased to be present at those he gave for Wordsworth and for Macaulay. Wordsworth, by the way, I met at Rydal Mount. He too was old, and, like his poetry, was sedate and rather self-conscious. Macaulay was a great talker: he never knew when to stop, and he also had a prodigious memory. He complained to me once that he never could forget anything good, bad, or indifferent. He was not exactly pompous,

but——” he paused, and I added for him, “He was aware always of his own presence.” “Exactly,” Mr. Bancroft replied, and then he remarked, “But I am wandering from my subject. I want to tell you about that William Allen Butler Breakfast. Mr. Rogers unbent on that occasion rather more than was usual with him, and he finally recited a poem that he had never had published, and that was really one of his very best. We all admired it very much, and later, when a small group of us who had left the house together were walking along the street, one of the group spoke up, and said, ‘I wish I could remember that poem: it was singularly beautiful.’ Thereupon Mr. Butler, who was one of us, modestly stated that he might be able to recall it, and, without any hesitation, he repeated every line of it, word for word, to the great amazement and delight of us all. Now the scene changes to this dinner in Washington. At the proper moment I related how Mr. Butler and I had been together at the London breakfast, and how he had repeated the poem he had heard but once, without the slightest apparent effort, and then jokingly I added that perhaps he could repeat it again; and, would you believe me? he really did.”

The conversation then swung back to Wordsworth, and Mr. Bancroft described his visit at Rydal Mount and the effort Mrs. Wordsworth made to induce her husband to show Mr. Bancroft the lake



country. Although he evidently felt too feeble to do so, he finally drew himself up, and said with much dignity, "I suppose I must"; but Mr. Bancroft arranged his plans, he said, so that he could return directly to London, and thus relieve Wordsworth of his conflicting desires: to please his guest and to please himself.

"It is strange," I remarked, "how slow the people of the Lake District were to recognize Wordsworth's worth. A fine old man I met at Ambleside a few years ago told me that no one in that locality suspected that Wordsworth was an extraordinary man, until after he died, when an American lady threw herself on his grave and wept. 'We all thought,' the old man said, 'if a lady came all the way from America just to see his grave, and to weep on it, he must have been a very great man.'"

"That is just what he was," Mr. Bancroft remarked, "but I have always felt that Byron was the greatest poet I ever met. He was very handsome too, and his conversation was natural and off-hand."

Our call now came to an end, and I never saw Mr. Bancroft again. He was ninety years old, and was very active, alive and alert, and was always interesting not only because of what he said, but also because of his clear enunciation and his cultured pronunciation of his carefully chosen words.

We Americans neglect nothing so much as we do



our language. We treat it as if it were an old shoe that serves our purpose very well, getting us, "to where we want to go," but that is not worth mending, and needs no real polishing.

## CHAPTER XII

**T**HERE were many sets of people in New York during the '80's. First there was the old settler set, composed principally of families with Dutch names and possessed of comparatively small fortunes, among whom were the Van Rensselaers, Livingstons, De Peysters and Stuyvesants; then there was the fashionable set, whose leaders were the Astors and the Vanderbilts, who were people of common origin but of great wealth; then there were the various substantial sets of the upper and middle classes; and then, last but not least, there was the immortal set, composed of poets, novelists and artists, who had their headquarters at the Authors' Club.

I was acquainted, I think, with members of all the sets, and there was much to admire in each of them; but I was particularly interested in the poets and novelists. They always seemed to me worth while.

An occasion when I saw nearly all of them on the same stage and on their best behavior and in their best clothes was in November, 1887 at the "Authors'

Readings" in Chickering Hall. James Russell Lowell presided. The hall was crowded and so was the stage. I had never seen Lowell before, and I could not but wonder right away how any man of his good sense could cut his beard as he had, so as to give to each side of his chin a pendant streamer. He probably prided himself on those two streamers as some men glory in the prominent warts on their cheeks; but he made a fine presiding officer, and his little preliminary speech received close attention and hearty applause. He then opened the literary exercises himself by reading "Hulda's Courtship" and extracts from the "Biglow Papers," and he read them remarkably well. When the ovation he received died away he introduced George William Curtis, who read one of the "Potiphar Papers." He was the finest-looking man on the stage, and everyone was immensely pleased with him. Charles Dudley Warner was then called upon to do his bit. He looked very like President Hayes. His selection was "The Hunting of the Bear." He carried the audience with him, and kept us laughing almost constantly.

The next reader was William Dean Howells, who gave us a chapter from "April Hopes." He was evidently nervous, and his voice was weak. Everyone seemed glad when he sat down, and I am sure that he was, too. It was a pleasure, however, to see his well-

shaped head, and to note how proud his very pretty little daughter was of him.

Frank Stockton was the next one introduced, and we all hoped that he would read his famous story, "The Lady or the Tiger," but he selected "Prince Hossack's March." He also could not be heard distinctly, but everyone was glad to see him, and to give him a hearty round of applause.

Thomas Nelson Page of Virginia followed, and, as he stepped forward to the presiding officer's desk, he looked boyish and businesslike. He read a chapter from one of his novels that contained an extraordinary amount of darkey dialect. Local color is all right, but it should not be exclusively black; and I even venture to express the opinion that dialect should always be given in very small doses, except when it is of the classical kind that is free from vulgarity and that has real beauty and charm.

The exercises were concluded by the Western poet, James Whitcomb Riley, who recited his poem, "I Have Nothing to Say." He had a great deal of personality of a kind. He looked like an old family butler. He never moved his upper lip, and he spoke through his nose; nevertheless he read his poem well, and the audience applauded him enthusiastically.

As Lowell left the stage he passed close to where I was standing with the artist, William Hamilton

Gibson, and I was impressed with his thoughtful face, which I should have deemed sad had not his eyes been bright and blithe.

I met him a short time afterwards at Steinway Hall, when he delivered a lecture on "The Independent in Politics." The hall was crowded with an unusually intelligent audience, and when he arose to speak he was greeted with tremendous applause. He delivered his lecture in almost conventional tones, without gestures, and at times his sentences were so perfect that they sounded like blank verse. The best part of his speech was when he pleaded for a nobler patriotism, and if ever a man was eloquent he was then. Twice he positively thrilled the audience. The first time was when he quoted his own splendid lines,

"I honor the man who is willing to sink  
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,  
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,  
Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak,  
Not caring for what vengeance the mob has in store,  
Be that mob the upper ten thousand or lower."

And the second time was when he turned from his notes and exclaimed, "I count it a benediction to have lived in the same generation with Abraham Lincoln."

At the conclusion of his lecture I was introduced to him by Governor Daniel Chamberlain, and he

asked me at once whether he had spoken audibly. I assured him that he had, but not quite so audibly as the audience had. He smiled, and then added, "I prefer the conversational tone which I have been accustomed to use in my class-room at Harvard," and then he expressed his horror of the *ad captandum vulgus* style.

Lowell, it always seemed to me, was the ideal lecturer for a cultured audience. The only other Americans I ever heard who could be included in his class were William Storey and Bayard Taylor, both of whom were also distinguished in fields other than the lecture field. Storey was a polished gentleman, erudite, and improved rather than spoiled by his long residence in "*Italia, dolce paese del sole e dell'incanto.*" Bayard Taylor was also *gebildet*, but he was a rough diamond in looks, and always failed to interest the ladies because he gave the impression to them of being a book-worm, and of wishing to escape them. They were always as disappointed in him as I was when I heard Dickens in Plymouth Church when I was a boy. He seemed to me absurd; and I really felt quite mortified for him when he tied a handkerchief around his neck, and read the first chapter of "Pickwick Papers" in tones that lacked resonance and with gestures that were devoid of spontaneity.

Perhaps the most brilliant lecturer I ever heard

was Colonel Ingersoll. His mind was singularly alert and audacious, and he had an overpowering amount of sense and sentiment. He was the delight of the doubter and the bugbear of the believer. While he accomplished almost nothing in a constructive way; still our modern minds owe him quite a debt of gratitude for his destructive methods in dealing with rank superstition and cranial creeds.

A lecturer at that time that no one took seriously was Oscar Wilde. It was the sun-flower period of his development, and he was amusing the while, but not sensible. Roses bloomed for him later, first red roses during his rapid rise to fame, and then, long afterwards, the white ones which we now, with a clearing understanding, are just beginning to put on his grave.

In speaking of the literary men of New York I have not referred to Bryant, for he was in his old age something of a recluse, and I very seldom heard anything about him. I saw him but once; and that was when he stood by the side of the venerable Peter Cooper at A. T. Stewart's funeral. Stoddard told me that Bryant in his later years was greatly disturbed if anyone used the word "death" in his presence. When I expressed my surprise by exclaiming that it was almost as hard to believe that the author of "Thanatopsis" had become in his old age the quarry-slave he despised in his youth as it would be



to credit a statement to the effect that in his declining years Washington had become a confirmed liar, Stoddard assured me that his statement was correct, and by the way he shook his head I suppose that he was thinking that it is one thing to philosophize about death in the heyday of youth and quite another to face it in old age.

A New York poet that was far from being a recluse was Edmund Clarence Stedman. He was everywhere, up town and down town, and always social. Everyone liked him. He was a brisk little man, dapper and almost dudish, with flowing whiskers, and with a nose that started out to be Roman and ended by being Yankee. He could not make money enough by his pen to support himself and family, and very few could in those days, and so he became a banker. He was an indefatigable worker both in his office and at home in his study, but he always had more fame than fortune. He produced, however, comparatively little poetry, as he lacked impulse and inspiration; but it was good poetry, meticulously conceived and deftly constructed, and was eagerly bought by the publishers. He had a good bit of the egotism of genius, but it was never offensive. I remember being asked what sort of a man he was personally, and I think that I described him fairly well when I answered that he always had a kind word for everybody else and a

loving word for himself. He was always helpful to young literary men, and was very quick to appreciate their talents.

He was in close touch with all the recognized poets of the country, not only because they liked him, but also because they knew that he was making a collection of American poems for publication. His correspondence was at times very burdensome to him, as he wrote even letters very slowly and carefully. He probably was almost as good a letter writer as Edmund Gosse has always been, and higher praise in that line could be given to no man. Sunday evenings during the winter it was his custom to hold a reception, where his friends might gather, and meet such special guests as he might invite to be present. He was a fine host and, incidentally, was a fine judge of Santa Cruz rum, a decanter of which he was wont to keep in his study; but he was not in the least intemperate, nor would he encourage any one else to be so. He and Stoddard were very close friends, and it was as natural to us all to link their names as it was to join those of Damon and Pythias.

Another poet of that day who was frequently met in social circles as well as literary circles was Richard Watson Gilder. He was the editor of "The Century Magazine," and he had excellent taste, but his poetry was mediocre. It lacked virility and spontaneity, and was principally polish.

But he took himself very seriously, and he was such a very estimable and efficient little man that it seemed much more appropriate to treat him as a genius than not.

Quite a different man was Frank R. Stockton. He was the most modest and pathetic of all the literary set. He always looked surprised when any one praised his work, and he insisted that it did not have any lasting value. The truth is he got discouraged just before he became famous. Year after year he had written and hoped, and hoped and written, but his stories were one and all returned to him by the publishers as "unavailable," and he said that his trunk very soon contained more stories than clothes. How he lived in the meantime he never told, but his worn and worried look and his frail little body made explanations unnecessary. When the irreparable harm had been completely done to him, a young, courageous editor happened to take a fancy to his work, and made "a feature" of it in his magazine. The public were at once appreciative, and Stockton became suddenly famous. Then he could hardly take his rejected stories from his trunk fast enough. He not only got rid of them all, but was importuned by every magazine publisher in the country to produce more. He found that he could comply with their request, without exhausting his strength, by reclining on his sofa during the early hours of the

morning, and by dictating his inspirations to his wife, who laboriously took them down in long hand. He was now in such affluent circumstances that he could have all the comforts and luxuries he wanted; but they were few, as he had never learned to know the need of many. In spite, however, of his former discouragement and his ill-health, he had a very ready smile, and impressed one as being at least happy in the sense defined by Horace :

“Non possidentem multa vocaveris  
 Recte beatum; rectius occupat  
 Nomen beati; qui deorum  
 Muneribus sapienter uti  
 Duramque callet pauperiem pati.”

About the only really robust looking author of those days in New York was Professor Hjalmar Boyesen. He wrote both stories and verse, and had a fine command of our language for one who had not learned it until he was grown up. He was one of the many talented writers that exist at all times and in all large towns, who excite ephemeral interest but who add nothing of permanent importance to our literature. He had a remarkably pretty wife, and she helped him most graciously to make their home one of the literary centres of the city. It was one of the few houses which Edgar Saltus visited, and Howells was seen there probably oftener than at any other place except his own home. Professor Boyesen was

connected with Columbia College, and made the literary course there very popular. He was succeeded, I believe, as professor by his friend, Brander Matthews, a prehistoric man in looks but a preeminent man in intellect, who, like Professor Phelps of Yale, has done a prodigious amount of fine work in the broad field of criticism.

There is one more literary person who should now be mentioned, and that is Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. Her residence was in Boston, and she had a salon there for many years which she presided over with great charm. She was on intimate terms with Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and Aldrich, and gathered about her the younger poets, artists, and musicians and inspired them at least with zeal. Her favorites were Louise Guiney, William Ordway Partridge and Margaret Lang, all of whom attained distinction, and made many friends in New York. Mrs. Moulton herself was just as popular in New York as she was in Boston, and just as popular in London as she was in New York, and she was in all three cities generally at least once a year. She thought poetry, and talked poetry and wrote poetry, and wherever she went she suggested poetry, but, as a matter of fact, she was not a genius. She simply had talent, and, consequently, she never surpassed her own average or fell below it; but her work was of the kind that appealed to the editors of the maga-

zines; and so her poems were practically accepted the moment they were written. I knew her very well, as she was a distant cousin of mine, and was born and brought up in the town of Pomfret, near Woodstock, where, she always told with pride, she went to school with the artist, Whistler, and later took a motherly interest in Bertram Goodhue, the architect, who, though less brilliant than Whistler, was exceedingly lovable, which Whistler never was.

In spite of her hosts of friends Mrs. Moulton was a lonely being, and she once declared that she had never had a wholly happy day in her entire life. When I assured her that I had never had a wholly unhappy one, she was almost shocked at my levity. She was never able, I suppose, to get away from herself, and perhaps also she expected too much. On one of the last occasions I met her in New York, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop was with her, and we passed the evening together. Rose was undeniably beautiful. She was of medium height, straight, graceful, with small regular features and with a great wealth of wonderful red hair. Her accent did not suggest any particular locality, and she both talked and listened with charming eagerness. Of her father she said that she remembered him perfectly well, and that she often used to work with him, and that while he was never shy with his children they were always somewhat shy when with him.

She described some of his lean years, and spoke with great admiration of his courage and patience and of how considerate he was of her mother when she was ill in the little Red House in Lenox that belonged to my uncle, William Tappan. "He even made the bread, and baked it," she said.

I had hoped to learn much more about her and her family, but she had too much tact to make Mrs. Moulton a listener for any length of time: still the conversation remained very interesting, and when I took my departure it was with the earnest hope that I should meet Rose soon again; but not long afterwards I heard that she had retired from the world, and had dedicated the remainder of her days to the care of incurable cancer cases. Yes; Rose was undeniably beautiful.



## CHAPTER XIII

**D**URING the year 1888 much interest was manifested in New York and throughout the country in the approaching centennial of the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the United States, and finally a Committee was appointed to provide for a befitting celebration of that event. The venerable Hamilton Fish was chosen President of the Committee; Mayor Grant, chairman; Elbridge T. Gerry, chairman of the Executive Committee; and my brother, Clarence, Secretary. Mr. Fish on account of his advanced years could give very little time and attention to the preliminary work, Mayor Grant was too busy at the City Hall and at Tammany Hall to attend many meetings, and Mr. Gerry was disposed to do but little except approve or disapprove of the plans and ideas submitted to him by my brother and by the chairmen of the various sub-committees, which were composed of the most prominent men of the city, and which, consequently, performed their work with a perfection of detail that left nothing to be desired. Of course they had their differences of opinion, and some of

those differences were aired in the newspapers, owing to the antagonism that arose between Ward McAllister and Stuyvesant Fish. They were both on the Entertainment Committee, and they got on together very well until they began to make plans for the Ball. Ward McAllister, who was a sort of Social Steward to the Smart Set, and who at this time claimed that only about four hundred were entitled to be considered members of that set, tried to give undue prominence, or precedence, to those he served, while Stuyvesant Fish took the more broad-minded view that the celebration in all its phases should have a national character, and that the outstanding figure should on all occasions be the President of the United States. Of course his views prevailed, but everyone was grateful to Ward McAllister for coining the epithet, "The Four Hundred" and for contributing to the gayety of the Nations. Stuyvesant Fish was, like Mr. Gerry, a man of very strong personality, and both he and Mr. William G. Hamilton sacrificed a great deal of their time and thought to make the celebration a success. But no one had to work so hard as my brother was obliged to, for besides all his other occupations he had to run the general executive offices, which were filled with stenographers and typewriters to help him dispose of his mail and communications to the sub-committees and to people in every State of the Union. The result

was that he had to call on me to help him. It was just the kind of work I liked, and I was especially pleased when he asked me to plan the Exercises at the Treasury Building, and to prepare the list of toasts for the Banquet. He and Mr. Gerry were the only two members of the Literary Committee, and neither of them had time to do more than pass on my suggestions.

The Exercises at the Treasury Building were, of course, the main historical event we had to celebrate, and it seemed to me that they should be simple. At all events, I suggested that there be an Invocation by Dr. Storrs, an address by President Harrison, a eulogy of Washington by Mr. Depew, and a benediction by Archbishop Corrigan. That program was accepted; and then I was told to arrange for it: so I made contracts with carpenters to build the stand, with decorators to adorn the stand and Treasury Building, and with Delmonico to provide the luncheon. Then I made my report. It was duly approved; but Mr. Gerry insisted that he must see the list of wines Delmonico was to provide for the luncheon: so I secured the list for him, and he revised it with great care, scorning some of the vintages as if they were on a par with vinegar.

When I undertook to devise a list of toasts, I knew, of course, that every national and local patriotic society would be indignant unless it were in-

cluded in the list, and that I must find some way of pleasing or placating them all without derogating from my plan to produce, if possible, a list that would be original and worthy of the occasion, and that might be used as a precedent at future Centennials.

I finally decided that I could not do better than to develop the idea that suggested itself to me the moment I was asked to prepare the toasts, and that was to have them form a sequence, using "The People of the United States" as a starting point. A series of that kind could not be broken into by the patriotic societies, and as the individual toasts would be of an exalted character, only the most prominent men in the country would be selected to respond to them, and original sentiments could easily and properly be secured from our great authors for each toast.

The sequence I developed was this, the toasts being indicated by numerals:

- (1) "The People of the United States," formed
- (2) "The States," which voted for
- (3) "The Federal Constitution," which provides for
- (4) "The House of Representatives,"
- (5) "The Senate,"
- (6) "The Presidency,"
- (7) "The Judiciary,"
- (8) "The Army and Navy," and which fosters
- (9) "Our Schools and Colleges," and
- (10) "Our Literature," all for the honor and glory of
- (11) "The United States of America."

After consulting my brother, the names I suggested of those who should be asked to respond to the Toasts were:

- (1) Grover Cleveland,
- (2) Fitzhugh Lee,
- (3) Melville W. Fuller,
- (4) James G. Blaine,
- (5) John W. Daniel,
- (6) Rutherford B. Hayes,
- (7) William M. Evarts,
- (8) William Tecumseh Sherman,
- (9) Charles W. Eliot,
- (10) James Russell Lowell,
- (11) Benjamin Harrison,

and the names of those I recommended, also after consulting my brother, to be considered in connection with the plan to obtain original sentiments for the toasts were:

- (1) George William Curtis,
- (2) William Wirt Henry,
- (3) George Bancroft,
- (4) Robert C. Winthrop,
- (5) Hannibal Hamlin,
- (6) John Quincy Adams,
- (7) William Henry Harrison Miller,
- (8) Robert T. Lincoln,
- (9) Henry Drisler,
- (10) Richard Henry Stoddard,
- (11) Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The whole scheme, when it was made known to the General Committee, was, as I had expected, vig-

orously attacked by a number of those who had axes to grind: but when it was fully explained the opposition quickly subsided, and everyone seemed satisfied with it.

The original sentiments were thereupon secured, and then I was told to have the Banquet program printed. It contained, of course, the official list of toasts, and it was this:

GRACE . . . . . Henry C. Potter  
*Bishop of New York*

I. ADDRESS OF WELCOME . . . . . David B. Hill  
*Governor of the State of New York*

The State of New York welcomes to-day the executive, Legislative, and Judicial branches of the National Government, and the representatives of forty-two States; as a century ago she welcomed Washington, his Cabinet, and the Congress of the old Thirteen, which in this city added the bill of rights to the National Constitution. May our fidelity to that Constitution so guard the rights of both the States and the people to civil and religious freedom, and to republican government based on universal education, that the centuries as they pass may swell our acclaim, God Save the American Republic!

JOHN JAY.

2. GEORGE WASHINGTON

3. THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, Grover Cleveland  
*Ex-President of the United States*

Not a mob, nor an oligarchy, nor a class; but the great force of American patriotism, conscience, intelligence, energy and industry, the only sure foundation of

States, the sole hope of the Republic; of which George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are the truest types in American history.      GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

4. THE STATES . . . . . Fitzhugh Lee  
*Governor of the State of Virginia*

Daughters of Liberty, born amid the throes of Revolution, thirteen clinging to the Atlantic have become forty-two reaching to the Pacific. The century leaves them as it found them, an indestructible Union of indestructible States.      WILLIAM WIRT HENRY.

5. THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION . . . Melville W. Fuller  
*Chief-Justice of the United States*

The consummation of former political wisdom, the trust of the present age, the guide for all coming nations.      GEORGE BANCROFT.

6. THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES . . . James G. Blaine  
*Secretary of State*

The first branch of Congress provided for in the Constitution, and the subject of the only speech in the Convention made by Washington. In the language of George Mason, "the grand depository of the Democratic principle of the Government," to which has been assigned a full, co-equal share in the National Legislation, together with the sole power of Impeachment, the origination of all the Bills for raising Revenue, and, in the last resort, the choice of the President of the United States. The vital element of our Republican System, without which there can be, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, no "Government of the People, by the People, for the People."

May its rightful authority and dignity ever be maintained and upheld, both by its own officers and mem-



bers, and by the millions of voters whom they are privileged to represent.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP,  
*Senior Surviving Speaker of the United  
States House of Representatives.*

7. THE SENATE . . . . . John W. Daniel  
*United States Senator from Virginia*

An elective body dependent upon no prerogatives of Royalty, Church or Descent. Able in its statesmanship, wise and practical in its Legislative and Executive functions, the most distinguished of all Legislative bodies, and a bulwark in defense of our free institutions

HANNIBAL HAMIIN  
*Sole surviving Vice-president of the United States*

8. THE PRESIDENCY . . . . . Rutherford B. Hayes  
*Ex-President of the United States*

May the good people of these United States never weary of searching for a second Washington to fill the place.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

9. THE JUDICIARY . . . . . William M. Evarts  
*United States Senator from New York*

A learned, upright and fearless Judiciary is the strong bulwark of Constitutional Government. Without such Judiciary no free institutions can exist; with it they will not perish. So long as the spirit and example of Marshall and Taney, Kent and Shaw, pervade and inspire our Courts, liberty in law shall abide with and bless the land of Washington.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON MILLER,  
*Attorney-General of the United States*

10. THE ARMY AND NAVY . William Tecumseh Sherman  
*General*

In four wars each has done its full duty in the creation, defense, enlargement, and preservation of our nation; but the dignity of our country requires renewed attention to the farewell counsel of Washington, so that international emergencies may be met without hasty and inadequate preparation.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN,  
*Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary  
of the United States to Great Britain.*

11. OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES . . . Charles W. Eliot  
*President of Harvard University*

Established by the wisdom and foresight of the Founders of our Nation; the support and stay of civil and religious liberty; they should be jealously guarded and fostered as the dispensers of virtue and intelligence, on which depend the welfare and perpetuity of our Republican Institutions.

HENRY DRISLER,  
*Acting President of Columbia College*

12. OUR LITERATURE . . . . James Russell Lowell

The welfare of a people, small or great  
Depends upon the State,  
Whose ample laws they justify, because  
They help to shape those laws.  
Their glory rests on letters, which create  
A more enduring State;  
For what is best remembered among men  
Is not the Sword, but Pen.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

13. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA Benjamin Harrison  
*President of the United States*

Sceptres and thrones the morning realms have tried;  
Earth for the people kept her sunset side.

Arts, manners, creeds the teeming Orient gave;  
 Freedom, the gift that freights the refluent wave,  
 Pays with one priceless pearl the guerdon due,  
 And leaves the Old World debtor to the New.

Long as the watch-towers of our crownless Queen  
 Front the broad oceans that she sits between  
 May her proud sons their plighted faith maintain,  
 And guard unbroken Union's lengthening chain—  
 Union, our peaceful sovereign, she alone  
 Can make or keep the Western world our own!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

President Harrison was somewhat disturbed when he was informed that his was the last toast on the list, but when the sequence scheme was explained to him, and when he was told that if he were to be the first of the speakers many would not linger to hear the others and that the anti-climax in that case would be scandalous, he accepted the situation gracefully, and even indicated that it met with his full approval. I was greatly disappointed that Mayor Grant was selected by the Entertainment Committee to preside, and did all in my power to induce the Committee to accord that honor to the Vice-president of the United States or to the Speaker of the House of Representatives or even to the Governor of New York; but the Committee, reinforced at the last moment by the Plan and Scope Committee, argued that it was New York City that was standing most of the expense, and that as the Mayor was not only anxious

but determined to have the honor conferred on him, no other selection could be made without jeopardizing the success of the entire celebration. Mayor Grant was a man of mediocre mental equipment; but he had social ambitions commensurate with his political prominence, and he also had the power to gratify them, as we have seen.

The actual celebration began on Monday, April 29, 1889. I went down the bay on the *Sirius* to Elizabeth to see President Harrison embark in the barge that was awaiting him there and that conveyed him to the *Dispatch*, while the ladies of the Administration at Washington boarded the *Sirius*. It was a delight to see the great naval display in honor of the President, and, as we approached New York, to witness the universal and intense patriotism of the crowds that lined the shore and piers. That evening the Ball took place. The scene when the President entered the building and walked through the lines of cavalymen to his box was thrilling. Cheer after cheer shook the building, and handkerchiefs and jeweled arms were waved with extraordinary enthusiasm. The quadrille was brilliant, and the dancing that followed was wholly fascinating.

The Literary Exercises at the Treasury Building lasted the following morning from ten until twelve, and I was fortunate enough to secure a good seat in the shadow of Washington's statue near Senator

Hawley, Ex-Secretary of State Bayard, General Greely and Frederick Douglass. The crowd before the stand was vast and dense. Depew's oration was admirable, but not masterly, for it lacked the inspired touches that cause the material and the spiritual to blend, and that leave an impression that the memory cherishes and treasures. President Harrison's address, on the other hand, surpassed all expectations. It was simple, strong, and splendid.

When the exercises were concluded I hurried to Helen Hamersley's home on Fifth Avenue, where I had luncheon with her, Miss Winthrop, Miss Clarkson and a few others whom she had invited to see with her the parade from the small stand she had had erected in front of her drawing-room windows. All up and down the Avenue there were similar small stands adorned with flags and bunting, and filled, when the parade began, and while it lasted, with the buds and flowers of New York society and of other cities adjacent and remote. The Avenue never looked gayer; and when at last the soldiers came in sight the scene was supremely spectacular. I had seen many soldiers in many lands—soldiers born to carry muskets—but I had never seen before so many soldiers that looked capable of stepping from the ranks and exchanging their muskets for swords.

That evening I attended the Banquet at the Metropolitan Opera House, and I sat at the diplo-

mat's table with gentlemen of almost every hue and color. The many tables for the eight hundred guests were lavishly decorated with flowers, fruits, and candies. The dinner, which was very elaborate, was served as well and as expeditiously as if we had been at a private home. Just before the cigars were passed the band began to play and "the Administration Ladies" entered the boxes assigned to them, while we banqueteers all arose and cheered them. When order was restored the Mayor made a short speech, and then called on the speakers to respond to their respective toasts. Cleveland's speech was solid; Lee's was graceful; Daniels's was oratorical; Hayes's was roseate; Fuller's was thoughtful; Evarts's was dignified; Sherman's was charming; Eliot's was finished; Lowell's was lofty; and Harrison's was eloquent.

## CHAPTER XIV

SEVERAL weeks before the Washington Centennial was celebrated in New York, my Father made his annual visit to Washington, and he took with him an application from me to President Harrison for a consulship, with letters of recommendation, which in those days had to be filed with the application in the archives of the Department of State. The letters were three in number, and as they are of interest as literary productions and are indirectly of historical value, I will copy them here in full, trusting that they will be taken with rather more than one grain of salt in so far as they relate to me:

### LETTER FROM DR. STORRS

"Mr. Herbert W. Bowen has been known to me for years, and I most cordially commend him to any to whom my name is known as a gentleman of fine character and culture, for whom I beg from others the respect and regard which I gladly render him myself.

R. S. STORRS."

### LETTER FROM PROF. BURGESS

"Mr. Herbert W. Bowen was a pupil of mine for two years from the Autumn of 1879 to the Summer of 1881. He pur-



sued, under my guidance, the studies of Constitutional history, Constitutional law, Diplomatic history and International law. I remember him as one of my most successful and enthusiastic students. He distinguished himself most especially in the study of diplomacy. I have rarely had his equal among the very large number of students which have come under my instruction.

JOHN W. BURGESS,

*Senior Professor in the School of Political  
Science of Columbia College, New York*

#### LETTER FROM PROF. BOYESEN

"Mr. Herbert Wolcott Bowen has been known to me since May, 1877. During all the years of my association with him I have found him to be a gentleman of sterling character, ripe culture, and rare accomplishments. No one who has enjoyed the pleasure of Mr. Bowen's acquaintance can fail to appreciate the charm of his manner or to be impressed with his exceptional ability. He speaks French, German and Italian fluently, and has an extensive knowledge of the literatures of those three languages. He can be relied upon to conduct himself in any position which he may be called upon to fill with credit to himself and honor to his country.

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN."

The reason why these letters are of historical interest is because they are the first letters ever filed in the Department of State covering the requirements our Government established in later years that our Consular Officers and our lower diplomatic representatives must be prepared for our foreign service in an adequate manner. At the time they were filed there was not a man in our foreign service who had been trained for it by a special course of study that in-

cluded not only languages, but the different kinds of law taught by Professor Burgess. He was the pioneer teacher, and his courses of study in time were adopted in many colleges and schools, especially when our Government began to select by competitive examinations young men for our foreign service. The old practise of trusting to an official's native ability, backed by his political pull, worked well in some instances, and still at times evokes a shining light from obscurity, but it is a practise that always results in more or less embarrassment to untrained incumbents and to the Government to which they are accredited, not to mention our own Government.

As President Harrison had been in office for quite a long time when I made my application to him, he notified me that there would be some delay before he would have any vacancies to fill, but that he would keep me in mind. I soon had an opportunity to get acquainted with him; for he decided to accept my Father's invitation to come to Woodstock for the Fourth of July. On the morning of July 3rd, 1889, at ten o'clock, he boarded my Father's private car at the Grand Central Station, New York, accompanied by his aide, Lieutenant Mason, Secretaries Noble and Tracy, and Joseph H. Choate and Elliott F. Sheppard. I introduced all the ladies in the car to him, and then saw that he had time to smoke and read the papers. I noted that he was short, neither

fat nor thin, and looked like a very sensible and strong man. He wore a double-breasted, wrinkled, black coat, a felt hat, a turned-down collar, a four-in-hand cravat, grayish trousers, and gray socks. When seated his shoulders rose almost to the top of his ears, and his abdomen protruded so that it attracted attention. For a time he rested his foot on the chair in front of him. When the train reached Stamford he had to go out on the platform and bow to the crowd; and at New Haven he was called out again; and on both occasions he received three cheers. After leaving New Haven luncheon was served, and he invited my very young niece, Marion, to be his *vis-à-vis* at his small table. He talked but little, but he ate a substantial meal, and then took another cigar. I asked him whether he would like a glass of whiskey. He declined at first, but soon called me to him, and asked where he could get it. I took the hint, and said that it was in the compartment with the hand-bags: so he followed me, and from my valise I produced a bottle of Old Rye and a very pretty little glass. He took quite a thimbleful, and then returned to his seat, and talked very genially with everyone. At Hartford there was a parade in his honor and a brief reception in the State House, where Governor Bulkeley and his very attractive wife proved themselves to be delightful hosts. From Hartford we made a quick run to Putnam. There

we left the train, and proceeded in carriages to "Roseland," where dinner was served early, as the whole countryside had been invited to meet the President at nine o'clock. We had just time after our cigars and coffee to form the receiving line in the front drawing-room. My Father stood first, and then the President, Governor Bulkeley, Justice Miller, Secretary Tracy, Secretary Noble, Senators Hiscock, Hawley and Platt, Congressmen Tom Reed and Russell, Will Carleton, the poet, and President Gates of Rutgers College. In the back drawing-room my Mother and sister received with Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Wilmerding and the Misses Brookman of Brooklyn. The ushers were General Varnum, Lieut. Mason, Lisenard Stewart, and my brothers and myself.

The President shook hands with everyone, and now and then spoke a word or patted a child on the head. He was immensely pleased with one old farmer whom I introduced to him. His name was Paraclete Skinner. He was a very tall man and very solemn. When he took the President's hand, he drew himself up, and, looking the President in the eye, said in his deep and dour voice, "Thank Heaven, Mr. President, we are all equal in this country." The President smiled, and replied most cordially, "Indeed we are."

The next morning at ten o'clock, the President

was escorted by quite a cavalcade to Roseland Park, where the people of the surrounding country had assembled, lunch-baskets in hand, to hear the speeches and to see the fireworks in the evening. The President spoke for only five or ten minutes. He had a clear, sharp voice, enunciated slowly and earnestly, and never tried to knot his line of thought with epigrams. There was not much warmth in his manner; but one could not but feel that his convictions, if tested, would glow with a mighty fervor. As he sat down, the adjacent pines echoed and re-echoed with the cheers of the crowd before him, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the children their flags.

At half after twelve the exercises of the morning were concluded, and those on the speakers' stand walked towards the boat-house for luncheon. Lines formed immediately on either side of the path, and the President proceeded slowly enough to shake each outstretched hand. It was a pretty and also an affecting sight to watch this genuine and spontaneous tribute of respect paid to the President and to all that he represented.

Four tables were spread on the boat-house piazza, and the breeze from our little lake was delightfully refreshing.

After luncheon I led the men of the party to the keeper's house, where two rooms were placed at our

disposal. As my Father was not present, I produced some bottles and cigars, and everyone proceeded to relax. Senator Hawley, being duly inspired, sat down at the piano, and played some patriotic songs, which we all sang, and which the President seemed to enjoy as much as the rest of us did.

At two o'clock the afternoon exercises began, but they were soon interrupted by rain, which fell in every kind of way. Now it rained cats and dogs, now rhinoceroses and elephants, and now humming-birds and bees. We literally had to wade through the program. By four o'clock all was over, and we started immediately for home, where fires had been built. So we returned to scenes of warmth and cheer.

After dinner, the sky cleared and the President led the way to the north piazza to enjoy his cigar. He was in a most genial mood; and when some one happened to refer to his own poor memory, he laughed and said, "That reminds me of a lawyer I knew in the West. He had a very poor memory for names, but he was a great trial lawyer, and was engaged in many an important case. On one occasion he appeared, to get damages for a child that had been injured. His address to the jury was a masterpiece of law and logic until the very end, when he made a personal appeal to the gentlemen of the jury. All went well until he was about to make his last point.



His memory for names then failed him, and he was obliged to conclude his speech in this way, after a long pause: 'As some one has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." ' ' ' "

The following morning the Presidential party returned to New York, and I did not see the President again until I went the following winter to Washington to thank him for appointing me Consul to Barcelona, Spain, and to receive my instructions. It so happened that he was quite alone when I called on him on the evening of my arrival. When I sent my card to him he came to the hallway to greet me, and then led me to a small reception-room, where, after we were seated, he explained that his family had all gone South, and that there was no one in the White House except himself and the servants. I was astonished, of course, and was almost ready to believe that the rumor about him was true that he was cold even to his best friends. He presented a somewhat droll appearance, sitting in the dim light on the edge of the sofa, with his feet barely reaching the floor. The silence during our talk was sepulchral, and Presidents dead and gone seemed to be almost closing in on us. It was not a call that I cared to prolong: so after I had expressed my thanks to him, and received his best wishes, I left him to get what he could out of his solitude, and I went to Secretary



Tracy's rooms in a neighboring hotel, and passed the rest of the evening with him and his daughter. Their home in Brooklyn was not far from ours, and I had always known them quite intimately. Mrs. Wilmerding, as a girl, was a great belle; but after the sad loss of her mother and sister in their burning home in Washington she led a very retired life.

At the State Department I received the following morning my instructions from Assistant-Secretary of State Wharton, who was very much of a gentleman in every way, and who detained me but a few minutes. When our talk was over he introduced me to the Chief of the Consular Bureau, who gave me some good advice, and then sent me to the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, who handed to me a cheque to cover my expenses during the "Period of Instruction"—a very high-sounding phrase that impressed me much more favorably than the size of the cheque, which amounted to considerably less than one hundred dollars.

While returning to New York that afternoon I read before my train arrived in Jersey City the "Consular Regulations" from beginning to end, and as I had a few minutes to spare, I pondered my new obligations, with the result that I came to the general conclusion that while it is entirely right to expect our officials to support the Government, it would not be

wholly unreasonable to expect the Government to support our officials, not extravagantly, of course, but reasonably and decently, so that they would not have to draw on their private fortunes except for luxuries.

## CHAPTER XV

ON April 2, 1890, I left New York on the *Teutonic*, which was the fleetest and most palatial steamer of those days. My brother, Clarence, accompanied me, as he desired to pass a few days in London. Among our fellow-passengers were Margaret Middleton, who belonged to the Jerome family of New York, and with whom James Gordon Bennett was hopelessly in love for years, and the trim little Wilson girl, who married into the Vanderbilt family, and who was born with a genius for dressing well. The voyage lasted but six days and four hours: so we were in London almost before we knew it.

Our first call there was on our old friend, Mr. Goetz, of the British Museum, who, we found, was particularly interested just then in the Museum's autograph collections, and who showed it to us hastily and with boundless enthusiasm. We hardly knew which to admire most, the simple modern specimens, the ornate mediaeval ones, or the scrawly ancient ones. As we were leaving him I told him that I hoped before we met again that he would

make the collection complete by securing for it the original signed order, "Let there be Light!"

Our next call was made on the novelist, James Payn, at the Reform Club. He was one of the most sprightly and entertaining men I ever met, and would have resembled Dickens, if Dickens had trimmed and brushed his whiskers and hair. While we were there he showed to us the portraits of John Bright and Foster, and he told us how John Bright had begged to have his portrait hung near Cobden's; and how Foster, who was nicknamed "Buckshot," because he had advised using buckshot instead of bullets in dealing with the Irish, once said to him, "Payn, if you would feel better, and if it would give you any satisfaction, you may call me 'Buckshot' just once."

We then drove to the Board of Trade Building, where we passed a half hour with the poet, Austin Dobson, who held a government position there. He was about forty-five years old, rather short and stocky, and he had thick, straight, dark hair which he brushed back from his brow, and wore three or four inches longer in the back than was good for his coat collar. His best feature was his nose. It was a fine, thin, sensitive, high-tension nose, such as Keats, Shelley and Chopin should have had to match their wonderful eyes. His voice was rather monotonously pleasant, and he spoke without any decided accent.

In the course of our conversation he said: "I have but little time for literary work. I should like to write more prose as well as more poetry. If I find time, I will write for 'The Independent' something about the Eighteenth Century, which is now my specialty. Lang published his best book 'Letters on Literature' in 'The Independent.' He and I began to write verse in 1877 in the various old French forms. I was the first to introduce them, although they exist in English literature in rather crude shape. The publishers did not receive our work with much favor; but our names carried it through. The public has now become weary of that kind of verse; and I have not written anything now for over a year in any of the French forms. Still if I had a good subject I should not hesitate to write a *ballade* or a *rondeau* even now."

He talked something like a business man anxious to please his customers. As we were leaving him he remarked, "You must not expect from me any personal talk about the literary men of London; for writing of that kind would get me into trouble." "Yes," I answered with a laugh, "the only safe way is to treat the living as dead and the dead as living."

In the evening we went to the Lyceum Theatre, and saw Irving and Terry in the "Dead Heart." Irving's acting was supreme and Ellen Terry's fascinating.

The next morning we dropped in at the National Academy to see our old friends, Reynolds, who loved to paint parted lips; and Turner, who was only happy when he created a confusion of color; and Rossetti, whose genius was pale green just as Whistler's was pale yellow in front and black behind.

We had hoped, after leaving the Academy, to have a few minutes with Swinburne; but when we arrived at his modest little house on Putney Hill, he was too ill to receive us, and sent Theodore Watts, who was his companion, if not keeper, down stairs to make his excuses.

Watts was a short man with a big black mustache and little side whiskers, very fond of talking, and not too modest to talk about himself. Of Swinburne he said, "He is like my brother: I know all his affairs. He would not see the greatest man in the world except by appointment unless, perhaps, it was Victor Hugo. We came to this box so as to exist. One can not exist if one is harassed by callers. For four years no one knew where we live; but lately the world has discovered the secret. We must now move. We can not endure interruptions. Tennyson is worried to death with hero-worshippers. One man even climbed a tree to see him while he was smoking a cigarette in his garden. Swinburne is in perfect health. Write to him and ask for an appointment." We told him that we had too little time

at our disposal to call again; and we took our leave of him after he had talked to us for fully a half hour. We were much amused by him. He was tumid with conceit and bristling with egotism; but he had ability, and was perfectly devoted to Swinburne, who needed some one just like him, to keep him steady and sane.

After luncheon we received a call from William Sharp, poet, critic and mystic. I had met him in New York many times. He was a magnificent-looking fellow, and appeared the picture of health; but he frequently complained of pain in his head, and seemed to be always worried about himself. Still he was social, and much interested in the welfare of his friends. He told us that his work as a critic had made many enemies for him, among whom he was sorry to count both Gosse and Swinburne. "Writers are terribly sensitive," he exclaimed. "If Tennyson is adversely criticised in even an obscure paper he flies into a rage, and is very likely to seize a volume of his poetry, read some of its finest passages, and cry out, 'They do not know good poetry from bad.' " After arranging with us to meet him that evening, he went his leonine way with a strong step and a worried countenance.

As we had received a note from Gosse asking us to come to his house early in the afternoon to meet a few of his friends, we drove there soon after Sharp



had left us. He and his wife received us very cordially; and I saw at once that he was a man of the world. He was about forty-five years old, with a good-natured face and a pleasant manner, rather blond and tall, with a slight, scholarly stoop. He introduced us to a number of persons of whom we had never even heard, and then to Rider Haggard, who stood up very straight and began at once to talk of Yucatan as if it were as familiar to us as was our back yard. He was tall and thin, with a very prominent nose and alert eyes. There was something underbred about his look and manner, and I doubt that he was liked by any one very much except himself. Just before leaving we talked with Wolcott Bales-tier and his sister, cousins of ours, who had been allured to London by Rudyard Kipling, and who later allured Kipling to the United States.

That evening we went to Sharp's house, and met there, among others, Gilbert Coleridge and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Thompson, and Ernest Rhys, the poet, who the previous winter had read a paper in our house in Brooklyn. Everyone was smoking cigarettes, and was in the best of spirits. It was evident to me at once that every man in the room was in love with young Mrs. Coleridge; and I did not wonder, for she was quite and altogether charming and lovely. She belonged to the exquisite exceptions of London who suggested nor fish nor flesh nor

fowl, and what was more, she understood how to take admiration without letting it excite her vanity. Her husband was the younger son of Lord Coleridge, who was the grandson, I believe, of the poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The young couple, Sharp told me, were both talented, Gilbert hoping to make a name for himself with his pen and his wife to gain renown with her brush.

Mrs. Graham Thompson had already achieved fame as a writer of verse. She told me that she had begun to compose poetry before she was eight years old, and that at about the same time she began to feel a dreadful dread of death. "Life is so delicious," she said, "that I can not bear to leave it." When I suggested, rather flippantly, that she should take it with her, she answered very seriously that she did not believe in the immortality of the Soul. She had much black hair, and dark, intense eyes, and was the sort of person one does not forget.

Ernest Rhys was looking very well in a new pointed beard, which I assured him harmonized beautifully with the tails of his dress-coat: and then, before he had time to frown, I told him that soon after he left New York, Stedman had spoken very highly of him at the Authors' Club, and had maintained that his style was like Goldsmith's. After the usual liquid refreshments had been served, my brother and I returned to our hotel.

The next day, which was the fourteenth of April, we were taken by Commander Emery, who was our Military Attaché and who had become famous as one of the party that rescued General Greely, to our Legation to meet our Minister, Robert Lincoln, the only surviving son of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln had much hair, much beard, and much common sense and an accent that was very Western. He spoke of his son, Abraham, who had recently died at the age of seventeen, and he expressed himself as being weary of public life and as having a special horror of ever being again an office-holder in Washington.

That night we dined with James Payn, who had with him two men, who had been "double firsts" at Cambridge, and who appeared as if they had done nothing but think hard all their lives. Mr. Payn was a fine host; and his talk was bright and at times brilliant. He was a good story-teller, too, and one of his best was about his call on Harriet Martineau when he was a young, shy man. She received him in her library, and invited him to talk into her ear-trumpet, as she was very deaf. He looked at the ear-trumpet, and could think of nothing to say. To relieve his embarrassment Miss Martineau got up, and went to the book-case to show him a book she had referred to, leaving her trumpet on the little table near which he sat. As the distance between

them widened his courage arose, and, thinking of something to say, he caught up the ear-trumpet, and shouted into it his mighty thought just as she turned towards him with the book. "Then and then only," Mr. Payn said, "did I realize that the trumpet was not connected with her ear, and I was so mortified that I got up and fled from the room."

Mr. Payn had much to say about how delightful Dickens was as a friend. "He was exceptional among literary men in one respect," he declared, "and that was that he never saved his best thoughts and ideas for his books, but poured them out spontaneously in his conversation."

Before we left him, he made one witty remark that was very characteristic of his nimble mind. Some one of us hesitated about a date, and he laughed, and said, "Never mind. We can get on without dates. I know only two, and those are 1066, when the Conqueror came over, and 1832, when I was born, and—would you believe it?—I sometimes get those mixed!"

The following night Austin Dobson dined with us. He said, among other things, that he had been in the Board of Trade since he was sixteen years old, thirty-six years in all, and that he would retire when his forty years of service were completed on three-quarters of his salary. He had been advanced, he remarked, until he was now a "principal." Locke,

Pryor, Lamb, Gosse and Lang had all served as clerks of the government, he added, and Gosse made a fine record, as he knew seven languages. He praised Lang effusively and affectionately, and declared that he had a "delightful, independent style."

As I wanted to hear more from him about French forms, I turned the conversation to them at an opportune moment, and thus elicited from him the following information:

"Stedman is the one that gave me the impulse to do something out of the common. He wrote in a magazine article that a new poet should try to strike a new note. Just at that time I was reading Theodore de Bonville, and I tried my hand out on *ballades*. The result was my book, 'Proverbs in Porcelain.' Lang reviewed it, and then wrote in the same vein himself; but he wrote too much. Almost all poets repeat: they should write less. Magazines spoil us: they offer us large sums, and so induce us to write when we have nothing to say. Theodore Watts, however, does not rush into print. As critic of 'The Athæneum' he became infected with the critic's fear of criticism. The result is that he has never published a volume. He has written about two hundred sonnets, and is known as a poet. Still I do not remember one of his sonnets distinctly. I do not care much for the sonnet rage. Matthew Arnold's sonnets and Rossetti's and some of Milton's

I like very much, but there is not one good sonnet in two thousand. Watts has not the constructive faculty, but he is immensely learned. He has a novel in his drawer that he was been working at for thirty years; but it will probably never see the light of day. Lowell, I think, is the best of living critics. He suggested three poems to me; but the American author I like best is Hawthorne. His books I read and re-read, and always with delight."

Before we left him he referred again to his hard luck in having had to work so persistently all his life. "I have ten children," he remarked rather more lugubriously than lovingly, "and so I have had to plan for a steady income, and that is the kind government-work gives; but it is not exhilarating, nor is it inspiring."

Dobson talked in a very easy way, using choice, elegant language, but he was not so polished a man as the one that came to call on us the following morning, Frederick Locker-Lampson. We had asked him to dine with us, as he was an old family friend, and he called to make his excuses and to invite us to pay him a visit. He was about seventy years old at the time, but was fairly vigorous and remarkably entertaining. The things that impressed one most about him were his patrician profile, his fine manners, his melodious voice and his very rare conversational powers. He was a poet of charm



rather than depth, his style being very sprightly. He had been friends with Rogers, Southey, Thackeray and Dickens, and knew Tennyson very intimately, as his daughter was married to Tennyson's son. During our talk with him he told us that Tennyson was very shy, and added, "He is nearly six feet in height. In conversation and in his motions he is ponderous. His voice comes from his stomach, and he has a pronounced Northumberland accent. He welcomes all kinds of ideas, never mind how wild they are, and is indulgent to everyone. His language is remarkably felicitous, and he never fails to choose the right word. He does not shudder at a risqué story; nor is he averse to telling one himself." He had expected to take us home with him but we explained that we were leaving London the following day, my brother for New York and I for Spain. He was a fascinating little man, with a big understanding of life and a keen appreciation of art in all its forms.

Of course we met many other men and women in London, but I have mentioned only those who were particularly interesting.

The last entry I made in my note-book before leaving England was this:

"Of all countries, if I may venture to make comparisons,

"America is the most energetic and wonderful;



“England is the most worthy of respect;

“France is the most critical and capricious, and captivating;

“Austria is the most stupid;

“Germany is the most conspicuous for order and system;

“And Italy is the most imbued with the love of life.

“Now let us see if Spain can suggest a superlative to apply to her!”

## CHAPTER XVI

**I**N Paris I stopped a few days so as to be with Senator T. W. Palmer of Michigan, who had just resigned his position as Minister to Spain. He had visited us in Woodstock, and I had become very friendly with him there. He and Norman B. Ream were the only two men I ever knew whose wealth did not spoil them. On the contrary, it seemed to bring out their best qualities. They were as thoughtful, considerate, and generous as the noble poor are.

The Senator did not like Spain. He found life there intolerably lonely. He spoke neither Spanish nor French, and cared nothing for the glitter of diplomatic life. What tended also to disgust him was the rumor some malicious person had spread about him before he had even left Washington, that he was a hotel-proprietor, and had stepped down from his stool at the Palmer House in Chicago in order to air his insignificance in Madrid. There can be no doubt that some men are never happy away from their native land. Abraham Lincoln, for instance, would have been like a fish out of water if he had tried to settle down in Europe. George Wash-

ington, on the other hand, would have felt at home in any capital in the world. Still, the Senator got a great deal of pleasure out of Paris, and we had two fine trips together, one, above ground, to Versailles, and the other underground through the sewers of Paris. On the whole, we preferred being above ground, but the sewers interested us mightily, thanks to the eloquent guide to whom the French Government assigned the duty of explaining to us their wonderful construction and efficiency. According to him, the six hundred or more kilometers of canals that had been built under the city from the time of Louis XIV to the reign of Napoleon III were more admirable than the countless canals were of Venice. After our tour of inspection had ended, and we had returned to the glorious light of day, the Senator extended a gold piece to the guide. It was declined. Thereupon the Senator shook the guide's hand warmly, and remarked to me as we turned to get into our carriage, "I consider it an honor to have shaken the hand of the only European I have ever met who would not take a fee." The Senator gave me much good advice before I left, and even went with me to the train.

I arrived in Barcelona just in time to see the May-day riots. From my balcony at the "Hotel of the Four Nations," I beheld the great throng of fifteen or twenty thousand men come down the broad high-

way, *Las Ramblas*, that runs through the city from almost the base of the mountains to the sea. All the shops were closed and their iron lids let down over their windows, and all respectable citizens were supposed to be in their homes behind bolted doors. Not a policeman was in sight, nor was there a soldier nor even a priest. The rioters wore blue blouses, and were apparently unarmed. It was the densest mass of human beings I ever saw. They advanced at the rate of twenty-five or thirty feet a minute. Occasionally they would stop and cheer and clap their hands. A powerful-looking peasant, who was in the center of the throng, bore a small red flag. Now and then they hissed, and gazed angrily at some particular building whose occupants were known by them to be unfriendly to them. Slowly they passed the Hotel and then out of sight. Their destination was the Governor's Palace, and their main desire was to get him to listen to a recital of their wrongs and to report it to Madrid. They succeeded in securing his attention from his balcony, I heard, and received his assurance that he would transmit to Madrid their petition. They then formed into groups, and started to scatter through the city. The peaceable part of their program had ended, and now they felt free to do anything. Suddenly a single cannon boomed from the famous fort on Montjuich overlooking the port and the town. Almost immediately the strident

tones of bugles rent the air, and a regiment of cavalry with drawn sabres swept through the streets, followed by several regiments of infantry, with fixed bayonets. With almost miraculous swiftness the blue blouses disappeared, and the respectable citizens, weary of their self-ordained imprisonment, sallied forth from their houses to the sidewalks and central promenades of the streets. Never was a play so perfectly staged as this much-heralded May-day Riot was. There was not a moment when one's interest flagged, and the dénouement was surpassingly spectacular. Barcelona, the city of riots and revolutions, had again shown her spirit; not, however, in the old sanguinary way, but with a considerate regard for all concerned. Spain may be backward, generally speaking, but she is far in advance of all other nations in the gentle art of suppressing disturbances.

I had not expected to meet or talk with any of Barcelona's revolutionists; but a few weeks after I had got settled in my Consulate, which faced the *Ramblas*, and was nearly opposite to the Hotel of the Four Nations, I received a call from a small delegation of Republicans, who, after being assured that we could not be overheard, stated that they had come to me for advice. Their spokesman said, "In this part of Spain eighty per cent of the inhabitants are Republicans, and our four provinces, called Cata-

lonia, are the only centres in Spain of work and thrift. We have, as you know, a language of our own, and we are not in sympathy with the Castilians, who are the office-holders and the idlers of our country, and who are, naturally, Royalists and strong supporters of the Church. What we want is your advice as to how we may start a republic."

I answered that I had had no experience in starting republics, and that I could not, of course, say anything, or work, against the government that had given me my *exequatur*. "Still," I added, "I am always willing to stand up for my own form of government, and to state, when asked, why it seems to me to be the best. In the first place, I hold that the Nation that governs itself well, like the man who governs himself well, is the highest of types. By 'well' I mean with due intelligence, for without due intelligence there can be no proper balance, no real justice, no adequate morality, no desirable progress. It was because Washington and his contemporaries had due intelligence that they were able to found our republic, and we have existed and shall continue to exist as a Republic because we have provided for the education of our people by a school-system that no one is allowed to ignore, and that is devised to make us efficient in self-government. Here in Spain you have, I understand, seventeen million inhabitants, and eleven millions of them can not read and write. That being the case, it would seem to me that it

would take at least two generations of schooling before your people would be able to govern themselves. See to that, and come back at the end of that time, and I shall be glad to discuss the matter further with you. Believe me, it takes something more than ardor to change an old-world monarchy into a new-world republic."

They looked very much disappointed, but politely assured me that they thought my argument logical, and thanked me for receiving them.

Their spokesman was certainly right when he told me that the Catalans are industrious and thrifty. Barcelona at that time was importing twenty million dollars' worth of cotton from the United States, and was thus next in importance to Liverpool, Bremen and Havre as a cotton port. Moreover, she was importing huge quantities of many other kinds of raw material. Her four hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants worked with the zeal of a Jew and saved with the pertinacity of a French peasant.

The city itself, with its old quarter containing the government houses, the Cathedral, hotels, stores and shops, and the new quarter, resplendent with sumptuous mansions and stately avenues, could not be mistaken for anything but a prosperous and progressive community. It was a city one could not but like and admire; and I soon felt very much at home there.

My office work consisted principally of preparing



papers for the exportation of Spanish goods to the United States, of making reports on trade and commerce, of caring for American merchant ships and sailors, and of supervising the activities of my Consular Agents in the Balearic Islands and in Valencia, Tarragona, Bilbao, Santander and San Sebastian. It was pleasant work, and left me plenty of time to study Spanish, read, walk, make calls, entertain, and go to the club, theatre, and opera.

The form of entertaining that became a fixed daily habit with me, and was always interesting because I never knew exactly whom I should see, was the afternoon tea that I gave from four o'clock until five. There was a large English-speaking colony in Barcelona and a large Consular Corps, and also there were always many American travelers to whom I was always glad to pay what attention I could. Occasionally, too, American warships "dropped in," so to speak, and as I always asked all the officers from the highest to the lowest to come to see me at the Tea hour, there were times when my excellent servants, Juan and Esperanza, his wife, were fearful that the floor would give way.

There was never any trouble in getting flowers and cakes for my teas. Fresh macaroons and lady fingers could always be found day or night, at a neighboring restaurant, and they were equal to any I ever bought anywhere.

As for flowers, Barcelona had the most attractive market I ever saw. It was situated in the *Ramblas de las Flores*, and consisted of stands of plants and cut flowers, located on either side of the broad promenade in the middle of the street, and shaded by trees with very luxuriant foliage. To these flower-stands, which were presided over by pretty peasant girls, everyone repaired in the morning from eleven until twelve to secure their daily supply and to have a little chat with one's friends. To buy roses, hyacinths, carnations, violets, or heliotropes, every day sounds rather extravagant, but I should hasten to say that one could take home a very pretty bunch of them for a peseta, or twenty cents in our money.

There were always many young officers and students on the *Ramblas* during the flower hour, for it was the only time during the day when they could hope to exchange a close glance or an audible word with their sweethearts. Girls were given but little freedom. They were not allowed to walk or to drive or to leave the house alone, nor could they receive callers, and they were chaperoned practically every moment from the time they were born until they were married, and even after they were married they enjoyed no liberty until they were too old to care for it.

I had expected to find the young ladies of Spain uncommonly beautiful; but I soon discovered that

it was the lower classes who had secured for the fair sex of Spain its exalted reputation, and that even they were impressive principally because of their proud bearing, brilliant costumes, ardent coloring and contours, and provocative looks and ways. A real Spanish lady seldom has beauty, but she has the *grande-dame* manner when she is on exhibition on the promenade, in her carriage, or in her box at the theatre or opera, and she knows all the subtle arts of alluring, fascinating and captivating. The most meritorious characteristic of the Spanish woman, never mind to what class she may belong, seemed to me to be her devotion to her home and family. True wives and loving mothers are the rule and not the exception in Spain. What they lack most is education, and I mean by that not only book-knowledge, but knowledge of how to be free in thought and action.

As for the men, they impressed me as being very self-conscious and self-confident, naturally intelligent and appreciative of beautiful things, exceptionally intuitive, quite courtly in their courtesy, but degenerate in morals and deficient in the mental and physical training which the men of a nation must have to secure for it strength and stability.

## CHAPTER XVII

A YEAR after I arrived in Spain General E. Burd Grubb was appointed Minister to Spain. As soon as he was comfortably settled in Madrid he arranged with the Department of State to have the Consuls hold a meeting with him to discuss matters of interest to us all. We found that we did not have any very serious State secrets to discuss; but we decided some questions of policy that were helpful to us in the performance of our duties, and we got acquainted with General Grubb and with one another, and never again felt quite so expatriated and isolated as we had before. I lingered a day after the others left, at the request of General Grubb, and passed some very delightful hours with him and his household in their elaborate new home. On my return to Barcelona, he and I maintained a personal as well as an official correspondence with each other, and he frequently consulted me on matters relating to his work. Towards the end of the year 1891 I received one day a telegram asking me to go at once to Madrid, and, although the journey was one of sixteen hours, I did not hesitate to take it, for I

imagined that his lack of knowledge of law or of the Spanish language had brought him face to face with some difficulty that perplexed and worried him. He met me at the station, and as soon as we were in his den he lost no time in telling me why he had sent for me.

It seems that a murder had been committed in Habana by a Cuban, who escaped to Florida. The Spanish authorities in Cuba discovered where he was, and succeeded in having him kidnapped, and brought back to Cuba without the knowledge or consent of the Government of the United States. Their high-handed procedure was reported to our Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, and he cabled to General Grubb to secure a stay of the execution of the murderer, and to have him returned to the United States. On the receipt of those instructions General Grubb called on the Duke of Tetuan, who then was the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and, after reciting the facts in the case denounced the procedure on the part of the Spanish officials in Cuba as "illegal," and then made the demands formulated in Mr. Blaine's cablegram. The Duke of Tetuan denied emphatically that the procedure had been "illegal," and terminated the interview with much less than his accustomed suavity. General Grubb, considerably crestfallen, retired to his den to reflect, but he could come to no satisfactory conclusion. "It looks," he

said to me in great distress, "as if I must either cable my resignation to Mr. Blaine or wait until the criminal is executed, and then demand an apology. What would you do in my place?" he asked.

With some diffidence, but without any hesitation, I replied, "I should send for my carriage and call on the Duke of Tetuan again, and I should say to him substantially this: 'Yesterday when I discussed with Your Excellency the case of the Cuban murderer I denounced the procedure of the Spanish authorities in Cuba as "illegal." What I should have said was "irregular," and, of course, you will concede that their procedure was altogether irregular, the regular method of securing the return of a criminal being by means of extradition. The nations in dealing with one another have learned by experience that regular methods are regarded as friendly methods, while irregular methods are open to the suspicion of being unfriendly. As it is especially important for the United States and Spain, because of the delicate situation in Cuba, not to assume an unfriendly attitude to each other, but to settle all questions that arise between them with due regard to the principle of amity, I trust that Your Excellency will comply with our request to stay the execution of the Cuban criminal; that you will return him to the United States; and that then, if you desire to bring him to trial in Cuba, you will have your Minister in Wash-



ington present a requisition to Mr. Blaine for the arrest of the culprit and for his surrender to the properly accredited agents of the Spanish authorities in Cuba.' ”

General Grubb decided to accept the suggestion, summoned his carriage, and was fortunate enough to find the Duke of Tetuan at his desk. He returned within an hour, and reported that the Duke of Tetuan had yielded to his argument at once; that all was arranged satisfactorily, and that he would cable to Mr. Blaine right away.

Some months later, just before he resigned from the service, he consulted me again. A dispute had arisen about some woodlands, and General Grubb was suddenly asked whether he claimed the trees involved in the case were real property or personal property. I advised him to wait for a time before answering, as Spaniards enjoy treating simple questions as if they were profound, and then to reply that trees, while affixed to the soil, are real property, and when cut down are personal property. Again he was successful; but the longer he held his position the more convinced he became that, never mind how bright or clever a man may be, he is at a great disadvantage in our foreign service if he has not studied law, and if he speaks no language but his own.

During that last visit at Madrid, I met Lieut.



William M. Little, our new Naval Attaché there. He was one of the distinguished younger officers of our Navy, and was a gentleman in every sense of the word. The special work he was detailed to do in Spain was to arrange for the construction of three caravels like those that immortalized Columbus, and to have them ready for the Exhibition in Chicago in honor of the great discoverer of the New World. He told me that he had already succeeded in inducing the Spanish Government to build the largest of the three, the "Santa Maria," and that the work would be done at a shipyard in Cadiz. He said that the price that had been agreed upon was \$45,000. He had not expected to pay so much as that, and he felt that he must get the "Niña" and "Pinta" for very much less. I told him that Barcelona was the principal port of Spain, and that he would find more facilities there for ship-building than at Cadiz and a disposition to charge less. He expressed the hope that I would look into the matter for him, and I assured him that I would if he would give me an idea of what he wanted. Thereupon he handed to me two blueprints. When I returned to Barcelona I interviewed several shipbuilders, and finally found one who agreed to construct the remaining two caravels for \$8,000 each. I notified Lieut. Little, and he

soon appeared in Barcelona, satisfied himself of the trustworthiness of the builder, and gave him the contract.

Four or five days before the day set for the completion of the work, Capt. Bradford steamed into port on the United States Warship, *Bennington*, and showed to Lieut. Little and me his orders to tow the "Niña" and "Pinta" to Huelva, and to get them there in time to take part in Spain's celebration there in honor of Columbus. Lieut. Little explained that it would take several days to complete the work. "But I must have them tomorrow," Capt. Bradford insisted, "if I am to carry out my instructions." Lieut. Little answered that it would not be possible to make the delivery then, and he added that even after the two caravels were completed, there would have to be another delay so as to permit a board of Spanish naval officers to pass on them, in conformity with the terms of the contract. The situation, there-upon, became acute. To relieve it I asked Capt. Bradford whether his ship-carpenters could not help the builder, and thus speed up the work. He replied in the affirmative, and then I asked Lieut Little whether he had any objection to availing himself of Capt. Bradford's help. He replied that, on the contrary, he would be grateful for it, and that he would go at once to the builder and inform him of the plan to assist him. After he had gone I said to Capt.

Bradford, "Put your carpenters on board of the caravels at the noon hour and what officers and men you can spare, raise the Stars and Stripes over them, attach your hawsers to them, steam away to Huelva, and trust to me to placate Lieut. Little." "All right," he replied, and hastened back to his ship.

While Lieut. Little and I were taking luncheon together at "The Four Nations," my man, Juan, appeared at the dining-room door, and touched the lapel of his coat, thereby making the signal that I had instructed him to give if he had seen "with his own eyes" the *Bennington* steaming away with the caravels in tow.

A few minutes after Juan disappeared the builder entered the dining-room, and with great excitement announced to us that Capt. Bradford had absconded with the caravels. Lieut. Little looked aghast and it was all I could do to keep from looking astounded myself, but I retained my composure, and as our luncheon was about over, I suggested to Lieut. Little that we should adjourn to the Consulate and take the builder with us. He consented, and once we were there I seized Lieut. Little by the hand, and congratulated him on having the caravels officially accepted by the United States without being inspected by the board of Spanish Navy officers, who would have been very likely, I declared, to suggest alterations, and to cause considerable delay in effect-

ing the transfer. "You are right," Lieut. Little joyfully exclaimed, and then added with a sigh of relief, "My responsibility is at an end." Thereupon the builder asked with deep anxiety in his voice, "How about me? How shall I get my pay, and when?" I calmly inquired of the builder how much he would allow for the work he had not had time to perform. He figured for a moment with his pencil, and then announced that he could make an allowance of \$600. "Fine," I answered; "that will make your bill, then, amount to \$16,000 less \$600, or \$15,400, and Lieut. Little can now pay it, as he was instructed to pay you when the caravels had been duly accepted. So adjourn to the bank, where Lieut. Little can draw a draft on the Government, and settle the matter. In a few moments the payment was made, and the builder went his way highly elated. He was satisfied, Lieut. Little was satisfied, and Capt. Bradford was satisfied, and I felt sure that the Department of State and the Navy Department, instead of berating us for wasting their red-tape, would buy some more, and conclude they too had better be satisfied.

A short time after the caravel matter was disposed of, I was informed that the eighty cases of exhibits from the United States that had been shipped to Madrid via Barcelona had not arrived at their destination, and that Admiral Luce, the head of our Commission to the Spanish celebration in honor of

Columbus, was in Madrid waiting for them. On making inquiries I learned that they had been on the pier in Barcelona for a week, exposed to the sun and air. I turned to my files of the Official Gazette, and there found an order directing the Governor of Barcelona to forward all exhibits for the Exposition without delay. Thereupon I called on the Governor. I knew that any ordinary complaint would only result in his promising to give himself the great pleasure of serving me with the utmost expedition, and then in dismissing the matter from his mind until he should hear from me again: so I began by sympathizing with him because of the immense amount of work he had to do, and then I asked him whether he would not let me help him to get rid of some of it by applying through my Minister in Madrid to his Government to send to him a special assistant to forward the Columbian Exhibits. It could be probably arranged, I argued, within a few hours by telegraphing. He was really frightened, and he hastened to assure me that he needed no help, and that the eighty boxes would leave that afternoon for Madrid. And they did. The Governor bore me no ill-will, and even joked with me later about my temerity in tilting at Spain's formidable "mañana." I assured him that the exercise was good for me; and that I was getting plenty of it; but that procrastination, polite prevarications, and puffy promises were

not the vexatious vagaries of any one people but were universal, as was implied in the admirable apothegm:

*"Tra il dire e il fare c'è il mare."*

The next interesting event for me was my flying trip home in order to be my brother Clarence's best man at his wedding in Chicago. During the ocean-trip I made a translation of the new Spanish tariff, and on my arrival in New York I sent it to the Department of State. That same evening I attended the Ipetonga Ball in Brooklyn, which in those days was the principal social event of the year there. It was a brilliant affair, and it was a great delight to me to see my Brooklyn friends again, and to note how much more refined and lovely the American type of beauty is than the Spanish. The men, too, looked infinitely more manly and high-principled.

The next day but one I left in my brother's private car with him and my brother Frank, Jim Var-num, Lisenard Stewart, Arthur Hatch, Will Reed, Sib Carhart and Will Stokes for Chicago. We were received there with extraordinary cordiality, and were wine and dined almost unmercifully.

The wedding was a large one, as the bride-to-be, Roxana Wentworth, had many friends. My brother, the bridegroom, thought he was not nervous, but he was for one moment at least, and so was I,



and that was when the part of the service was reached when he was to endow Roxana with all his worldly goods, for instead of repeating the words the clergyman uttered, he said "With all thy worldly goods," and he was just going to continue with the words, "I me endow," when he realized his mistake, and gave all his to her most enthusiastically. I was so glad that he got out of his ordeal so well, that I felt like speaking up and giving all my worldly goods also to her.

The return trip to New York seemed very short. The truth is we played poker. It was my first and only experience in real gambling, and I had bulging pockets by the time we landed in New York.

I stayed in New York only long enough to see all the members of my family, and to go to a large theatre-party, given by Will St. John, the so-called "youngest bank President in the United States," and to attend a dinner Mrs. Bolton Hall arranged at my suggestion, in honor of Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, who was very generally considered to be one of the loveliest and most lovable young married ladies that New York had ever seen. It was a wonderful dinner, and Mrs. Roosevelt was at her best. She suggested everything that is beautiful in life, and even life itself, but in a few months she was stricken with a fever and died. Surely if ever there was a loss to Earth and a gain to Heaven, it was she.



From New York I went to London, and saw there again all my friends. I had a particularly pleasant time with Gosse, who said among other things: "Dobson is now over fifty years old, and, consequently, is less songful. That also is true of Tennyson. I have known Tennyson for twenty years. He is very egotistical, and yet very shy. I believe that he would rather die than make a speech in public. He is often very silent; but sometimes, when he is in the mood to talk, he speaks with magnificent eloquence. His voice is bluff and veiled. I have learned something about him that very few know, and that is that he and Hallam went to Spain when they were young men, and fought. He never refers to that episode in his life, however, and so I infer that he got less glory out of it than he expected. He lives very quietly and well, but is not so opulent as Frederick Locker is. Locker is the only really rich man of our entire literary set. Andrew Lang is comfortably well-off. He is now in Scotland, and I think that he will remain there. Barrie and Kipling are the only rising young men of letters that we have. Swinburne I used to meet often; but now he is very deaf, and he avoids society; but he is still very hardy. He does not wear an overcoat, nor does he carry an umbrella. I know that he could succeed Tennyson as Poet Laureate if he wants to. The Queen has said as much; but he does not wish the

honor, owing to his peculiar Republican views. Mr. Austen will probably be the fortunate one."

He spoke of Henry James as being his most intimate friend, and then said with a laugh, "He is more English than the English."

Then he told me how Lowell began his career in London by berating England for her ill-treatment of the Irish, and then gradually forgot all about the Irish in his delight in consorting with Dukes. I answered him that both Henry James and Lowell were of sound wind in their younger days; and so I was much grieved to hear that in their old age they got the heaves. He looked at me as if my remark lacked perspicuity, and I probably looked at him as if he were delightfully deficient in perspicacity. Till the end of time, I suppose, Americans will think the English are rude, and the English will consider Americans crude. On the whole, I would rather be crude than rude; for rudeness implies stupidity, which is the one and only mortal sin.

After a final call on the Coleridges, I hastened on to Paris, where I took luncheon the day following my arrival with Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and in the evening sat in their box at the opera with them and Jay, the Secretary of our Legation in Paris, and with Mr. and Mrs. John Monroe. The Reids lived in princely style in Paris, and were much admired there. Mr. Reid seemed highly pleased with his dip-

lomatic position, and he told me that he felt that he had now satisfied his highest ambition, and that he would seek nothing more; but a few weeks later I read on the bulletin board in Barcelona that he was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican ticket, and I received a letter from a Washington friend, who wrote that Reid was very eager to secure the nomination. He did receive it, but the Republicans were defeated in the election, and the Democrats, looking rather seedy and famished, came to the front again with Cleveland at their head.

## CHAPTER XVIII

WITHIN a few weeks after the inauguration of Grover Cleveland for the second time as President of the United States, his Assistant-Secretary of State began to get rid of the Republican Consuls so as to create vacancies for his party to fill. It was a regular orgy of decapitations. Finally there were only five or six of us left, and we were daily expecting to become victims of the ruthless axe; but before the Assistant-Secretary could dispose of me, Senator Vest, acting in the interest of the "jackass-men" of his State who objected to my rigid interpretation of the laws regarding the jackass-trade between Spain and the United States, preferred to the Senate the charge against me that I had been extortionate, and obtained authority from that august body to investigate that charge. I was informed by cable of his action, and much to his surprise, when the Committee met I appeared in person; but I had only arrived in Washington an hour before the hearing, as I had been obliged to cross the ocean on a slow steamer. I had time enough, however, to go to the Depart-

ment of State. There I learned that the Department was not pleased to have the Senate start decapitating on its own hook: so I took advantage of the situation by asking for the loan of the Chief Clerk for an hour. My request was very cordially granted, and he seized his hat and coat and followed me to my cab, bringing with him, at my suggestion, the record of fees that had been charged by our European Consuls during the last quarter. We sped to the Capitol, alighted from the cab, and mounted expeditiously to the Committee room. Senator Frye presided, and Senator Vest acted as prosecuting-attorney. There were no preliminaries. I was asked curtly what I had to say. I stepped forward and said, "I am charged, I understand, with having collected a fee of \$42.50 from a man by the name of Emerson, who came to me to obtain pedigree papers for twenty-five jackasses he had brought in Spain. I did charge him \$42.50, but I did so because he told me that he was a poor man, and could not pay more. I will now ask the Chief Clerk of the Department of State what the usual fee would have been for that work." The Chief Clerk stepped forward as I retired, and answered, "\$125, and I have my record book here to prove it."

Senator Vest looked very crestfallen; and when I asked whether I could be of any further service to the Committee he snapped out, "No." I then bowed

to Senator Frye, and took the Chief Clerk back to the Department of State, none the worse for his little outing. I then settled down in the hotel to await the decision of the Committee. It was not announced for two weeks. In the meantime my good friend, Congressman John Russell of Massachusetts, had arrived at the White House to visit the President. I explained to him all that had taken place. He laughed, and said that there was some humor in the story, and that he thought he would tell it to the President. I judge that he did, for after the Committee had announced that it had acquitted me the President promoted me to be Consul-general.

Before I left Washington I was in the corridor of the Senate one morning talking with Senator Platt of Connecticut. Senator Vest approached us, and said to me, "I bear you no ill feeling." Senator Platt moved away, and I answered, "No; because I did not accuse you of extortion." He drew near to me, and replied, "I was wrong." That was a fine thing for him to say, and I responded, "And I bear you no ill feeling, either," and we shook hands. He was an interesting little man, crabbed on the outside, but on the inside cozy.

Highly elated with the happy ending of the extortion imbroglio, I returned to New York. For the first time now in my career I was quite off my guard, and I got into a personal difficulty that took the sun-

light, and the moonlight, too, out of my life for a time, but in the end I found that it had only been a jolt, and was of little importance except as a revelation to me of my limitations as a sage!

It was, therefore, with a somewhat chastened spirit that I returned to my work in Barcelona. Hardly had I arrived there when I was requested to represent the United States at a Literary Congress held at the Barcelona University. Delegates from all the European Countries attended it, and the interest taken in it by the people of Barcelona was intense. The final session was public, and the great hall was crowded with the élite of the city. Some excellent speeches were made, but the European delegates without exception confined themselves to praising their own respective countries; and I saw that the audience were not listening to them very sympathetically; so when my time came to speak I congratulated Spain on her noble literature, mentioned by name many of her foremost writers, and finally I paid an earnest tribute to the genius of the Barcelona poet, Apeles Mestres, who was sitting on the stage. It would be impossible to describe the ovation Mestres received when I bowed to him, and sat down.

Soon after the Literary Congress adjourned our European Fleet, under the command of Admiral Erben, visited Barcelona. After the ships had



anchored, an officer was sent ashore to invite me to call on the Admiral. I decided to go at once, and we proceeded to the port, which was only a few hundred yards away, and were rowed out to the "Chicago." Capt. Mahan received me at the gangway, and led me aft to the Admiral's cabin. A company of marines presented arms as I passed. Admiral Erben, big and jovial, received me as an old friend, and recalled how we had worked together during the Washington Centennial in New York. I invited him to call on me, and then I was taken to Capt. Mahan's cabin, and he received me with the easy courtesy of a gentleman and a scholar. I had never met him before, but fortunately I had read his famous book on "The Influence of Sea Power." He was rather tall and thin, with gray eyes and grayish hair, mustache and beard. Him, too, I invited to call on me. When we came out on deck he introduced me to all the junior officers, and I asked them also to come to see me. As I left the ship seven guns were fired in my honor, and I acknowledged the salute in the usual way by standing in the stern of the row-boat, and raising my hat. On landing I called on the Captain-General of Barcelona, General Martinez Campos, of Cuban fame, and asked him when it would be convenient for him to receive Admiral Erben and Capt. Mahan. He looked at his engagement book, and then asked whether I could not ar-

range to have the call take place at four o'clock that afternoon. I decided to run the risk, and answered in the affirmative. As we shook hands he called out to a group of officers standing in the ante-room, "Accompany the Consul-General to the door," and all moved forward, as it was a general order. I hastened home, wrote a note to the Admiral, sent it by Juan, and soon had an answer that was favorable: so at four o'clock that afternoon I drove to the Port in an open landeau, drawn by two fine black horses, and with a liveried coachman and footman on the box. A great crowd had collected, and soon I saw the Admiral and his Aide and Capt. Mahan sitting in their resplendent uniforms in a spotlessly white boat propelled by twelve lusty oars. When they landed I gave Admiral Erben the seat on my right, and Captain Mahan the part of the seat fronting me, leaving the remainder of that seat for the Aide. We then drove to the Capitania-General, where we were received with military honors, and led by an aide to the reception room of the Captain-General. He stood in the middle of the room with his staff, and as we approached him he stepped forward, and shook hands with us. As he could not speak English, and as none of my party could speak Spanish, I had to do the interpreting. It was a fine exchange of compliments, in which, of course, the Spaniard came out ahead. While looking from one to the other I felt

proud of the open, frank, intelligent faces of our three officers, and thankful that they did not have the crafty look of the renowned Spanish General, who, however, looked like a Saint compared with his successor, General Weyler. After our audience was concluded, we called on the Captain of the Port; and, as he was an old friend of mine, he was very affable. Before we left him I had induced him to part with one of the three maps he had of the Port of Barcelona. He did not feel at all sure that he was justified in letting it go out of his possession, but I told him that the United States was on the other side of the world, and, therefore, too far away to be dangerous, and also that we were anxious to profit all we could from Spain's progress and culture. The latter argument had much more effect than one would think it would have, considering Spain's actual stagnation and somnolence: at all events he gave me the map, and when we resumed our seats in the carriage I handed it to Capt. Mahan, who pronounced it an exceptionally fine map, and complete in every detail. We then drove through the City and Park, and the Admiral was saluted by every policeman and soldier we passed. Another large crowd gathered at the Port to see him rowed back to the "Chicago," and the stalwart oarsmen were again greatly admired. The fleet remained a week, and every morning the Admiral came to call on me, and

every afternoon the other officers dropped in, but Captain Mahan made it a rule to call about five o'clock, so as to take a walk with me. We soon got well acquainted, and he told me much about himself and his work. He frankly confessed that as a real sailor-man he was a failure, and that until he was forty-two years old he had believed that he would never amount to anything; but that at that age, while cruising along the Chilean coast, he thought that he would try to comply with a request that had been made of him by our Navy Department to furnish to the Department his ideas on Sea-power. He found that the subject fascinated him, and he soon became convinced that he had got on his feet at last. Still he said that he did not expect to achieve the great success that came to him, and that even yet it seemed to be too good to be true. On his return to the States he hoped to resign, or to be relieved of sea-duty permanently, so as to have time to continue his studies and writing.

The only other American naval ship that visited Barcelona that year was the "Saratoga," which had been turned into a training-ship temporarily, and which was filled with a very lively crowd of boys. Instead of making a speech to them, as I was invited to do, I wrote the following letter, and had a printed copy of it given to each of the boys:

“YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE SARATOGA :

“The city of Barcelona, which you are so fortunate as to be visiting at present, is the capital of the Principality of Catalonia, which is composed of the four north-eastern provinces of Spain, called Barcelona, Tarragona, Lerida and Gerona.

“The inhabitants of these four provinces are called Catalans, and they have a language of their own, which they always speak among themselves, and which is probably as rough in sound as any language that you will ever hear in the fore-castle, and certainly much rougher than any of you will ever use even when you become mates.

“All Catalan children, however, are obliged to speak Castilian in their schools; and Castilian is the language that must be spoken in the law courts and in all public departments throughout Spain. Until recent years the Catalans were as restless and revolutionary as is any South American Republic but their commercial interests have lately grown so great that they show every sign of becoming a law-abiding and peace-loving race.

“The number of inhabitants of Barcelona is not far from 500,000. As they are hard-workers and very shrewd, they are frequently called the Yankees of Spain. Their importations and exportations amount to nearly one-third of all the importations and exportations of all Spain. On an average the exportations of Barcelona amount to \$30,000,000, and her importations to \$50,000,000, and I have great pleasure in informing you that the United States sends to Barcelona about \$15,000,000 worth of goods annually, and that that is \$5,000,000 more than is sent here by any other nation in the world.

“The principal goods that come here from the United States are cotton, petroleum, and staves.

“As a cotton market Barcelona is the fourth most important to us in Europe. Liverpool ranks first, then Bremen,

then Havre, and then Barcelona. To the United States Barcelona sends about one-fifteenth in value of what we send to her, and it is mostly raw or ordinary material such as tartar, glycerin, and cork-bark, or vicious material such as wine and jackasses.

"In the port, as you have, of course, noticed, there is great activity. About 3450 vessels enter it every year, and connect Barcelona with the principal ports of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

"Of those 3450 vessels perhaps two are American. It seems to me, and I think you will all agree with me, that the time has come for the people of the United States, who for thirty years have concentrated their incomparable energies and their immense wealth in developing the internal resources of our country and in constructing an adequate, and, therefore, colossal network of railways for our internal trade, to take such steps as shall facilitate our international intercourse, and to provide a merchant marine that will bring us into direct communication with the great markets of the world, and render possible the achievement of our highest hopes and ambitions as a competitive power, independent, unyielding, and second to none.

"As to the rest of Spain, I beg to remind you that the most important ports are Bilbao, Santander, Valencia, Alicante, Cartagena, Malaga, and Cadiz. In the interior of Spain there is only one thriving city, and that is Madrid. What Spain needs most, from a commercial point of view, are more railways and fast trains. At present it costs as much to bring goods from an interior town like Saragossa to the sea coast as it costs to bring goods to Barcelona from England. There is, therefore, little trade between the interior and the coast towns, and, consequently, the people in the interior are poor. They are also ignorant, if we may believe the statistics on the subject which inform us that of the 17,000,000 inhabitants of Spain over 11,000,000 can neither read nor write.



“Spain was colonized by the Phoenicians, the Greeks, the Carthaginians and the Romans. In 711 the Moors overran nearly the whole of the peninsula, and their last vestige of power was not taken away from them until the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, who were the sovereigns that aided Columbus to make his voyage of discovery in 1492, and who united all Christian Spain in one Kingdom. Spain now became a great and powerful country, but having driven the Moors and the Jews out of her territory, and being more intent on securing wealth from her colonies than in cultivating her soil, she began to decline during the last half of the 16th century under Philip II, who, as you remember, was the king who sent the ‘invincible armada’ to conquer England, and who enjoyed the honor of having as his subjects the great dramatist Lope de Vega, and the still greater Cervantes, the author of ‘Don Quixote.’ It was also during this period that the Inquisition flourished. Things went from bad to worse until 1700. In that year Charles II died, leaving 8,000,000 subjects but no heir to his throne. A war followed of course. By the peace of Utrecht (1713) the grandson of Louis XIV, Philip V, became king, Louis XIV being Charles II’s brother-in-law. The descendants of Philip V remained undisturbed until Napoleon took possession of the throne, but it was restored to Ferdinand VII in 1812. He died in 1830. In order to permit his only child, Isabella II, to succeed him the Salic law was abolished, and his brother, Don Carlos, therefore, lost the crown. From that day to this the supporters of Don Carlos and his descendants have formed a body called Carlists, and they have indulged in several revolutions of more or less importance. Isabella II was driven from the throne by her people, and, after the Republican form of government had been experimented with by three presidents, her son Alfonso XII was called to the throne in 1875. He died in 1886, and was succeeded by his posthumous son, Alfonso XIII, with his mother, Cristina, as Queen Regent.



"The entire annual cost of running the Spanish government is just about the amount we Americans pay in pensions—\$150,000,000, which income Spain obtains by her protective tariff and by taxing rather heavily her people in the peninsula of Spain, in the Balearic Islands, and in her colonies, Cuba, Puerto-Rico, the Philippine, the Canary, and the Caroline islands, all of which you will doubtless visit before you retire from the merchant marine to pass your declining years in peace or in politics in our dear native land.

"Your visit here I have enjoyed very much, and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to wish each one of you success.

"I am, young gentlemen, yours very truly,

HERBERT W. BOWEN,  
U. S. Consul.

Barcelona, Spain,  
August 28, 1894."

## CHAPTER XIX

**T**HERE was but little monotony in my life as Consul, for I was constantly meeting persons of almost every class and kind.

Those that gave me the most trouble were the stranded sailors of merchant ships. I had to board them, clothe them, and start them on their homeward journey. Of course my object always was to get rid of them as soon as possible, so that they would not get into trouble with the police, and be subjected to the ignominy of passing a week-end in a Spanish prison. There are prisons and prisons, and then there are Spanish prisons, and worse than that I could not say! Fortunately, practically all stranded sailors are anxious to move on. I shipped them invariably to Marseilles, and our Consul there forwarded them to New York. They were a happy-go-lucky, improvident lot, and they almost convinced me at times that nothing is necessary in life except life itself, and that perhaps even life is a superfluous luxury.

Speaking of sailors reminds me of an incident that interested me very much. It was this:

One day a very respectable-looking Spanish work-

ingman came to my office, and, with an emotion he could hardly control, told me that his sixteen-year old boy had run away to sea, and that he felt sure he had gone on a sailing vessel to the United States, as he was very anxious to see the New World. He begged me to try to find him, and have him brought back home. I agreed to do my best, and, taking down his name and address, I promised to send for him if I received any news. I wrote to the Mayors of our principal northern ports, and asked them if they found the lad to send him back to Spain on any ship that would give him a job, and to have him delivered to me by the Captain. I hardly thought it possible that I should hear of him; but there was a ring at the door bell Christmas Eve, and when the door was opened a ship captain came in with one of the most picturesque-looking youngsters I ever saw, and handed to me a letter from the Mayor of Portland, Maine, telling me that on the receipt of my letter he had sent officers to all the ships in port, and had found in one of them the missing boy, whom he was sending back to me in conformity with my request and with his best wishes for his welfare. I despatched my servant Juan at once for his father, without, however, informing him for what purpose I wanted him, and he soon brought him to me. "Here is a Christmas present for you!" I exclaimed as I led him to the inner office, and the next moment, with a cry

of joy, he folded his sobbing son in his arms. It seemed a miracle to him to have him back, and, perhaps it was; for is not Christmas, after all, the miracle-season?

Our Government paid all bills incurred for the sailors; but all other impecunious Americans I had to deal with at my own expense. They were not many, however, and the majority of them had met with some misfortune for which they were not accountable. The most distressing case of that kind that I recall was that of a young girl, exceptionally pretty in feature and figure, who came to my office one day, and sank fainting in a chair. When she regained consciousness she told me that her home was in New York; that her husband was an inveterate gambler; that he had deserted her soon after they came to Barcelona, as he had lost all his money; that she had moved to the cheaper quarter of the town; that her money soon gave out; that she had had nothing to eat for two days before she came to me; and that she could not cable home for money, as her family had disowned her when she married. I put her in the care of my maid, and then sent Juan for my doctor. He ordered her to bed, saying that she had a fever, and that he would return in the morning, and diagnose her case. I had thought that all she needed was, probably, nourishment and rest, and that in the morning she would be on her feet again. I was,

therefore, somewhat shocked when the doctor came, and, after examining her, informed me that she had smallpox, and that she must be removed at once to the Pest House on the outskirts of the town. The poor girl was very brave about it, and I wrapped her up in flannel blankets, carried her down stairs, and drove with her in a closed carriage Juan had secured for me to the Pest House, where some young and happy-looking nuns took her in charge, and promised me they would make a cotton mask for her face to keep it from getting pitted. She had a long illness, but she survived it, and finally she was well enough for me to send her home. A letter soon came from her, telling me that her family had forgiven her, and that her face bore no mark whatever of her illness.

The great majority of Americans that came to Spain were travelers; however, and they were a god-send rather than a care. A party of them that I enjoyed especially were Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Livingston and their daughter, Catharine, of Tivoli on the Hudson, and Miss Hutchinson of Philadelphia, and Irving Paris, a grand-nephew of Washington Irving. It was Mr. Livingston's grandfather, the Chancellor, who gave the oath of office to Washington as first President of the United States. We made excursions together to Tibidabo and Monserrat and had walks, drives, tea parties, and talks that kept on being delightful long after we parted.

Admiral Luce, his wife and two daughters, were also visitors to Barcelona whom it was a great delight to meet. The Admiral was a typical "old salt," frank and simple, with a distinguished career back of him and ahead of him, and his wife filled her position as his first mate with admirable efficiency. The daughters, both married, were among the "better fish than were ever caught in the sea" that consoling friends talk about to those that love in vain.

Still another little family party that appealed strongly to my affections were Mr. and Mrs. John Hay and their daughter, Helen. I had never met them before; but, of course, I knew of Mr. Hay as the secretary and biographer of Lincoln, and as one of the editors of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Hay was a short man, rather thin, with graying hair, mustache and beard, a pleasant voice and manner, and his conversation was that of a man of the world with literary predilections. He did not attempt, as many short men do, to add to his inches by self-assertion nor even by squaring his shoulders and standing unnecessarily erect. He appeared as if he took the world as he found it and expected the world to take him in the same way. But he seemed to me to be the kind of man that is rather more concerned about his health than he should be, and that needs cares and responsibilities to keep his mind off himself. His wife, on the contrary, was not in the least introspec-

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tive, and her ready smile was never cut short by any sardonic symptom. Helen resembled her in her temperament, but she had her father's literary taste and talent. It was charming to see how fond they were of one another, and how they proved it by listening to one another's talk, and thinking of one another's pleasure and comfort.

Occasionally I used to meet at the hotel some of the English travelers that stopped there, and I remember making a very lucky guess about one of them, and a very erroneous guess about another of them. My lucky guess occurred at the dining table one night. A young couple sat at my left while I was occupying the seat at the head of the long dinner table, and I became engaged in conversation with them soon after we were seated. The young man made a few remarks about their trip from the frontier, and when he paused, I asked him whether he was not a novelist. He looked absolutely astonished for a moment, and then answered, "Yes; but not even my own father-in-law knows it, as I write under a pen-name. How did you find me out?" I assured him that it was only a lucky guess on my part after hearing him put his sentences together quite vividly. He then told me that he was "Merriman," and that his real name was Scott. We became great friends during his rather prolonged stay in Barcelona, and we corresponded with each other until he died. He



was a very unpretentious young man, simple and sincere, but he had a quick wit, and an uncanny facility for absorbing impressions and atmosphere.

My erroneous guess, to which I have referred, was fortunately an unspoken one, but it was indicated in my actions, which probably "spoke louder than words." It was made one night when another young couple came into the hotel dining-room, and sat down at a little table near mine. As I glanced at them, I thought that I had never seen a young man look more tired or more indifferent to his appearance. His long, smooth face was very pale, and his great shock of tawny hair was in dreadful disorder. Even his clothes looked worn out. His wife, on the other hand, looked fresh and neat and very winsome. I said to myself, after glancing at them a second time, "The young man is evidently a broken-down London journalist, and his wife is the nice little daughter of a cultured curate."

The next day when I went to luncheon I saw the curate's daughter sitting alone, and looking worried. Impulsively I went to her, and asked whether her husband was ill. She replied that he was, and that he ought to have a doctor. I offered to send mine to him, and I recommended him very highly. She answered, "Please do," and I promised that I would right after luncheon, and that I would lend her some books if she felt like reading. She seemed

quite eager for them, so after luncheon I asked my doctor to look up the young English couple at the hotel, and I made a very careful selection of diverting and of serious books, and sent them to the hotel by Juan, with instructions to leave them at the desk for the young English lady.

That night at dinner I saw the curate's daughter sitting alone again at her small table, and when I inquired about her husband she told me that he had a severe case of grippe, and that the doctor had ordered him to bed. Day after day I talked with her at luncheon and at dinner, and as we became better acquainted we lingered over our dessert, and talked about everything except ourselves.

Finally the day came when the doctor told the husband that he would be well enough to travel the following afternoon, but that he must not come down stairs in the meantime: so I had two more talks with the curate's daughter. During the first one she asked my advice about how they should go to Italy. I suggested that they would save one hundred francs if they went by sea, and I told her that I had known several persons who had come that way from Genoa, and had declared that the steamer was fairly comfortable.

Before my next and last talk with her I received a call from the British Consul, who had just returned from his vacation. He shook my hand warmly, and

exclaimed, "I want to thank you for your kindness to Lord and Lady Cranburne." Quite puzzled, I inquired who they were. "Why, Lord Cranburne is the eldest son and heir of Lord Salisbury, our Prime Minister." I laughed and assured him that I had never met the couple in question. "Do you mean to say," he inquired, "that you did not know that the man with the grippe at the hotel is Lord Cranburne, and that the lady you have been lending books to is Lady Cranburne?" I assured him that I had never dreamed that they were other than the persons I imagined them to be, and then I told him the whole story, not even omitting how I had tried to save them one hundred francs by suggesting that they should go to Genoa by sea, and I ended by saying, "I am very glad that it is Lady Cranburne who is going away, and that I never need give up my curate's daughter." Of course during my brief final talk with the little lady, I made no explanations. She gave me her card, and promised if I would visit her she would take me to the nursery to get acquainted with her three children.

One more personage I must mention who made a brief stay in Barcelona, and that was Mrs. Rose Farwell Chatfield-Taylor of Chicago. She was one of the best talkers I ever met, and was singularly attractive in looks and manners. As she arrived during Carnival time, and was anxious to see some of

the merriment incident thereto, I took her to the Grand Ball in the Opera House. Nearly everyone was in costume. When I appeared with her on my arm, as she was very tall, it was generally assumed that she was a man masquerading in a lady's clothes, and she was greeted with many shouts of approval and congratulation for carrying out her difficult undertaking so well.

A few weeks after her departure I went to England for my annual vacation, and I arrived there just in time to join a number of my Yale friends in an excursion to Henley to see the race between our Yale crew and the Leander crew. We secured front seats in the grand stand. The river was crowded with row-boats and house boats gaily decorated and filled with as fine a lot of stalwart young men and pretty girls as I ever saw. After some delay a booming gun announced that the start had been made. Everyone stood up, the English calm and placid, and the Americans eager and excited. At last the crews came in sight. Leander led, pulling perfectly with a glorious swing, and Yale a length and a half behind, rowing a quick, exhausted stroke. Every man in the Yale boat was deadly pale. The poor fellows did their best; and we cheered them, but not to victory.

The following day I went to Harrow on the invitation of my delightful friend, Katherine Peel, who was staying there at the home of her uncle, Mr.

Graham, who was one of the Masters of the School. After taking luncheon with Mr. Graham and a dozen or more of the boys, she and I went to the old fourth-form room, where she pointed out to me the names of Byron and of her father's own cousin, Sir Robert Peel, carved on the oak panels. Then we watched the boys play cricket. Their demeanor and manners seemed absurdly mature; but they played a fine game. A few days later I saw them play again at the annual Harrow and Eton match game in London, and they carried off the honors of the occasion very easily before a crowd of spectators that was memorably brilliant.

One more spectacular event I witnessed in London that season, and that was the royal marriage procession of Princess Maud. She looked smiling and pretty; but her husband was evidently not yet conscious of his happiness, for he was pale and nervous. I had a good view of Edward, Prince of Wales, of the beautiful Princess of Wales, of George, Duke of York and the dignified and capable Duchess of York and of their resplendent attending lords and ladies and splendid equipages. It was a truly gorgeous sight, and it evoked from the mighty concourse of people that lined the streets repeated outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm. Later in the day I saw Queen Victoria at Hyde Park Corner. She was driving in a small low carriage, and her skirts were spread out

so widely that it looked as if she were covering practically the whole of the seat. She bowed graciously, but her face looked very solemn and sedate, and there was nothing in her expression to indicate that she reciprocated the love and affection that her subjects lavishly and ardently were pouring out to her. Doubtless they were just as well satisfied, however, that she did not unbend, feeling instinctively, as she knew positively, that remoteness is one of the essential attributes of royalty.

The next two weeks of my vacation I passed at Eastbourne with my lovely young cousin, May Gilkison, who had just been presented at Court, and with her friend Mrs. Husted, the daughter of Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island. Our friends, the Colgates, had their house there, and we all had a jolly time together, walking, driving, swimming, playing tennis, and talking. I heard while there that Miss Marjorie May, an artist friend of the Colgates, was very intimate with Rudyard Kipling when he was a small boy, and that he used to get an occasional shilling from her by telling her of persons he knew who were in actual distress because of their poverty. It was not until years afterwards, when he became famous as a writer of vivid stories, that it dawned on her that he had made up his pitiful tales of want and misery in order to acquire a little pocket-money. Good Mrs. Colgate was shocked that I showed no



indignation at the youthful Kipling's perversity, but, on the contrary, laughed, and exclaimed that Miss May was very lucky to have obtained the exclusive rights to his earliest tales at only one shilling each.

Leaving Eastbourne, I crossed to Paris, where I passed a delightful day with Theodore Tilton, and then I took the train to Biarritz, which I thought was far inferior to its reputation, and then hurried on to San Sebastian, where I passed two days with Hannis Taylor, our Minister to Madrid. He was a man of brains, but had been brought up in petty surroundings, so that he was somewhat deficient in the characteristics that one would naturally expect to find in a man of his position. Like nearly everyone else in town, we walked the sands after every meal, to enjoy the superb views of the land and the ocean. Once we met the Queen Regent and her two plain little daughters; and once we came upon the little King, playing on some boards with two of his boy friends. He was an attractive boy, very active and agile, and with quite a will of his own. His mother was never particularly popular in Spain; but everyone recognized the fact that she was devoted to her children, and gave to her the credit of rearing the young king to maturity with extraordinary wisdom and success.

From San Sebastian I took the train that passed through the old Kingdom of Navarre. I stopped for



the night at Pamplona, one of the least pulsating cities of the universe and one of the most primitive. Then I journeyed through the arid wastes of Aragon at a speed of about twelve miles an hour until we reached Saragossa, where I passed the night, after viewing its fine cathedral and inspecting its antiquated and austere streets. That evening I arrived in Barcelona, where I was met by my faithful man, Juan, and also by the Chief of Police, who told me that he had received instructions to have me guarded by two secret policemen whenever I went out in public. I did not ask for any explanation, for I understood that the Cuban situation was growing serious, and that the criticisms that were made against Spain by some of our public men and newspapers were hotly resented by the loyalists in Barcelona, and served to keep the public mind embittered against the United States. The Chief of Police walked with me as far as my carriage door, and remarked regretfully before we parted that he could not prevent me from being killed, but added consolingly that he was determined to apprehend the assassin.

## CHAPTER XX

**A**MONG the letters I found on my desk on my return from my vacation were one from Ex-President Harrison and one from Mr. Hay. The former was written in acknowledgment of the receipt of a copy of my elementary book on International Law, which was published during my stay in England, and said:

“My dear Mr. Bowen:

Allow me to thank you very sincerely for the copy of your little book on International Law, which has been sent to me with your compliments. I will take pleasure before long in giving it an examination.

With my congratulations and kind regards,

Very truly yours,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.”

Mr. Hay’s letter was in answer to one I sent to him in reply to his request that I try to discover the whereabouts of an anarchist by the name of Zanini, who had addressed a threatening letter to McKinley. His letter was this:

“My dear Mr. Bowen

I am much obliged to you for your prompt and complete reply to my inquiries in regard to the eccentric and megalomaniac Zanini.

I am also indebted to you for the book you were so good as to send me on 'International Law.' I have been reading it to-day, and find it an admirable compendium, clear, succinct and yet comprehensive. I am sure your colleagues in the Consular service will find it extremely useful.

We hear little nowadays of the turbulent disposition of the Barcelona populace, and hope that they have come to a better frame of mind towards you. I fear they will not soon recover their ancient good nature towards the nation you represent so well.

The sad necessities of the situation preclude any sentimental friendship between the two countries at present. Cuba seems to me lost to Spain, and although the United States government has rigidly fulfilled all its duties towards the Spanish, it is impossible to make the excitable people of the Peninsula believe that all their disasters do not come directly from our fault.

Thanking you sincerely for your courtesies, I am

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY."

Long before war between the United States and Spain became a probability, our alert naval attachés in Europe were busy securing information about Spain's naval forces. Lieut. Raymond Rogers of our Paris Embassy was particularly active; and one morning, without any warning to me, he appeared at my office, and asked me to help him secure plans of Spain's warships. I was not very cordial to him; for I was not sure that I ought to jeopardize my position as a Consular officer by acting as a secret intelligence officer; moreover, he brought no credentials and no instructions. I decided, however, after

I got better acquainted with him, to run the risk; and I took him to call on the President of the Transatlantic Building Company, and induced him to let us have the plans of all the larger naval vessels. He was glad to give them to us because the Spanish papers, by a strange coincidence, had announced that morning that the United States was going to war with Turkey on account of the Armenian question, and because I wickedly suggested that we might need to have our repairs made in his ship-yard after our naval engagements with the Turkish fleets! Lieut. Rogers was delighted with the success of his trip, and lost no time in returning to Paris. His successor, Lieut. Sims, declared, however, when our successful foray was brought to his notice, that we "could have obtained all needed information by expending a few francs for any of the well-known naval annuals." If Sims was right I infer that Rogers must have been a little short of money at that time!

It was for Sims that I got up the "Buy and Sell Code"; but he subsequently, in a letter to one of the newspapers, in a series of rapid-fire assertions supported with phenomenal forgetfulness, denied that I had originated it, and intimated that he had never seen me nor heard of me. As the Code was used during the entire war, and is, therefore, of some historical importance, I venture now to set the discus-

sion about it at rest by reproducing the Code and the letters Lieut. Sims wrote to me about it.

First I will explain that the Code referred only to Spain's war vessels, to each of which I gave a number, and that that number following the word "Achetez" meant that that particular ship had arrived in port, and following the word "Vendez" it would mean that it had left. The information sent by telegraph was intended to indicate that it was a stock exchange order to buy or sell stock. Lieut. Sims was to be addressed C. Dupont, 18 Avenue Kléber, Paris, and I was to sign my telegrams to him, "F. Dupont."

This is the Code I prepared:

Ca—Cartagena.	Ha—Habana.
Iz—Cadiz.	Can—Canaries.
Fe—Ferol.	Gal—France.
Ma—Malaga.	

Achetez—arrived.

Vendez—departed following number.

C. Dupont—him. F. Dupont—me.

Port of destination to be added after number when departed.

Battleships  
7000 to 9802:

1. Pelayo.
2. Carlos V.
3. Cisneros.

1st Class Cruisers  
3090 to 4826:

11. Alfonso XIII.
12. Alfonso XII.
13. Aragon.

4. Colon.
5. Infanta M. Teresa
6. Numancia.
7. Oquendo.
8. Princes a de Asturias.
9. Vizcaya.
10. Cataluna.

2nd Class Cruisers  
500 to 1775:

19. Alvaro de Bazan.
20. Antonio de Ulloa.
21. Elcano.
22. Concha.
23. Infanta Isabel.
24. Isabel 2nd.
25. Isla de Cuba.
26. Isla de Luzon.
27. D. Juan de Austria.
28. General Lizo.
29. Magallanes.
30. Da. Maria de Molina.
31. Marques del Duero.
32. Marques de la Victoria.
33. Puerto Rico.
34. Rio de la Plata.
35. Conde de Venachto.
36. Velasco.

14. Castilla.
15. Reina Cristina.
16. Lepanto.
17. Navarro.
18. Reina Mercedes.

Torpedo Gunboats  
250 to 571:

37. Destructor.
38. Filipinas.
39. Galicia.
40. Marques de Molino.
41. M. A. Penzon.
42. Temerario.
43. V. T. Pinzon.

44. Neuva España.  
Gunboats  
315 to 552:

45. Quiros.
46. Villalobos.
47. Pizarro.

Destroyers, tonnage un-  
known: (except Terror)

48. Andas.
49. Furor.
50. Usedo.
51. Pluton.
52. Proserpine.
53. Terror (380 tons, 4 can-  
nons, 2 rapid firing guns.

Torpedoes  
From 60 to 127 tons:

- 54. Azor.
- 55. Halcon.
- 56. Ariete.
- 57. Rayo.
- 58. Orion.
- 59. Regel.
- 60. Ordonez.
- 61. Habana.
- 62. Ejercito.
- 63. Barcelo.
- 64. Acevedo.
- 65. Retauroso.
- 66. Castor.

School Ships:

- 73. Asturias.
- 74. Nautilus.
- 75. Puigcerda.
- 76. Villa de Bilbao.

Also

- 21 Gunboats 2nd Class, 100 to 255 tons.
- 35 Gunboats 3rd Class, 21 to 180 tons.

The following are the letters I received from  
Lieut. Sims:

“Telegraphic address:

‘Alusna, Paris.’ Paris, France, March 12, 1898

Mr. Herbert W. Bowen

United States Consul-General, Barcelona,

Dear Sir:

In case the present situation should result in war between

Deposits Marine Articles:

- 67. Almanse.
- 68. Vitoria.
- 69. Gerona.

Hydrographic:

- 70. Argos.
- 71. Criollo.
- 72. Uranis.

Transports:

- 77. General Valdes.
- 78. Legazpi.
- 79. Manila.
- 80. Ceba.
- 81. General Alava.



Spain and our Country as now, unfortunately seems probable, it will become of extreme importance to me to know as nearly as possible the whereabouts of the Spanish Naval forces at all times.

If therefore you have no contrary instruction concerning the transmission of such information, I would be very much obliged to you if you would telegraph me the arrivals and departures of all Spanish men-of-war, transports, and torpedo boats at the port of Barcelona.

The messages can be sent to the above telegraphic address. and need not be signed, and I will transmit them at once by secret code to Washington and to the Commanding officer of our forces on the European Station.

The 'Pelayo' and 'Numancia' now finishing their repairs at Toulon, France, are expected to sail soon; and as it is of the first importance that we should be able to follow their movements I would be glad to have you telegraph their whereabouts whenever it comes to your knowledge.

As you may not wish to use their names in an open telegram you may substitute either of the following, viz.: For 'Pelayo' use 'Pacific' or the word 'one'; for 'Numancia' use 'Normand' or the word 'two.' If you have occasion to write please use an ordinary square envelope with nothing on the outside to indicate its origin, and address: Monsieur W. S. Sims, 18 Avenue Kléber, Paris.

Hoping I may have the pleasure of hearing from you soon, I remain,

Yours very Sincerely

WM. S. SIMS  
Lieutenant U.S.N.  
Naval Attaché."

After reading the foregoing letter, which indicated that Lieut. Sims would by using his naval code avoid all trouble himself with the French authorities, and

which made no real provision for keeping the Consular officers in Spain out of trouble, in case they were detected sending information to Paris, I devised the code scheme, and sent it to Lieut. Sims, and he on the 17th of March replied:

“Your letter was perfectly satisfactory especially the excellent idea of the numbered list with your scheme pour acheter et vendre. Je vous en fait (sic) mes compliments.”

On April 10th from London he acknowledged another letter of mine, and said, “The points you give me are useful, and I thank you very much for them.”

I subsequently met him at the Paris Embassy, and had a long talk with him. Just how he could have forgotten that interview and the fact that I sent the code to him, I do not understand; but I infer, as he published the Code in Paris after the war without my consent, that he had used it so much that he had come to regard it as his very own.

In order that, in case of war, our navy might know where to find the merchant vessels of Spain, I made a list of them, with the dates for sailing and rates of speed, and sent it to Washington. I also sent to Washington by the Honorable Frederick H. Gillett, who was one of the leaders of the House of Representatives, and who called at my office one day after war had practically become a certainty, a plan for finishing the war quickly by carrying it right into the ports of Spain, and using Spain's Canary Islands as a

base. As Spain was entirely unable to protect her ports, I believed that she would be forced to make peace within a few days after we seized the Canary Islands. The plan was well received in Washington, as the following paragraph shows, of a letter sent to me by Mr. Gillett after his arrival there from his European trip:

"I had a talk some time ago with Judge Day, Assist. Secy. of State, about your plan (I suppose vagueness here isn't imprudent) and, with his cordial acquiescence, with Gov. Long (Sec. of the Navy). The latter seemed much pleased with the scheme—said they had been planning and discussing—and that the general advice and consent was a policy of aggression at once in that quarter, but the specific plan you mention had never been suggested and struck him very favorably, and he said he would talk it over with his advisers, and asked to keep your paper, which I left with him. The more I think of it the more personally I like it, though not one of the experts, and I should like to make an establishment there permanent if once made."

The plan was perfectly feasible, as Admiral Dewey proved at Manila; but it had to be abandoned, owing to certain complications that would have arisen in Europe if we had gone there to attack Spain. If we could have carried it out, it would have saved us all the fine lives that were lost in Cuba and would have added a dashing chapter to our naval history in the Atlantic, instead of the single page, with its explanatory foot-note of Schley's conduct, that was secured for it by the Santiago victory.

That war would come Spain did not believe until almost the last moment. The man in the street there regarded us simply as meddlesome and really too engrossed in making money to fight. Our meddlesomeness, however, was held to be something that should be publicly rebuked, and the opportunity to do so was eagerly seized by the people of Barcelona on March 1, 1896, when the news arrived from the States that certain Senators had made speeches in the halls of Congress advocating that belligerent rights be conceded to the Cubans. A mass-meeting was called in the public square, and after fiery addresses had been delivered there by some of the most eloquent popular leaders, the great concourse of people that had listened to them marched down town towards my office. I could hear them coming long before I saw them. The noise they made was a dull deep roar. They advanced slowly, and the volume of sound gradually increased as they filled the square in front of my windows until it became tremendous. As I looked down on them, they suddenly recognized me. They yelled, and shouted, and I could distinguish such cries as "Down with the Consul!" "Down with the Shield!" "Down with the United States!" "Long live Spain!" Then they threw stones and shook their canes and their fists. Finally in a frenzy of excitement they surged towards my doorway. The critical moment had come at last,

and I seized a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, and opening my door, stood at the top of the stairway awaiting the rush. But it did not come. At the last moment a squadron of cavalry and a platoon of police charged the rioters and within a few minutes the entire square was cleared. Almost immediately the Governor and the Mayor called on me, and apologized officially, and they were very much excited. I told them that I regarded the incident simply as an ill-advised outburst of patriotism.

Time and time again similar mobs came for my flag and shield; but they never got them. One particularly vicious-looking crowd caused me some anxiety for a few minutes. I happened to be in the hotel when it came down the street from the bulletin board, and I had just time to get to my doorway and turn when it came to a standstill. At that moment a tall, athletic young man pushed his way through the crowd, and came and took his place at my side. It would have been quite easy to rush us, but no one seemed ready to take the lead in doing so; and, while they hesitated, policemen and guards emerged from the side streets and put the rioters to flight. The young man was Norman Harrington of Chicago, and I took very great pleasure in making his exploit known to the people of the United States, and in testifying to his splendid courage. As he was on his way to Madrid, I gave him a letter of introduction

to General Woodford, our Minister in Madrid, and I was greatly relieved when I received the following letter stating that he had arrived there safe and sound:

*"Personal*

Legation of the United States  
Madrid

April 18, 1898

My dear Mr. Bowen:

Mr. Harrington has just called with your introductory note of yesterday. You are having a very difficult time at Barcelona and I congratulate you upon your admirable coolness, courage and good sense. I hope you will use the telegraph very freely and I will try to keep you promptly advised from this end of the line.

Faithfully yours

STEWART L. WOODFORD.

H. W. Bowen Esq.

Consul General  
Barcelona."

When finally the people of Barcelona comprehended that war was a certainty, their excitement became indescribable. Day and night they hooted and yelled in front of my office; and the night after war was declared the noise was deafening. The news of the formal declaration of war came to me on April 21st, and I telegraphed at once to all the Consuls in Spain to hand over their archives to their British colleagues, and then to leave Spain immediately. At four-thirty in the afternoon I heard that our Minister, General Woodford, had left Madrid.



Thereupon I put my British colleague in charge of my archives, and sent out cards to all the high officials of Barcelona and to all my friends. The following morning at four-thirty I said good-bye to my faithful servants, Juan and Esperanza, and accompanied by the Chief of the Police and several of his subordinates I drove in a closed carriage to the train.

At every station until I reached the frontier there was a crowd that hooted as I passed, and it was a great relief when finally I entered France and knew that my long ordeal was ended, and that I should no longer have the hunted and haunted feeling that sometimes distressed me during those last months in Barcelona. It was never more than a transient feeling, however, and readily yielded to the influence of these lines of Emerson's that I particularly liked and always kept in mind:

“Teach me your mood, O silent Stars!  
Who climb each night the ancient sky,  
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,  
No trace of age, no fear to die.”



## CHAPTER XXI

THE following day I arrived in Paris, and I reported at once to General Woodford. He said that he had received no instructions from Washington; but that they probably would be sent to him as soon as he announced my safe arrival in Paris.

The next day an order came for us to leave France and to report at Washington. The reason we were summoned home was because the Spanish officials in our country, when war was declared, moved to Canada, and our government decided that it would be in better taste to have us where we could not be suspected of intrigue. As I always believed in obeying orders promptly, I arranged to sail two days later on the "Etruria" from Liverpool. I did not, therefore, have time during the four hours I stopped in London, for the purpose of replenishing my wardrobe, to call on John Hay, who was then our Ambassador to Great Britain, and who I judged from the following letter I received from him before I left Barcelona was in a very happy frame of mind:

"Dear Mr. Bowen

We had a wonderful voyage, so quick and clear that every dinner was a comfort and the fog-horn never sounded, and so

speedy that our friends from London nearly missed our steamer and the Mayor of Southampton hardly had time to get on his robes of office to bid us welcome.

My wife and daughter beg to be kindly remembered and I am always

Sincerely yours,

JOHN HAY."

On the train from London to Liverpool I met Capt. Mahan. He was disguised, and had assumed the name of "Maitland," as he said that he did not wish to be captured on the "Etruria" by the Spaniards, and be condemned as contraband of war. As he was needed in Washington to serve on the newly created "Board of Strategy," I suggested, as soon as we boarded the "Etruria," that he should give me his papers and that he should take mine, so that in case the "Etruria" was captured, as he feared it might be, I might try to pass myself off as Capt. Mahan. He agreed, and we exchanged papers, and then kept away from the other passengers as much as we could. Nothing happened, however, and as we steamed up the bay to New York we exchanged papers again, and bade each other good-bye.

On the train to Washington I met Speaker Reed, Mr. Hitt, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House, Vice-president Hobart and Attorney-general Griggs. Speaker Reed was bright and witty; but his bulky frame and burly voice suggested that his natural attitude towards his fellow-

man was aggressive rather than jovial. Mr. Hitt, on the other hand, was serious-minded and he looked as if, originally, Nature had intended him to be weak and meek, but that he had outwitted her, and had become fairly lordly and more than ordinarily headstrong. Attorney-General Griggs appeared surprisingly young. He talked fluently and buoyantly, and was, seemingly, very proud of his position. Vice-President Hobart I found remarkably genial and social, and, like nearly all Vice-Presidents, refreshingly unpretentious.

My first call in Washington was on my superior officers at the Department of State, Secretaries Moore, Adee and Cridler, all of whom I had met before, and all of whom now gave me a very cordial reception. From the Department of State I walked to the White House, which I found thronged with young men anxious to secure commissions in the army. I made my way to the desk of the President's private secretary, John A. Porter, who had been a class-mate of mine at Yale, and who, when he saw me, said that President McKinley was expecting me to call, and would receive me very soon. Finally some Senators emerged from the cabinet room, and then Porter led me to the door, and announced my name. The President called for me to enter, and arose from his chair, and shaking my hand, said, "I am glad to see you; sit down." He sat with his back

to the light, and the chair he offered me faced it: so I concluded that he was more anxious to receive impressions than to give them. Looking at me very kindly, he exclaimed, "I have been worried about you; for the reports I received from Spain indicated that you were in great personal danger." He then expressed his approval of an interview I had given to the reporters when I had landed, in which I spoke, with keen appreciation, of the courtesy of the British Consular officers in Spain and of the warm and generous friendship of Great Britain for the United States. I started then to rise, but he told me to keep seated, as he wanted to ask me some questions about conditions in Spain. I answered them as briefly as possible; for I kept thinking of the large crowd in the ante-room waiting in the hope that the President would see them, too. Finally he rose, and when I stood up also, he gave me his hand, and told me that he had decided to promote me to the Diplomatic Service, and that if I would return to the Department of State, Assistant-Secretary of State Day would explain my status to me. I thanked him most gratefully, and then withdrew, immensely pleased both with him and with my promotion. He struck me, the moment I saw him, as being far better-looking than his pictures represented him to be; and he had that fine dignity about him that characterized our early Presidents. His voice was well modu-

lated, his manner was charming and sincere, and he had the look of a man that knows his duty and knows how to perform it. His personality, in short, was most attractive and admirable; and his ability, which was of a very high order, was so perfectly controlled by his good judgment and keen intuitions that one could not but feel that he was the wisest of all our Presidents that succeeded Lincoln, and that he is likely to be so considered for many and many a year to come.

When I called on Assistant Secretary of State Day he had no specific promise to make to me, as there was no vacancy at that time in the diplomatic service, but he told me to go home on leave, and to await developments. He was a kindly little man; but looked too frail to perform the nerve-racking duties of his position, and I am sure that he must have been rejoiced when, somewhat later, he was relieved of them, and made a member of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I lingered a day or two in Washington, so as to thank those who had intimated to President McKinley that they would like to have me promoted to the diplomatic service; and those to whom I expressed myself as feeling especially indebted were Speaker Reed, Secretaries Long, Bliss and Tracy, General Greely of Arctic fame, and Senators Lodge Morgan, Chandler, Hawley, Hanna, Cullom, Ald-

rich, Allison, Proctor, Morrell, Hale, Frye and Elkins.

On my way to Woodstock I stopped long enough in New York to call on many of my old friends, and they were all surprised when I told them how feeble Spain was as a military power, and how I did not believe that in all Spain a dozen men had volunteered to fight for her.

After I had been in Woodstock for a time I made a flying trip to Portsmouth to visit the camp where the officers and men of Cervera's fleet were interned. They had been there but a day, and they looked very gloomy and depressed. Our officer of the day, Lieut. Kane, took me to the Spanish officers' quarters. I made a little speech to them in Spanish, and told them that although enemies they would be treated as friends, and that everything would be done to make them comfortable. They all came forward and shook hands with me; and then I went to the barracks of the Spanish sailors and spoke a few words to them also. I heard afterwards that the captives gave no trouble at all, and were so pleased with the United States that when they went home they spread the news throughout Spain that we could not have treated them better if they had been our allies instead of our enemies.

It was not until the following Spring that I received my new appointment. Mr. Hay, now Sec-



retary of State, informed me that the only vacancy was Persia, and asked me whether I would accept that post or wait for something better. I answered at once that I should like to go to Persia, and that I accepted it with many thanks. Thirty days later, after I had taken my oath of office in Washington, and had received my instructions from Secretary Hay and some wise counsel from President McKinley, I started on my long journey.

During my trip from New York to Liverpool on the "Majestic" I met Chief-Justice Fuller and Justice Brewer. The Chief-Justice was only five feet two inches in height, but what he lacked in length of body he made up in the length of his mustache and his hair, both of which were snowy white. He was an excellent talker, and he took a school-boy delight in his vacation. Justice Brewer, who belonged to the famous Fields family, was a really brilliant talker. He touched on all sorts of topics with the deftness of a Frenchman, never saying too much nor too little, and I fancy that his own mind gave him as much pleasure as most men get out of a library of books.

On landing I made my way to Paris, stopping only for a day in London to buy hats and gloves and ties. General Porter, our Ambassador to France, was an old friend of my family's, and he told me when I called on him that I must remain in town long



enough to attend his Diplomatic Reception. I assured him that nothing would give me more pleasure, and he handed to me an invitation. The three extra days I had thus agreed to stay in Paris gave me time to get my official cards and stationery, and to buy a trunk-full of odds and ends that I thought would help to make my Legation attractive. From my predecessor in Teheran I had already bought all his bed linen, silver, china and kitchen utensils, before he returned to the States. He warned me, however, that I must buy a new ice-cream freezer, as the one he had owned had mysteriously disappeared. "In coming to Persia," he wrote to me, "every Minister should keep his eye constantly during the journey on his Letters of Credence and on his ice-cream freezer." I learned afterwards that he had put his Letters of Credence in one of his traveling bags, that the bag had got lost, and that he had had to wait several weeks before it was found and he could be officially received by the Shah.

After I left Ambassador Porter I called on John Monroe, the banker. He told me that the Diplomatic Reception was always quite an event, that dinner-parties generally preceded it in the American Colony, and that he and Mrs. Monroe would be pleased to have me attend the one they were giving. I accepted, and a very elegant dinner it was. A debutante ball is probably the most beautiful and

fascinating of our social functions; but hardly less enjoyable is a perfectly arranged dinner-party given by a host and hostess of distinction, wealth, and taste. The Monroes certainly excelled themselves on this occasion, and their eighteen guests were so appreciative that it was very late when we decided that we could not delay any longer our departure for the Diplomatic Reception at the Embassy. When we arrived there we found the halls and stairway brilliantly lighted, and lined with flunkies dressed in red trousers, blue coats, and white waistcoats. When we reached the drawing-room a Major Domo called out our names, and General Porter stepped forward, greeted us very charmingly, and then introduced us to Mrs. Porter. The rooms were crowded with diplomats covered with gold lace, with army officers wearing all their decorations, and with ladies robed in silks and satins and ablaze with jewels. A few, like myself, were wearing simply dress-suits, and among them I noticed Ex-President Harrison, who was moving about unattended, and who, I judged, after a short conversation with him, was quite bored. The most conspicuous-looking person present seemed to me to be a Catholic dignitary of commanding stature and with a magnificent head. I asked who he was, and I was told that it was Archbishop Ireland. I replied, "He ought not to be here: he should be in the Vatican." I lingered until the sup-

per was served, and then withdrew, after expressing my thanks to General and Mrs. Porter, and bidding them good-bye.

The following morning I left for Marseilles, where I boarded the French steamer "Ortegal," which, with but half a dozen other passengers on board, steamed slowly south, past Corsica and Sardinia and then between Scylla and Charybdis until we could veer off towards Greece. We stopped at Patras for a few hours, and then for a few hours at Salonica, where I met some Spanish Jews whose ancestors had settled in Salonica after they had been driven from Spain. Their Spanish was rather difficult to understand, but it was far better than the French that the French-Canadians speak. Our next stop was at Constantinople, which was quite deserted, as the weather was exceptionally hot. An official of the Foreign Office showed me what courtesy he could; and he amused me very much by telling me, after he felt well enough acquainted with me to speak freely, that our American diplomats in Turkey were always regarded with favor because their diplomacy was perfectly simple, consisting only of threats to send for American warships whenever they wanted anything done. "And do you generally yield," I asked, "before or after the warships come?" He looked thoughtful for a moment, and then answered, "They seldom come."

When we started again, we steamed through the Black Sea to Batoum, where I was met by our Consul, Mr. Chambers, who got all my baggage passed through the Custom House, and then took me for a walk to occupy my time until the train left. He showed me the new Cathedral, the public gardens, and the magnificent promenade along the seashore. We passed many groups of bathers on the part of the shore allotted for women and the part for men, and none of them wore any bathing clothes. They looked stocky and sturdy, and not disagreeably shocking. From Batoum the train took me to Tiflis, and then to Baku, where I stopped long enough to see the oil wells, and to buy a case of soda-water to drink during the rest of my journey, as I was advised that the ordinary water was noxious. It was a forlorn-looking town, without a tree to its name; and its principal environs were not parks or cosey villages, but tanks and towers of oil.

At Baku I took a small steamer, which carried me to the southern part of the Caspian Sea, and came to anchor about one mile from the Persian town of Enzeli. It could not approach nearer to the shore, for the water was too shallow. I was taken off, however, in a small boat that carried me to the Shah's steam yacht, which had been sent to meet me. As I boarded the yacht I was greeted by a Persian General whom the Shah had sent from Teheran to act as my

escort, and by a number of local officials, as well as by the Persian Secretary of our Legation in Teheran and two of the Legation servants. We landed in a few minutes, and as I stepped on shore an artillery officer ordered a salute fired in my honor, and two companies of soldiers presented arms. I was led to the Palace, near by, and there was regaled with a Persian luncheon that was more showy than substantial. As soon as I could, without evincing too great haste, I intimated that I was ready to proceed on my journey. Carriages were brought to the grand doorway, and we were soon en route. Towards sundown we came to Resht, the principal city in that part of Persia. The houses were low and looked as if they were made of mud. They contained no open windows. The shops were simply open holes in the lower walls. The people in thousands lined the streets and solemnly bowed to me, or stolidly stared at me. They were ill-dressed, and appeared ill-fed and not quite half-civilized. The roadway was of dirt and full of eccentric inequalities. I felt as if I were passing through desolation and decay. We spent the night in a sort of stronghold owned by a Marshal of the Shah's army. His name was Muhtasham-ul-Mulk, rather too sesquipedalian for me to use often with ease when I addressed him; and he made a very good impression on me, for he helped me to start bright and early the following morning

for Teheran. I learned then what I have never forgotten since, and that is that it is just as great a delight to leave some persons as it is to meet others.

The Persian escort rode with me in an open victoria drawn by four horses, and the others followed in less pretentious equipages. We were among the very first to make the journey in carriages, as the new Russian highway was only just open. Theretofore all journeys in Persia had been made on horseback or camelback. It was a good road, up and down mountains and over pretty plains, but it was lonely, as it avoided villages, and had not yet attracted inn-keepers or store-keepers. We had our meals by the roadside, and we slept by the roadside, and the roadside was our only bath-room and boudoir. One day, rather late, we came to a clump of trees, and, as their shadows looked hospitable, we decided to halt there, and pass the night. Suddenly some one of our party espied tents in the distance, and, after peering at them for a few moments, declared that we had come upon a Nomad encampment. My escort, the General, and my servants looked alarmed, and they explained to me that the Nomads were a lawless and murderous lot, and that we had better move on. I replied that as they had undoubtedly seen us, it would not be good policy to appear afraid, and that we would remain. In arranging our sleeping place the doughty General put me nearest to the Nomads,



and chose a spot for himself well to the rear. There was not much sleep that night in our group; but nothing happened. In the morning I decided to go to the Nomad camp instead of trying to slip away. The General and my head servant felt obliged to accompany me, and we were soon near enough to the front tent to have the dogs come out, and bark at us. As they were ugly and formidable-looking brutes, we halted. At that moment a very tall and stately Nomad appeared, called off the dogs, and then advanced to meet us. He was the Chief, and looked surprisingly like an American Indian. I was introduced to him by the General as the American Minister, and it was explained to him that I came from the New World, "Yange doonya," which sounded enough like Yankee Doodle to suggest that there was a linguistic tie between our plains and the plains of Iran. The Chief was very cold and dignified in manner, but he asked us to his tent, which was carpeted with some exquisite rugs, beyond which sat in a semi-circle his four young wives sitting on their heels and engaged in making a coarse kind of lace. They were without veils, and I was much interested to see their almond-shaped eyes, heavy eye-brows, round, bronzed faces, and rather thick red lips. The Chief did not notice them, and they glanced without apparent interest at us. As there were no chairs, we stood. At an order given by the Chief, a bowl was



brought to him, and he offered it to me. I saw that it contained some kind of refreshment, and as it looked far from appetizing, I told the Chief that I had just had my breakfast and that, according to my religion, I could not indulge in another; but I added, as I turned towards the General, who the night before had lacked courage and to whom I thought now I would give a chance to redeem himself, "The General often eats several breakfasts, and is particularly fond of this dish, and so please give it to him." My head servant, who was acting as interpreter, took the bowl, and presented it to the General, who forthwith swallowed the concoction, which was nothing more nor less than sour milk and green cucumbers. We now withdrew, after exchanging salutations and good wishes, and on reaching our camp, we continued our journey, the General very reticent and his looks quite as sour as the milk had been which he had just taken.

The following day, weary and dusty, we entered Teheran.

## CHAPTER XXII

OUR Legation at Teheran was a rented piece of property that faced the principal thoroughfare of the city, the Avenue des Ambassadeurs, and it consisted of a garden, a long and wide one-story building, containing three large bed-rooms, a drawing-room, dining-room and kitchen, and situated in the centre of the garden, and of a two-storied office-building covering the entire frontage of the property except for an arched gateway cut through the centre of the lower story. This gateway was the only entrance to the Legation, and was guarded day and night by ten of the Shah's soldiers, whose duty it was to keep beggars and idlers from infesting the Legation grounds, and to salute me when I passed in and out in my carriage or on foot. On the lower floor of the office building there was a large room for the soldiers, and a stable for my two carriage-horses and landau and for the saddle-horse I kept for my outrider, with a room for my coachman and footman. The Legation servants were seven in number, and they all wore dark blue uniforms. The remaining three sides of the Legation compound

were protected by a high wall. The garden consisted of about an acre of land, and was filled with flowers and adorned with a few umbrageous trees. The rent amounted to less than a thousand dollars a year, and the wages of the servants were only from six to eight dollars a month. Those expenses and the cost of keeping my two carriage-horses were nearly covered by the allowance made to me by the Department of State for incidental expenses. My *chef*, who was quite an artist in his way, kept my table well supplied with lamb, turkey, chickens, ham, and tongue and with fresh vegetables of all kinds and a fine assortment of fruits and ices.

Teheran, I found, was a flat city of perhaps two hundred thousand inhabitants. The houses and shops were small and low, and were made of mud or brick. All the better-class homes were hidden from view by high mud-walls. The city had twelve gates, which were open only during the day. They were quite pretentious, being tall and strong and ornamented with brilliant mozaic work. A wall and ditch surrounded the entire city. Outside of the gates, the country was barren and arid, but at the base of the mountains, which were six or eight miles away, there were many trees, and it was there that the Diplomatic Corps had their summer legations.

The first calls I received were from the American Missionaries that resided in Teheran. They were a

hard-working, noble lot of men and women, all in the prime of life and liberal in their views. The Senior Missionary, Mr. Esselstyn, was of athletic build, and was one of the most courageous men I ever met. He would have made a fine cavalry officer; but he was undoubtedly doing better service in the Army of the Lord than he could have done had he held a commission in the Army of the United States. He was somewhat concerned about the attitude towards the missionaries of the fanatical part of Persia's population, and he told me that some of his colleagues were writing rather pessimistic letters to him. I thanked him for explaining the situation to me, and promised if he would give me two weeks to study it myself, that I would let him know what I thought of it. He assented, and then he invited me to attend every Sunday the services that were held in the Missionary Church. "It is," he said, "the only Christian Church in Teheran; and it would look very queer to the Persians, and also to the many Europeans that attend the services, if the American Minister should ignore its existence." I looked at him seriously for a moment, and then answered, "I promise to go regularly to your church, provided you promise not to preach over twenty minutes!" He laughed, grasped my hand, and exclaimed, "Agreed!"

My next caller was an Under-secretary of State,

who came to arrange with me for my presentation to the Shah. On the day and at the hour we had settled on, a royal coach, lined with rose-colored plush and drawn by six bay horses, was sent for me, and accompanied by Mr. Tyler, my Secretary of Legation, I drove in it to the Palace, preceded by eight outriders dressed in red and gold uniforms. When I alighted at the Palace gate, a regiment of soldiers presented arms. We walked through a long corridor lined with guards, and ascended to the ante-room, where I was greeted by the Court Chamberlain, two generals, and some under-secretaries of State, all in full uniform. There I had the inevitable cup of tea and cigarette, after regaling myself with which I was handed a gold plate on which to put my letter of credence and my presentation speech. I had just time to transfer the plate and papers to Mr. Tyler when the Court Chamberlain announced that the Shah was ready to receive me. He then led the way to the large Audience Hall, which was constructed of glass, and which looked very gay and brilliant. In the centre of the hall stood the Shah. He was a rather short, thick-set man of about forty-five years of age, with large almond-shaped eyes, a dark skin, a long wavy mustache, and solemn mien. He wore a black suit and a black astrakan hat, and he was covered with diamonds and rubies of the value of a million dollars or more. I bowed several times as I

approached him, and he in turn bowed to me. Finally I came to a standstill when I was about ten feet from him. Then I turned and took from the gold plate which Mr. Tyler was holding my ceremonial address, and read it to him. It was this, and I think that it served to impress upon him that I intended to be mindful of my duty to protect the missionaries to the full extent of my ability:

“Your Imperial Majesty:—

My illustrious President has entrusted to me the office of Minister Resident and Consul-General to the Nation over whose destiny you so worthily preside, and I bring to you his personal greeting of friendship.

But a few decades ago the bearer of such a message would have passed many perilous months of travel by land and by sea, but now one may cover the distance in a few safe and agreeable weeks, thanks to the inventive genius of man that is ever bringing the nations of the earth more closely together. We are now all neighbors. Rulers and diplomats have, therefore, more enlarged spheres of action and duty. They must now as never before exert themselves to promote the friendly intercourse of their peoples, to facilitate commerce and trade, and to ensure to alien travelers and residents ample protection and generous encouragement in the pursuit of all their lawful aims.

To those objects my energies will be constantly directed while I have the honor to remain at your Court; and I trust that meanwhile I shall have the supreme satisfaction of seeing the ties of amity and good will greatly strengthened that have always existed between your government and mine.

I wish for Your Majesty a long and happy reign and for Persia perpetual peace and prosperity.”



Having concluded my address, I handed my letter of credence, signed by President McKinley, to the Shah, who, after glancing at it and transferring it to his Prime Minister, made a short speech welcoming me to Persia, and assuring me of his high regard for the government and people of the United States. Then he moved back a step to indicate that the ceremony was ended. Whereupon we withdrew, and returned to the Legation.

I now made my official calls on all the high officials of the Court and of the Government, and on my Colleagues of the Diplomatic Corps, all of whom I found very affable and agreeable. Mr. Tyler always accompanied me to act as my interpreter. He had lived thirty years in Teheran, and spoke Persian with great fluency. Nearly all of the Persians dispensed with formality the moment I was introduced to them, and exhibited social qualities of a very high order. I was immensely pleased with them, especially when they took me into their gardens, and led me to a shaded seat where we could talk with open-air geniality. I always managed to say a few words about the missionaries; and I tried to put their work and personalities in the best possible light. Finally, when I had made all my calls and when the two weeks had elapsed that I had asked Mr. Esselstyn to allow me before expecting me to give him any ad-



vice, I invited him to the Legation, and handed to him the following letter:

"My dear Mr. Esselstyn:—

When next you communicate with the American Missionaries in other parts of Persia, please give them my kindest regards, and assure them that personally I am much interested in their welfare and success, and that officially I shall give them, to the fullest extent allowed by our government, my support and protection.

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

HERBERT W. BOWEN."

I then advised him to continue his work without any apprehensions whatsoever, as I felt sure that he would not be annoyed or molested. And he never was.

In order to relieve the Board of Foreign Missions in New York of any anxiety it might feel about its work in Persia, I wrote a letter to its Secretary, Robert E. Speer, who sent to me the following reply, which I will quote in full, as it contains much valuable information regarding the policy, aims and spirit of the Board:

"New York, December 20th, 1899.

The Hon. Herbert Wolcott Bowen,

Teheran, Persia.

My dear Mr. Bowen:

I cannot thank you sufficiently for your splendid letter of November 6th, which has given us all great delight, and which I read to the Board at its meeting on Monday. Mr. Ide, the Vice-President of the Board, who has been a member

for nearly thirty years, and who has known your family for a long time, was especially delighted and took the letter that he might read it himself. Our missionaries had already informed us of the great kindness you had already shown them, and of the fresh confidence with which they took up their work in the knowledge of the sympathy and support they might rely upon from you. Some of them, in the midst of the disappointments of the work, especially of the failures of Armenian character, and oppressed by the heavy opposition of Mohommedanism, have been tempted now and then to feel discouraged. I think there is now a much more hopeful tone in all our Stations, and am sure that such hearty expressions as yours will have a greater influence than perhaps you imagine in dispelling any such feeling of depression.

As for us here, I scarcely need to say that we believe in the Mission work in Persia with all our hearts, and do not propose that it shall be curtailed. When men drop out, from one cause or another, we shall replace them, and I hope may be able before long to strengthen those Stations which are in special need of reinforcement, so that they may not alone conduct their local work aggressively, but may also press out into the surrounding country. If there is one country in the world where we ought to develop our work in behalf of Mohommedans, that country is Persia. Of course we must be wise and conciliatory and tactful. We are not in Persia or in any other field to stir up difficulty and to anger the people—we are there to win their friendship, to conciliate, and while we must aggressively press our work in Persia, we shall propose to do it with tact, and the most scrupulous care to avoid antagonism and unpleasantness.

I am venturing to send you herewith a copy of the Report I presented to our Board on the work in Persia after visiting the Mission several years ago. I do not recollect whether I gave you a copy of this Report when you were here, or not. But if you have a copy of it already, Mr. Tyler may be interested in it.

I have spoken many times in letters to the missionaries and to friends of the work at home, of the peculiarly favorable conditions now for the advancement of our work in Persia. Our Government, I think, has never been represented by any Minister in Teheran who showed more interest or a more kindly feeling toward the missionaries than you. The prestige of the United States in Asia is greater than it has ever been before. I wish the Church at home might be brought to see the splendid opportunity now presented.

I was requested to convey to you the expressions of the Board's gratification at your kindness toward the missionaries and the heartiness of your letter to me, and with expressions of personal gratitude and the cordial regards of us all, I am

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT E. SPEER."

It is needless to say that I kept my agreement with Mr. Esselstyn to attend his church, and that he kept his not to preach more than twenty minutes. The right front pew was reserved for me, and the left front one for the British Minister, Sir Mortimer Durand, and the members of his Legation. Sir Mortimer did not remain in Persia long after my arrival. He was promoted to Spain. The Secretary of the British Legation thereupon became Chargé. He was Cecil Spring-Rice, a very clever man and very popular. A short time after he assumed the duties of Chargé, or, to be exact, on February 23, 1901, I received this note from him:

"Dear Mr. Bowen

The Queen died yesterday evening.

Yours ever

C. A. SPRING-RICE."

I sent at once for Mr. Esselstyn, and asked him to go with me to the British Legation, and offer to hold services in his church in commemoration of the Queen. He assented most sympathetically, and Spring-Rice accepted the offer most appreciatively. I suggested to Spring-Rice that he invite all the Persian high officials, and ask the Shah to send his own body-guard of Palace Soldiers to do the honors at the church-door. Spring-Rice followed both suggestions, and when the service was held the Palace Soldiers were in attendance in front of the church, and a very brilliant party of Persian high officials were seated in the front pews.

The day following the commemorative service, I received the following letter:

“Your Excellency:

I have the honor to express to you on behalf of the Government of His Majesty, and of the whole British Colony in Teheran, the most heartfelt and sincere gratitude for the sympathy you have shown on the occasion of the death of our Queen, and for the cordial cooperation you have afforded in the arrangements for the celebration of the memorial service. Also I have the honor to thank you for the communication which you made to the Government of His Majesty the Shah, for the wise and kindly counsel which you afforded His Majesty's Legation, and above all I desire to express to you and through you to Mr. Esselstyn and the other members of the American Mission in Teheran our deep acknowledgment for the manner in which the service was conducted. I venture to add that it has afforded us all, in a time of deep affliction, a peculiar pleasure that we owe this debt of gratitude

to the Minister of the United States and to the members of the American Mission. I take this opportunity of renewing to Your Excellency the expression of my highest consideration.

CECIL SPRING-RICE,  
His Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires."

The Missionaries also were very thankful, for at last official recognition of their church had been publicly accorded by the Persian Monarch and government, and its prestige was now secure.

About that time I began a campaign among my Persian friends to induce them to favor sending a Persian Minister to the United States. The idea was well received, and finally the appointment of a Court official was made; and at my suggestion he was made a Minister Plenipotentiary. He started for Washington without delay, and when he arrived there, and had presented his credentials, I was appointed, as a matter of course, a Minister Plenipotentiary also, in conformity with the law of Congress requiring the rank to be raised of any American diplomat who resides in a country that accredits to Washington a diplomat of a higher rank. As a Minister Resident I had been at the bottom of the list of diplomats in Persia. I knew that if I asked to be made Minister Plenipotentiary, the sentiment in Congress, and probably in the Department of State also, would be to let well enough alone: so there was nothing for me to do but to promote myself; and I had the unique experience of doing so.

By this time I was speaking Persian well enough to make myself understood, as I had had a lesson every day since soon after my arrival in Teheran. It seemed to me a very beautiful language, but rather too flowery for modern use. While looking one day for old books, I found a fine old text of the Rubaiyat. I had it illuminated, and then sent it as a gift to Mr. Hay, preceded by the following letter:

"My dear Mr. Hay:—

In a few days I shall send to you a copy of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám. Some time ago I secured the text, which is the best Persian one, and I gave it forthwith to a Persian artist to illuminate. The entire book is, therefore, Persian. You will be surprised to find the paper so poor; but I could not obtain any that was better unless I bought the Bombay text, and that, of course, I did not want. You will notice that this Persian text contains marginal writing; and you will be interested to learn that frequently the Persian publishers print on the margins of standard works poems that are not well known, and that they wish to bring to the special attention of the reading public. On the margins of the work I send to you two poems are printed, but they have but little merit. The first page of the book is the last! and the last page is the first! That everything should be done backwards, *rasm'e Farsi ast* (is a Persian Custom). Even Persia herself began with her highest period of development, and since then has steadily declined except in so far as her literature is concerned. Her greatest writers, Fardonsi, Sadi, Hafiz, Anvari, Jami, Ansuri, Rucheki and Omar Khayyám, all came after the Arab invasion (750 A.D.), and it is to be hoped that the literary interest they fostered will continue for a long time to inspire to great works the creative faculties of their descendants.

I trust that you will be pleased with this copy of the



Rubaiyat I have had made for you, and that you will accept it as a small token of my high regard for you.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

HERBERT W. BOWEN."

In due course of time I received this reply from Mr. Hay:

"My dear Mr. Bowen:—

I received to-day from the British Embassy the beautiful copy of the Rubaiyat of Omar which you have been so good as to send to me. There is at least one page of it which I shall read with great pleasure and interest—the one which contains your name and mine.

It is an exquisite specimen of typography and binding and I shall always keep and value it. I thank you sincerely for the kind thought of me so far away.

This has been a year of great excitement and rapid movement. We were all watching to see what advantage Russia would take of England's imperative engagements, and were not surprised to see the center of her activity disclose itself in Persia. I would be glad if you would some leisure day write me a personal letter giving me some impression of the way the international problem strikes you—if there is anything you do not care to put into an official dispatch.

With best wishes I am

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY."

I, of course, complied with Mr. Hay's request to send to him a private letter. My official despatches had to be very reserved; for they were likely to be read by persons who were not discreet, and who would even go so far as to communicate their contents to the press.



After I had been in Persia a little over a year and a half, I was pleased to receive word that I might return home on leave, and that I need not plan to resume my duties in Persia, as President McKinley had decided to promote me to a South American Legation where my salary would be double the amount I was receiving in Persia.

At my farewell audience with the Shah he conferred on me the highest Persian decoration, The Grand Order of the Lion and the Sun, and presented me with a gold snuff-box ornamented with forty diamonds, in recognition, probably, of the friendly advice I had given to his government during the pending diplomatic struggle of the Russians with the British for supremacy in Persia, which seemed for a time to have the ominous characteristics of a final contest. Russia, however, was simply trying to frighten Great Britain; and she stopped when the British Foreign Office regained its courage and started to make the situation serious. The Persian Government was much worried meanwhile, and the Prime Minister sought my advice. I urged him not to be disturbed, and not to favor either of the Great Powers, but to play one against the other. My sympathies, however, were with the British; and during my many talks with Spring-Rice I expressed the hope very often that his government would not be stampeded by Russian gestures. It was not.

## CHAPTER XXIII

ON my way home I was entertained in Vienna by our Minister, Mr. McCormick, in Paris by Ambassador Porter, and in London by Ambassador Choate. At a reception given by Mr. Choate, his love of fun got the better of him, and he introduced me right and left as his successor. Finally I turned to him and said, "As you are to be the next President of the United States, I shall regard what you have said as a distinct promise." He looked rather startled for a moment, and I came to the conclusion that I had jostled his most secret hope; at all events, he did not joke me again.

On arriving at Washington, I learned that both the President and Mr. Hay were out of town. I found Lloyd Griscom, who was to succeed me in Persia, at the Department of State, and we took the oath of office together; and then while he was with the Chief Clerk I had a talk with Mr. Hill, the Assistant-secretary of State. He told me that the Administration was glad to send me to Venezuela, but that he could not congratulate me, as my position there would be very difficult. He did not

vouchsafe any explanation of his remark; but I had occasion to remember it many and many a time thereafter.

I started for my new post on the 16th of August, 1901, on the steamer "Philadelphia," which stopped at both Porto Rico and Curaçao, and which landed me at La Guayra on the 20th. The train ride to Caracas was superb. We rose over three thousand feet, and had wonderful views of the sea and the mountains, and of valleys almost vainglorious in their verdure. A State carriage was sent to the station for me, and in a few minutes I was at my desk at the Legation looking over my mail.

The following day I called on the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Eduardo Blanco. He was a tall, handsome, affable man, broad-minded and scholarly, and perfectly honest and straightforward. He told me that he would arrange for me to present my letter of credence the next day to President Castro; and he did. The ceremony that then took place was brief, but rather public, as the Grand Salon of the Palace was filled with officials to the number of several hundred. Led by the Under-secretary of State and accompanied by my Secretary of Legation, Mr. Russell, I advanced through the throng, which left an open path for me, to the end of the salon, where President Castro awaited me, surrounded by his Cabinet Ministers, the Judges of the

Supreme Court, several high officials of the Church, and his staff officers. We made the usual speeches to each other, and after he had taken my letter of credence he introduced me to those nearest to us, and then talked with me for a while about my trip. We spoke Spanish, as that is the only language with which he was familiar, and I was very pleasantly impressed with his excellent accent and with his fluency. He struck me as being very alert and alive, and very determined. I noted that he was only about five feet two in height, and that his skin suggested that he had at least a drop or two of Indian blood in his veins. When I withdrew from the Palace, I called for a few minutes on Dr. Blanco, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to learn just what the status was of the controversy between Venezuela and Colombia regarding their boundary line. He told me that the situation was becoming acute, and he seemed quite worried about it. I cabled what he told me to Mr. Hay, and a few days later, September 7, I received a cablegram from him instructing me to sound the Venezuelan government as to whether it would wish for the mediation of President McKinley. Dr. Blanco consulted President Castro, and then informed me that his government was awaiting explanations from Colombia, and that until they were received President Castro could not determine what action to take. The truth was, I

learned from other sources, that Castro was bent on supplying the rebels in Colombia with arms so that they might overturn their government, and that he dreamed of making a great Republic of Venezuela, Colombia and Bolivia, with himself as President. South-American dreams, I concluded, were a little bigger than any other kind are, and the stuff they were made of was egotism.

My next cablegram from Mr. Hay informed me that President McKinley had died on the 13th. I put my flag at once at half-mast, and ordered that all persons connected with the Legation should go into mourning for thirty days. Then I notified the Venezuelan government of our great and shocking loss. Castro put his government in mourning for three days, and expressed his sympathy with much delicacy of feeling.

He evidently kept President McKinley's offer of mediation in mind, for on October 16th he sent word to me that he would like to have me call on him on the following day. I went, and my conversation with him was so extraordinary that I repeated it in this private letter to Mr. Hay:

"Legation of the United States  
Caracas, Oct. 17, 1901

My dear Mr. Hay:—

This is a private and personal letter. In the first place I wish to call your attention to the enclosed clipping from the New York Sun, embodying a confidential despatch I sent to

the Department. As I secured the information secretly, I was anxious that it should not be published, for I felt that if it were I should not be able to obtain similar information in the future, and that I should run the risk of incurring unnecessarily the displeasure of the Venezuelan Government. I trust hereafter that whatever I mark "Confidential" will be withheld from the press.

In the second place I enclose copies of a number of cablegrams that have passed during the last three months between General Castro and the officials of Nicaragua and Ecuador, and other persons. Although some of them are in cipher, even those tend to show that General Castro's schemes have the sympathy of Nicaragua and Ecuador. Perhaps some expert in the Department may be able to read them for you. The word 'godos' means, I know, the Colombian Conservatives. Now I have some information for you that I am especially anxious should not reach the press.

General Castro sent word to me last night by the Minister for Foreign Affairs that he would like to have me call on him to-day at four o'clock. I may say right here that I had not been to see him since the day I presented my credentials to him, for I felt sure that he would send for me the moment he thought he could make any use of me. I, however, have cultivated the friendship of Mr. Blanco, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and I soon learned that he is a fine man, and that he is not in sympathy with General Castro's policy, being anxious to stop the conflict with Colombia, and ever willing to accept the mediation of the United States. I think he induced General Castro to send for me, hoping that I might be able to say something that would stay him in his mad career. This afternoon at the hour named, I called on General Castro. He was alone, and after greeting me somewhat effusively, said that he wanted to have an unofficial and a confidential talk with me. He then said substantially this:

'I shall not repeat what I am going to say to you. I do not need to consult any one. I govern this country. You



can report to your government what you think best about the plan I shall now propose to you. It is this. If the United States Government will furnish supplies to the leader of the Colombian liberals, I will agree when the Colombian Liberals overturn their conservative government and come into power, to use all my influence to induce them to give possession of the Panama Canal to the United States.'

I gave him this answer:

'It would be utterly useless to propose to my Government that it enter into any such agreement with you. We do not need your help nor the help of any one else in obtaining control over any canal that may be constructed on this Continent. We have enough soldiers, money, and power to work absolutely alone. I think you would make a great mistake to submit your plan to the United States for approval, but if you differ with me in opinion, you can ask your Chargé in Washington what he thinks about it.'

He looked completely surprised, and after a pause, said, 'I believe what you say, and I shall not consult with the Chargé or anyone else.'

I then asked him whether he desires to continue the conflict with Colombia, and I quickly added, 'It will be useless; for you are now without money, you lack the support of your people, and you do not possess the sympathy of foreign nations. The Colombian Liberals need at least ten thousand more guns than they now have, and, even with them, they could not hope to take possession of Bogota within six months. You could not wait that length of time, owing to the conditions I have specified. My personal advice to you is to stop your conflict with Colombia, and give your exclusive attention to the development and welfare of your own country.'

He answered, 'I do not want any war. I shall not declare war against Colombia, and I do not believe that she will declare war against me. But I shall keep my soldiers at the frontier ready to repel aggression. I am willing to settle the



matter, but Colombia must take the first steps and must give me due satisfaction for sending her regular troops into my territory last July. None of my troops, except as individuals, have crossed the frontier.'

I replied: 'The only way to settle the matter is by mediation, and you are opposed to that, I believe.'

He answered: 'No; I am not; but Colombia must propose it first.'

I said: 'Will you authorize me to send that statement in a cablegram to my Government?' He said, 'Yes.' I then said, 'This is a very important matter, and I do not wish to make any mistake. Will you send for a pencil and paper, and write the cablegram yourself?' He replied that he would, and he sent for a pad and pencil, and wrote these words (which I give translated:

#### CABLEGRAM

'If the Government of Colombia authorizes that of the United States, by an official note, to arrange and settle the pending question with that of Venezuela this Government will agree to enter into negotiations with the person whom the Government of the United States designates here in Caracas.'

I stated, after reading it, that I could not send such a cablegram, for it might be misleading, and it would certainly be unfair to have the matter settled here. I suggested that it ought to be settled in Washington. He replied that it must be done here, and that he would like to have me appointed as the arbitrator; but that he would consent to have any other suitable person named. He saw that I looked dissatisfied, and suddenly remembered that he had an engagement: so, after exchanging the usual courtesies, I took my leave.

I feel absolutely no confidence either in him or his schemes. I do not think that he is yet convinced that he ought to ask for our mediation. He is determined to help the Colombian

Liberals. He is ignorant, obstinate and wilful. He evidently thinks that he is a Power in the World. I believe in letting him run wild for a time longer, and I certainly think I ought to keep away from him except when he sends for me. He will be likely to try to use me when he discovers that his policy is futile, and that he must change or lose his prestige, power, and position.

You can see from what I have said that my position here is a very difficult and delicate one; furthermore, you can now easily imagine what trouble this remarkable President will be likely to cause in the settlement of all the questions that we shall have with him. He has never traveled; he knows nothing of the outside world; he can not realize the force and power of virtue and justice; he believes that he is the Child of Fortune, and that he alone is able to govern his country and control its destiny.

Believe me, with best wishes for your health and happiness.

Yours very sincerely,

HERBERT W. BOWEN."

In answer to that letter, Mr. Hay wrote:

"October 30, 1901.

Dear Mr. Bowen:—

I have read with very great interest your highly important private letter of the 17th of October.

Let me refer first to the publication of the confidential despatch of which you send me a newspaper clipping. This happened in my absence from Washington, by an inadvertence, which I hope will not be repeated. I think you have a right to complain of it.

Your interview with the General was extremely interesting. I read it to the President (Roosevelt) yesterday. He entirely approves of everything you said. It is a most delicate subject, and I do not, at this moment, see any necessity of giving you specific instructions in regard to it. If both parties

require our good offices, it will not be difficult for them to ask for them in a way that will be effective. I wish to be absolutely impartial between them, and would be only too glad if any means were found to put an end to the present situation, which is so damaging to both sides.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY."

I soon learned that Castro was shrewder than I thought; for he let the Colombian controversy gradually simmer down, and then cool off, until finally it settled itself.

As Caracas seemed to me a rather dull place, I invited my two nieces, Marion and Ethel Bowen, and Miss Carolyn Clegg, to make me a visit. They arrived in December, and we gave a series of dinners, dances and garden parties that started the season off very merrily. It became gayer still, after I prevailed on Miss Clegg to make the Legation her home. I had known her since 1897, when I met her in Paris, and I got acquainted with her in a very informal way. I had just arrived at the Continental Hotel, and I started towards the swinging-door that led to the music-room. When I reached the door I pushed it rather savagely, and the next moment I realized that I had knocked someone down. I hastened forward to make my excuses, and I found a young lady on the floor, none too well pleased with my rudeness. I lifted her to her feet, and I was so struck with her beauty that I came very near breathing compliments

instead of apologies. That was my introduction to my future bride, and I followed it up by writing to her and calling on her whenever I could arrange to be in New York. She made a place for herself, after our marriage late in January, 1902, very quickly in Caracas, and her diplomatic position was the least of her attractions.

The last function of the season at the Legation was a dinner given in honor of President Castro. It was his rule not to accept invitations, but he made an exception in this instance, for he felt that he was likely to be in trouble very soon. His arbitrary attitude towards the old families of Caracas enraged them, and Señor Matos, one of the most aristocratic scions of them all, finally stole away to the mountains, and the report came back that he was planning a revolution. At the same time the British Minister and the German Chargé began to press certain claims against the Venezuelan Government. They had previously consulted me, however, and I had referred them to the Monroe Doctrine as stated in my little book on International Law. The German Chargé said that he had already read it, but that he doubted that my Government would endorse this sentence—

“Not one word, however, does it (The Monroe Doctrine) contain that justifies the belief that it was intended to relieve any American nation of its duty to meet all its obligations to

European Powers, or to prevent such Powers from obtaining due satisfaction for any wrong they may suffer or any injury they may sustain in their intercourse with the American peoples."

I replied that he could easily find out, by having the German Ambassador in Washington seek a definitive statement from President Roosevelt. He accepted the suggestion, and President Roosevelt's views as stated to Ambassador Holleben and in his next Presidential Message were substantially the same as mine.

Later in the Summer the Matos Revolution broke out; but it did not make much headway for a long time. I arranged matters with Castro so that, if he found that the revolution became so powerful that he could not hold out against it, he would so inform me, and then permit me to send for a warship or two to provide for his safety and for that of Mrs. Castro and for the security of the people of the city. Hardly had that agreement been made when one of his warships performed a most dastardly deed. It was the "Restaurador." Its captain took it to Ciudad Bolivar, and flew the Stars and Stripes, so that the people flocked to the pier to give it a hearty welcome. When the pier became crowded he opened fire and killed many men, women and children. Then he bombarded the city for two days. When he had exhausted his ammunition, he steamed to La

Guayra. Full details of the atrocity soon reached my ears, and I could not ignore it, as one can the misuse of one's flag on the high seas, and at the same time I could not help recalling the "Virginus" affair and all the other unsuccessful attempts that had been made to secure apologies and salutes from an offending nation. I decided not to be deterred by any consideration; and so I hastened to the Foreign Office, and demanded an immediate apology and a salute of twenty-one guns for my flag. Castro was out of town, but was consulted by telegraph, and he directed his Minister to yield. The following day, after my demands had been duly complied with, the Minister called on me, and showed me the telegram Castro sent when he was informed the incident was closed. It was this:

"Restaurador incident terminated with honor to both nations. The attitude of the American Legation is worthy of approbation."

His troubles with warships, however, had only just begun. On the 9th of December his entire fleet was seized in the port of La Guayra by British and German warships, which with some Italian warships proceeded to blockade the whole of the Venezuelan coast.



## CHAPTER XXIV

ON the day previous to the seizure of the Venezuelan fleet, I received notes from the British Minister and the German Chargé, requesting me to take charge of their Legations and interests. I had received instructions ten days before from Washington to act for Great Britain and Germany if requested to do so, provided Venezuela did not object. On receipt of the notes, therefore, I wrote to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and asked for authority to comply with the request of my two colleagues. Before he answered my letter the news of the seizure of the ships reached Castro. He immediately ordered the arrest of all the British and German men and boys in Caracas, and directed that they be interned in the city jail. The wildest kind of disorder forthwith broke loose throughout the city. On learning the news, I drove to the principal square of the city, and found a huge mob there in front of the jail, yelling and jeering at the prisoners as they were hurried through its grim portals. I jumped from my carriage, pushed through the crowd, and brushing aside a policeman that sought to detain me, I entered



the jail, and announced to the anxious crowd before me that they were all under my protection, and that I would guarantee that none of them would be harmed. I then sought the Chief of Police, and from him I demanded their release. He referred me to the Governor. I called on the Governor. He referred me to Castro, and to Castro I went. He was pacing up and down the patio of the Palace when I entered the front door, and the moment he saw me he fairly yelled anathemas against the British and Germans, and upbraided me for wishing to represent them. I put my hand on his shoulder, and told him to sit down and be calm; and I gently pushed him to a sofa. When we were seated, I demanded that he give me permission at once to take over the British and German Legations, and that written permission be sent to me that very evening. He jumped to his feet, waved his arms and talked in torrents; but I persisted; and finally, when I threatened to send for some American Marines, he yielded. Then I demanded that he should set all the British and German prisoners free the next day, and that he should telephone to the jail to release at once the German doctor and the German banker that had been arrested, as their services were needed outside. I pointed out to him how foolish it would be for him to forfeit the good opinion of the world for the petty satisfaction of jailing a few unimportant Germans

and Britishers. He finally consented. The following day all the prisoners were released, and the principal members of the British Colony, who had been in hiding in our Legation, returned to their homes. I called on Castro, and thanked him, and then said, "The excitement is over. You now have to face the facts." He asked me to suggest arbitration to my government, and he expressed a wish that I should act as arbitrator for Venezuela. I cabled that proposal to Mr. Hay, and he cabled back authorizing me to act for Venezuela if Great Britain and Germany accepted arbitration. At the same time this cablegram also came from Mr. Hay:

"The President approves of your energetic and judicious protection of British and German subjects."

Five days later, to wit, on December 15, 1902, I cabled to Mr. Hay:

"Very important for me to know without delay whether England and Germany will answer my cablegram proposing arbitration."

On the 16th President Castro informed me that he wanted to give to me plenary powers to settle Venezuela's dispute with the Powers. I told him that I would accept the honor; and I suggested that I should go to Washington to settle the controversy there. When he spoke of compensating me for my services, I told him that I must decline to accept any

remuneration whatsoever, except for my expenses, which I stated would not exceed five thousand dollars.

On the 17th the Minister for Foreign Affairs called on me, and handed me two long-winded documents giving me plenary powers and instructions. I objected to them, and drew up myself the following powers, which I made to include Italy also as she the day before had joined Great Britain and Germany as an ally:

"The Venezuelan Government confers on Mr. Herbert W. Bowen full powers to enter into negotiations to settle in the most favorable manner possible to the interests of the Republic the present difficulty which has arisen with the United Kingdom of Great Britain, the German Empire, and the Kingdom of Italy.

"In witness whereof these presents are issued in Caracas the 18th of December, 1902."

That document I handed to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and requested him to have it duly signed and sealed.

He complied with my request, and returned it to me the same day. I then cabled to Mr. Hay what had occurred, and requested him, if he approved, to arrange to have me meet the Ambassadors of the blockading powers in Washington at an early date.

President and Mrs. Castro called at our Legation that afternoon to thank me in person for the assistance I was giving to Venezuela in her international

difficulties, and I availed myself of that opportunity to tell them that I had been in communication with Matos through his secretary, whom I had managed to meet secretly, and that I had sent word to Matos that he must stop all revolutionary proceedings until at least Venezuela had got rid of her present complications with the Blockading Powers. Castro thanked me, and expressed the belief that his recent victory over Matos at Victoria had put Matos in a proper frame of mind to comply with my demand.

On the 19th Mr. Hay cabled to me, suggesting that The Hague be selected to settle the conflict. I cabled back that Castro needed his warships, and the control of his rivers and ports at once, and could not wait for a decision from The Hague, adding that, as I had full powers, I might decide to grant all that the Powers asked, rather than leave the matter to The Hague Tribunal. Later in the day another cablegram came from Mr. Hay, stating that Great Britain and Germany wanted President Roosevelt to act as arbitrator, and asking whether Castro would consent. After seeing Castro, and advising him to accede, I cabled back his permission.

Castro now left Caracas to attend some festivities in the country, and he instructed his Minister for Foreign Affairs to report to me on all matters referring to Venezuela's foreign affairs, and to obey my instructions. I had the minister cable to the Vene-

zuelan Chargé at Washington to send us information regarding the delay there; and we received word that the whole trouble was that Roosevelt desired to have the controversy brought before him for settlement, but that there was a strong sentiment in Congress against having him do more than act as mediator.

Finally, on December 27, Mr. Hay cabled me that Roosevelt would not serve as arbitrator, but was willing to have the representatives of the contending parties meet in Washington. As Castro desired that I should settle all his disputes with all foreign countries, I drew up another Commission for myself, and induced him to return to Caracas and sign it. It was this:

“The Venezuelan Government grants full powers to Mr. Herbert W. Bowen to effect at Washington, with the diplomatic representatives of the nations that have claims against Venezuela, the immediate settlement of them, or the preliminaries for the submission to arbitration of such of them as can not be settled immediately.”

These full powers were duly signed and sealed, and my previous full powers to treat with only Great Britain, Germany and Italy, I discarded.

On the 8th of January I received a cablegram from Admiral Dewey, stating that the “Dolphin” would arrive on the 11th at La Guayra to take me to Washington. I called the next morning on Castro to take leave of him, but he said that he would be at

the railway station to see me off, and he came not only himself, but brought Mrs. Castro to say good-bye to Mrs. Bowen, and all his Ministers and staff-officers were with him.

The "Dolphin" was rather slow. We stopped for coal at Jamaica, where the British fleet very gallantly gave me an Ambassadorial Salute of nineteen guns; and then proceeding on our way we arrived at Washington on the 20th.

I called at once at the Department of State. Mr. Hill received me, and told me that Mr. Hay was ill at home, but had left word that he would be glad to see me there at my earliest convenience: so I hastened to his house, and I there found him in bed, suffering from a cold. He asked me many questions, and when I had satisfied his curiosity, he told me that he would give orders that he would receive me "at any hour of the day or night." Then I went to the White House, and asked to see President Roosevelt. I was shown into his office, and he appeared almost immediately, and greeted me very cordially. Then he offered me a chair with the back to the light, and he took one facing the light, which, I remembered with great amusement, was just the opposite of what President McKinley did. But I was shocked when I saw Roosevelt's face. It was no longer refined and ingenuous, and he no longer appeared well-bred. His every feature looked coarse and almost brutal,



and his manners and words suggested those of a braggart. He asked me at once what my plan was, and I told him in a few words, and then I asked him whether he had any information to give me. He replied that he had not. I told him that I was particularly anxious to know what the terms of the agreement were that had made Great Britain, Germany, and Italy act in concert. He replied that he had not heard. I told him that I should then have to try to find out for myself. I then observed that I should report to Mr. Hay from time to time what progress I made in the negotiations; but that I should not go to the White House unless I was sent for, as I knew that he was more than busy every moment of the day.

I then called on the British Ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert. I asked him whether, if I accepted the British conditions of settlement, he would raise at once the blockade by his ships. He said that he would. He thereupon stated his conditions in writing, and I wrote a letter to him accepting them. But Count Quadt, the German Chargé, now appeared on the scene, and claimed that Great Britain, Germany and Italy had made an agreement to stand together, and that no one of the three could withdraw from the alliance without the consent of the other two until their claims were settled.



The following morning, of course, I had all the papers in the United States announce the news about the Alliance, and I saw that the comments about it were cabled to England. Sir Michael Herbert came to me the next day in hot haste, and told me that the British public were shocked to learn that an Alliance had been made with Germany, and that he hoped we could settle the matter quickly. Count Quadt, on the other hand, was greatly pleased with the situation; and his attitude towards me was very arbitrary. The Kaiser, doubtless, hoped that some incident would occur during the alliance that would justify him in proposing to Great Britain that they defy the Monroe Doctrine, and take what territory they wanted on our side of the ocean. Quadt evidently believed his Royal Master would see that the incident was created; and, as a matter of fact, a German Admiral did propose to the British Commander of the ships off the Venezuelan Coast that they bombard Caracas. The Italian Ambassador was discreetly silent, and gave me to understand that his instructions directed him not to lead, but to acquiesce in whatever his two allies advised. Before the formal negotiations were well under way, Quadt came to call on me, and brought with him a tall Secretary, who when Quadt and I were seated, stood in the middle of the room, and produced from his

pocket a note-book and pencil. I looked up angrily, and asked, "What are that pencil and that note-book doing here?"

Quadt replied, "He will take down what we say, for the information of the Kaiser."

I paused for a moment, and then said in measured tones, "Tell your Kaiser that for every dollar he takes away from the Venezuelans, he will lose a thousand dollars in trade."

The note-book was closed with a snap, and Quadt flushed as if I had slapped him. I turned to him with a smile, and remarked genially, "I think that we can get on without note-books, don't you?"

That was the end of the note-books, and of Quadt, too; for he was recalled in a few days, and Ambassador Von Sternburg was sent to Washington to succeed Ambassador Holleben, who, I understood, was recalled at the request of President Roosevelt, who was angry because Holleben had tricked him into defining the Monroe Doctrine so that Germany could take advantage of his definition and seek redress from Venezuela for the wrongs done by her to German subjects.

After the arrival of Von Sternburg the negotiations proceeded rapidly, and they were practically concluded by the end of January. The principal arrangement made was that Venezuela should pay thirty per cent of the total income of her two ports,

La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, to the nations having claims against her. I had told Castro that I should agree to pay thirty-five per cent, and also interest on the claims that were allowed, until they were paid; but I decided after meeting the Ambassadors in Washington that I would offer them only thirty per cent, without interest; and, as I expected, it never occurred to them to seek better terms. Before we could put our agreement into the form of a protocol, the three Ambassadors were ordered by their respective governments, the Allied Powers, to demand "preferential treatment," or payment to them before payment was made to the other creditors of Venezuela, that is to say, to the "Peace Powers," thus called because they had not joined in the blockade, preferring to settle their claims against Venezuela in a peaceable way rather than by force. I declined to accede to the demand of the Allied Powers for "preferential treatment," first because I could not accept, even in principle, that "preferential treatment" could be rightly obtained by blockades and bombardments; second, because it would keep the Allied Powers allied for a period of six or more years; and third, because on this side of the water we wanted peace and not alliances: but I suggested that we should leave the question of "preferential treatment" to the Hague Tribunal for decision. The Ambassadors did not wish to go to The

Hague; and they, without my knowledge or consent, asked President Roosevelt to act as arbitrator. President Roosevelt was very anxious for the honor; but he could not have it without my consent, for I was Venezuela's representative with plenary powers. He, therefore, directed Mr. Hay to secure a letter from me similar to the one filed with him by the Ambassadors.

Mr. Hay, with his customary tact and skill, presented to me the reasons why it would be well to have the President appointed arbitrator; but I told him that I could not consent, as I had planned from the beginning of the controversy to get some part of the case referred to the Hague Tribunal, which, I stated, was in a moribund condition, and which, it was evident, the European Powers were not inclined to restore to vigor. I then added that if the question of preferential treatment did not go to The Hague, I could and should settle it myself, and that a settlement would be easy, as the Allied Powers were willing to compromise. Mr. Hay was greatly upset by my attitude, and for the first and only time during our friendship with each other, made some very sarcastic remarks to me. When our interview was over, I reported to the three Ambassadors that I had refused to join with them in asking President Roosevelt to act as arbitrator, and requested them to cable

home for permission to sign the protocols establishing commissions to pass on the claims of each of the three Allied Powers against Venezuela, and granting thirty per cent of the revenues of her two principal ports to meet her debts thus recognized, and I presented to them a protocol I had drawn up, referring the question of preferential treatment to the Hague Tribunal. After much cabling back and forth, the three Ambassadors were authorized to sign the protocols on condition that I made certain cash payments to them at once. As the amount demanded by Great Britain was only 5,500 pounds, I paid it; but I compromised with Germany and Italy by agreeing to pay the former the amount she demanded in five monthly installments, and by granting to Italy a revision of her treaty with Venezuela.

I now invited the Peace Powers to sign protocols with me like those I had effected with the Allied Powers, in regard to Commissions to pass on their claims and the guaranty of thirty per cent of the income of the two ports; and I also invited them to adhere to the Hague Protocol, and to side with Venezuela in resisting the claim of the Allied Powers for preferential treatment. The Peace Powers were the United States, France, Mexico, Belgium, Holland, Spain, and Norway and Sweden. They all consented. An invitation then was sent to the Em-

peror of Russia requesting him to name three arbitrators to constitute the Tribunal to determine and settle the question of preferential treatment.

A few days after my interview with Mr. Hay, he wrote to me a note indicating that he had placated President Roosevelt, and that he hoped that I would proceed without delay to get the Hague Protocol signed. He also requested me not to publish a letter I had written for the press, explaining why I had felt unable to join in the invitation to the President to serve as arbitrator. I went to see Mr. Hay, to answer his letter in person, and I got the impression from him that he had believed that I was right from the beginning, but that he wanted, very naturally, to report to President Roosevelt that his mission to me had been successful. The press of the country expressed so much satisfaction that resort would be had to The Hague that President Roosevelt at once claimed the credit for himself. But, of course, he could no more refer a controversy between the three Allied Powers and Venezuela to The Hague than the King of Siam could. As a matter of fact, he did his best to keep the matter from going to The Hague, so as to settle it himself, and Mr. Hay helped him to the full extent of his power and influence.

In the midst of the negotiations, when Germany was making demands for a large cash payment of about \$360,000, I was immensely pleased to receive



from Andrew Carnegie an offer to send to me a cheque for that amount if I wanted it. I telegraphed back to him, declining his generous offer; and then I wrote a note to Castro about it. He was profoundly touched by the incident, and sent to Mr. Carnegie one of the higher Venezuelan orders, in token of his gratitude.

I was too busy during the negotiations to accept many social invitations; but Mrs. Bowen and I attended a musicale at the White House, a ball at the British Embassy, several dinners, and we had luncheon and tea frequently at Mr. Hay's house; and I went once with Mr. Hay to the White House to take luncheon with the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, Alice Roosevelt, General Wood, and Mr. and Mrs. LaFarge of New York. The President was in an inquisitive mood, and questioned me very closely about what was in the back of my mind when I tried to settle with Great Britain alone. I finally told him that I had hoped to isolate Germany, and then to wait for a pretext to drive her out of American waters. He scowled, and replied, "If we had had to fight, I should have wanted to strike the first blow, and sink all of her ships right here." Mr. Hay, thereupon, made some jocose remark that reminded us that planning the past over again is fearfully futile.

Whenever we went to Mr. Hay's house for tea,



Henry Adams was always there. He was devoted to Mr. Hay, and always let him do most of the talking. He was about the same height and age as Mr. Hay was; but he did not have Mr. Hay's magnetism nor intellectual buoyancy. He was too conscious of being Henry Adams, and he could not get into touch with humanity, but only with himself and his few chosen friends. He was evidently driven by the loneliness of his spirit to seek diversion in metaphysical speculation. One could imagine that he would almost revel in such contrarities as the doctrine of "the identity of opposites." He was not unpleasantly pessimistic, however, nor was he offensively egotistical. He was simply disappointing. Instead of being a fine, hearty, healthy-minded man, as he should have been, he allowed himself to go through life hypnotized and hobbled with ennui.

One of the pleasant afternoons we had in Washington was passed with Admiral and Mrs. Dewey at their house. He looked vigorous and capable of fighting anything afloat, except the current rumors that he was uxorious. It was plain to see that he was very devoted to his wife, and she to him; but there was nothing censurable about the intensity of their love, any more than there is about the intensity of the fragrance of a rose. He showed to us his Navy trophies and public gifts, and told us the whole story of his fight in Manila Bay. He was much pleased to

be in Washington, and he spoke with keen appreciation of a remark that Roosevelt had made to Secretary Root a few days before, when he had exchanged bows with them in the street. After the Admiral had passed on, Roosevelt exclaimed to Root, "A fine old fellow!" Root repeated the remark to Dewey the following day. "Was that not fine of the President?" he asked us. "Yes," I answered, "it is always fine to be appreciative." The only person the Admiral spoke against was President Harrison, and he said of him, "He was a very small man in every way. He used to say to Hitt, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House, 'What may I have the pleasure of refusing you to-day?' " After a cup of tea, we took our leave. The Admiral followed us to the door, and said in his simple, unaffected way, "You have honored me." As I raised my hat I replied, "We shall always honor you."

Another man that quoted Roosevelt to me was the banker, Seligman, of New York. He came one morning to me directly from the White House, and said that Roosevelt had authorized him to present the following scheme to me: A syndicate composed of British, German and American bankers will pay off Venezuela's entire indebtedness if allowed to have 40 per cent of the income of the Custom Houses of LaGuayra and Puerto Cabello. "What profit would the syndicate expect?" I asked. He replied,

“Ten per cent, and we would appoint you our agent.” I laughed, and then said very earnestly, “Go back to the White House, and tell the President that I am here to save money for Venezuela, and not to spend it; that I have arranged to take from her Custom Houses only 30 per cent, while you want 40 per cent; that your plan would relieve the Foreign Powers of their worry, and pass it on to the United States: and that it would take foreign warships away from Venezuela, and might send ours there, to compel her to meet her obligations.” And then I added, “You could hardly expect me to work against the interests of both the United States and Venezuela, in order to favor your syndicate; and I certainly should be in a very unenviable position if I accepted the Agency you mention, even if it netted me a million or two. Return with a scheme that will save money for Venezuela, that will enhance our prestige, and that will ensure peace, and I will give you a respectful hearing.” He smiled Jewishly, and departed. From that moment I never considered Roosevelt an upright man.

Our stay at the Arlington Hotel while in Washington was very pleasant. The Roots resided there permanently, and also the Platts of Connecticut, the Hannas of Ohio, and the Aldriches of Rhode Island; and we met there many delightful transients, like Rudyard Kipling; Sargent, the painter; Nevin, the

composer; Mayor Seth Low of New York, and Miss Mildred Lee, daughter of General Lee. During my last talk with Secretary Root before leaving Washington, he said, after congratulating me on having got all the protocols signed, "The Monroe Doctrine is stronger than ever, and the United States stands better than ever before with the South-American Republics."

Mr. Hay's farewell to me was very characteristic of him: he sent me his official card, on which he had written these words:

"A big chore well done."

## CHAPTER XXV

**B**EFORE leaving Washington in May, 1903, I recommended that Wayne MacVeagh, former Attorney-General of the United States, and Judge Penfield, Solicitor of the Department of State, be associated with me as counsel for the United States and Venezuela in the arbitration proceedings at The Hague, and they both received commissions from Roosevelt and Castro, and I also received a commission from Roosevelt. I did not need one from Castro, as I had my plenary powers.

I made a hurried trip to Caracas so as to report what I had done. Castro wanted to give me a public reception, but I declined that honor. Then he suggested that a special medal be presented to me by the Venezuelan Congress. I told him that I wanted nothing but his full support until the case was ended, and he assured me that he would not fail me. I then returned to the States, and arrived in time to attend the Commencement exercises at Yale. An honorary degree was conferred on me there, and I received an ovation which was far in excess of my deserts, but which was, nevertheless, very delightful.

After a few weeks of golf in Woodstock, Mrs. Bowen and I sailed for Bremen. On landing there, we went for a pleasure trip to Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, glorious Weimar, Frankfort, Mainz and Cologne, arriving at The Hague in time for me to have a conference with MacVeagh and Penfield before the opening of the Court on the first of September.

When that date arrived, only Mourarvieff, the President of the Tribunal, put in an appearance, and he announced that the other arbitrators had not been named. It seems that France and Spain were delaying the proceedings, hoping to have French made the official language of the Court, instead of English as provided in my protocol. The wire-pulling extended over all of Europe, but it was useless; for, as I told the President of the Court, no cases would ever be taken to the Court if the protocols that carry them there are amended without the consent of those that sign them. Mourarvieff himself had been working with the French and Spanish foreign offices; but after my talk with him he ordered all opposition to the protocol to cease, and the Emperor of Russia thereupon appointed the other two arbitrators, Martens and Lammarch.

Meanwhile MacVeagh chafed so at the delay, and worked himself into such a fit of temper, that Mr. Newell, our Minister at The Hague, begged me to join with him in sending a cablegram to Mr. Hay

asking that MacVeagh be recalled. I refused. I went to see MacVeagh, to reason with him; but I found him angrier than ever because he had learned that Mourarvieff in a café had stigmatized Americans as "canaille." He finally calmed down, and when the Court opened in the early days of October he was in a fairly good mood.

I had written to Mr. Hay a carefully worded letter describing the situation as it was during September, and I received this answer to it:

October 14, 1903

My dear Mr. Bowen:—

I have received your letter of the 4th of October, and have read it with great interest, and have shown it to the President.

I congratulate you on having got the arbitration started under such favorable auspices. You had a difficult and delicate piece of work to accomplish, and I think you have, so far, been very successful.

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN HAY."

I replied, "In such a case as this is, one must expect difficulties of all kinds, and must try to create as few as possible."

As the opening arguments of MacVeagh and of our opponents were very long and labored, I submitted to the Tribunal the following brief, stating the facts in the case clearly and concisely so that they would not be lost sight of:

"The demand of the Allied Powers for preferential treatment indicates a complete indifference to the rights of others.



Nations, like individuals, must respect the rights of others, or be prepared to incur the peril of being forced to respect them.

Municipal law protects the individual and can punish violations of his rights.

International law, in the same way, protects the nation in principle, but in practice the nation must protect itself unless it can induce some third nation to intervene, or can get its cause submitted to arbitration.

There can be no doubt that, if the Allied Powers had seized the revenues of Venezuela and appropriated them for the exclusive purpose of paying to themselves the amount of their own claims, the other claimant nations would have been perfectly justified in maintaining that the Allied Powers had trampled on their rights by appropriating to themselves revenues out of which the other claimant nations expected to have their claims paid.

That consideration prevented the Allied Powers from insisting on appropriating to themselves the thirty per cent of the revenues of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, and forced them to bring their claims to the Hague Tribunal.

In other words, the Allied Powers realized that, if they insisted on taking the whole thirty per cent by force, the other claimant nations would be justified in trying to prevent them by force from carrying out their object.

To avert, therefore, the possibility of war, they consented to present the matter to the Hague Tribunal for decision.

It was a wise and creditable step for them to take, for now this Tribunal is afforded an opportunity to establish a precedent, which will decide the question as to whether or not a claimant nation, having undertaken a war against a debtor nation, may attempt to settle its claims in such a way as to derogate from the rights of other claimant nations, and thus provide them with a reasonable cause of complaint that might induce them to maintain their rights by force.

Forcible methods beget forcible methods in such a case as

this, and peaceable methods beget peaceable methods, all contentions and arguments of the Allied Powers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Why the Allied Powers resorted to warlike measures is a question which even they can not answer in a creditable way.

They never expected to have to answer it.

They expected simply to demand and to receive.

They never counted on serious opposition: but they met it.

Venezuela could not consent to granting them preferential treatment over her other creditors who had pursued peaceable methods with her.

Was she not bound to be grateful to them?

Is it not right that a nation should encourage other nations to treat her with respect and amity?

The Allied Powers virtually say "No"; but Venezuela and the United States answer "Decidedly Yes."

What is to become of the comity of nations if friendly treatment is to be put below insult and injury?

It is the peculiar duty of nations to be friendly; for the nations constitute a family, and are expected, consequently, to be patient with one another and long-suffering.

In this very case Venezuela and the United States are entirely free from all animosity. They respect and honor not only the nations associated with them, but also the Allied Powers. The only distinction we make is that in this controversy the Allied Powers have made a mistake and are demanding of the Hague Tribunal a right to which they are not entitled.

Even if all the claims the Allied Powers had against Venezuela were just, they were in duty-bound to wait for a proper moment before trying to collect them.

What moment did they select?

The moment when Venezuela was most preoccupied; when she was straining every nerve to suppress a revolution; when she needed all her revenues to supply herself with the sinews of war.

Whoever heard before of presenting a bill on a battle field. And what was the bill for? Claims, just and unjust, reasonable and ridiculous—all mixed together, and none of them bearing the approval of a Court of Justice or a Board of Award.

If a lack of tact and good sense could be punished, Venezuela would be entitled to exemplary damages from the Allied Powers far in excess of even their combined claims.

Venezuela, be it known, had never refused to pay any just claim that might be brought against her at the proper time.

She was anxious to wipe out her foreign indebtedness; but she felt she must delay doing so until she had re-established peace within her territory.

Her position was sound, strong, and sensible.

It deserved the respect and sympathy of the civilized world.

Her efforts now to secure equality of treatment for all of her creditors are among the noblest efforts ever put forth by any nation, great or small.

They do honor to her; they do honor to mankind; and they do honor to the principle of Justice, which the Allied Powers are now attacking before this Tribunal in demanding that they be accorded preferential treatment.

Justice may be insulted, attacked, and defeated again and again; but in the end She will always triumph, and lead her enemies as well as all the rest of mankind to higher and nobler conceptions of duty, equity, and right.

HERBERT W. BOWEN,  
Of Counsel for the United States."

On November 4th the Tribunal adjourned for a week; so as to allow Counsel time to prepare their final briefs. I decided to do my work in Paris, and Mrs. Bowen and I went there by way of Brussels. I prepared my final brief in two days, and had it printed by a firm recommended by our Embassy. As

soon as I was free, Ambassador Porter asked us to take luncheon with him at his favorite café. He told us all about his work in discovering the grave of Paul Jones, and the proof he accumulated that the remains that were found were those of Paul Jones and not of any one else. The night before we returned to The Hague he had us at dinner, his only other guest being Elihu Root, who was in Europe on official business. After the dinner was over, Secretary Root introduced the subject of the Panama Canal, and we were soon discussing how it might be taken by the United States. The ideas that were suggested were not very brilliant, but they were plain and rugged, and would have been rather less offensive than the puerile plan of seizure was that was put into operation a few weeks after Secretary Root's return to Washington.

The day we returned to The Hague I found the following very valuable letter from Andrew Carnegie, to whom I had written asking him to inform me how and when he had begun to be interested in arbitration and in founding a Temple of Peace at The Hague:

New York, November 11, 1903

Dear Mr. Bowen,

In answer to request in yours of the 29th, I have from the earliest times favored arbitration. As Vice-president of the Arbitration Society, I introduced to President Cleveland the Parliamentary Committee to urge a treaty between the two

branches of the English-speaking race. I think the killing of men by men like wild beasts the foulest blot upon humanity, and one which makes a mockery of our claims to civilization.

In regard to the Hague Tribunal, I have from the first believed the founding of such a tribunal the greatest single step forward that has yet been taken in the history of man. In a century or two from now, it will be so regarded, looking over history from the beginning, and the name of every man connected with it will be held in increasing reverence as the world advances. You can gather from this, my dear Mr. Bowen, how I considered it one of the greatest privileges of my life to be connected with the founding of the Temple of Peace.

Very truly yours,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Mr. Herbert W. Bowen

C/o Legation of the United States

The Hague, Holland."

The following day the Counsel began their final arguments. MacVeagh, Penfield and I felt sure by this time that the Tribunal in making its decision would be guided by the general principles of International Law favoring war and war-procedure. Primarily International Law is the law of war, and only secondarily is it concerned with the rights of neutrals. What neutrals have got has been obtained principally by treaties and conventions; and if those treaties and conventions were generally approved, the neutral rights they conceded were considered to be established. We knew that it was really too much to expect that a Tribunal composed of Euro-

peans would hold that it was iniquitous to go to war about claims, or that creditors pursuing peaceable methods were entitled to as much respect and favor as were those who had resorted to blockades and bombardments. But we were glad to champion the cause of peace; and we could not but feel that we had, at least, succeeded in impressing on the public mind the desirability of demanding that the nations agree that claims of a pecuniary nature should not be collectable by force unless a debtor nation refuses to arbitrate or to abide by an arbitral award.

The proceedings ended with a dinner given by Mourarvieff, at which all of the arbitrators and counsel were present, as well as some of the Dutch high officials. Just before we left the table Mourarvieff called on me for a speech. I made but a few remarks, and when I sat down I was greatly surprised to see all the others rise, and wave their napkins at me. As they all knew that it was I who had been responsible for having the Venezuelan case brought to The Hague, I naturally interpreted their enthusiasm as a tribute to the principle of arbitration.

The decision was handed down in a few weeks, and, as we had expected, it gave preferential treatment to the Allied Powers, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy.



## CHAPTER XXVI

**A**LTHOUGH we had found in our week-end trips and drives through Holland much in its museums, landscapes, and shops that was captivating, still there was always a suggestion of grossness everywhere, and especially in the people, all of whom, including the Royal family, seemed middle-class not only in feature and figure, but even in their neatness, their piety, and their docility. So, without feeling any of that delightful regret that stirs one's emotions when one leaves a country where one has resided for a time, ever more and more enchanted with its culture and charm, we bade Holland adieu, and journeyed to England.

During our brief stay in London we called at our Embassy. We met there William Jennings Bryan. I had never seen him before, and I was quite pleased with his spontaneous talk and unaffected manners. Mrs. Bowen asked him, as he was leaving, to write his name in her autograph book, which she had brought with her in order to secure Mr. Choate's signature. Mr. Bryan gallantly took the book, and just as gallantly remarked, "I never like to refuse a



Southern lady anything." After he had complied with her request, he returned the book to her, and she then extended it to Mr. Choate. He glanced at Mr. Bryan's signature and the space under it, and then exclaimed, "I wouldn't serve under him, and I will not write under him," and, while we all laughed, he turned over the leaf, and signed his name on a clean page.

Mr. Choate took us home to lunch with him. His wife and daughter and Henry White were the only other persons at the table; and we all talked so much that I believe every one of us left the table hungry.

The following morning Mr. Bryan called on us at the hotel, and he asked me many questions about arbitration. I told him that any kind of arbitration is better than war in all cases of a pecuniary nature, and that if absolutely impartial arbitration could be found, it would be better than war in all other cases. And then I asserted that the only nations capable of furnishing arbitrators that would be independent, conscientious, and free from national bias were the United States and Great Britain. He replied that he thought I lacked faith. "If I thought so," I retorted, with a laugh, "I should borrow some of yours, for you evidently have a superabundance of it." Always after that I thought of him as the man of superabundant faith; and I believe he was, in politics, in religion, and in himself.

We sailed for home on the 28th of November, and, on landing, took the train for Washington, where I had two talks with President Roosevelt. His first remark to me was an expression of regret that he had not had me at Panama when it was taken away, a short time before, from the Colombians. I answered that I was always willing to serve our country at any time, in any place. I knew from his remark that Secretary Root had told him about the conversation that took place at the Embassy in Paris a few weeks before Panama was seized. The rest of his talk with me related to routine matters.

There was a Special Colombian Envoy in Washington at that time, General Reyes, a very enlightened man, who afterwards became President of Colombia. He called on me at the hotel, and he seemed to hope that the Canal would be returned to Colombia. I advised him to accept the loss as a *fait accompli*, and to go home, as President Roosevelt would never yield to any demand he might make.

When I saw Mr. Hay I expressed great surprise that Loomis, my predecessor in Venezuela, had been made Assistant-Secretary of State, and I asked how he had happened to be selected. Mr. Hay looked very much disturbed, and said, "I do not know. I know nothing about it." I then explained to him that although I hardly knew the man, and had nothing against him personally, I should be very uneasy,

during Mr. Hay's absences from Washington, if I were under the orders of Loomis. He thereupon promised me that he would arrange to have Adee and Penfield put exclusively in charge of Venezuelan matters whenever he left town. Loomis had been recalled from Venezuela, as he was *persona non grata* there. His general reputation was as well known to Mr. Hay as it was to me; and, as it was a disagreeable subject, we did not discuss it more than was necessary. Relying on Mr. Hay's assurance that Loomis would have nothing to do with sending any orders to me, I took my leave of him, and, after a short stay in New York, we returned to Caracas.

When our ship stopped at Curaçao, Matos, the defeated Venezuelan revolutionary leader, came on board to talk with me. He looked like a gentleman and a gentle man—far too gentle to lead a revolt. He talked very fast, and every word he spoke proved his incompetence to rule. He said that he wanted to return to Caracas, and promised that he would keep the peace if pardoned. The sons of Guzman Blanco, ex-President of Venezuela, also came on board to see me, and to ask me to secure permission from Castro for them to return home and bring their mother.

We arrived in Caracas the following day, and that same afternoon I called on Castro, and he patted me on the back, and was very cordial. After he had

heard my report about the arbitration proceedings at The Hague, he said that he would like to express his gratitude to me in some way. I told him that he could do three things for me. "I will do them," he answered impetuously. "Very well," I replied, "my first request is that you will pay to the United States the claim of about \$75,000 which your Government agreed to pay some years ago, and which my Government is constantly insisting that I must collect." He looked rather annoyed, but answered, "It shall be paid to-morrow." "My next request," I added, "is that you will allow the widow of Ex-President Blanco to return to Caracas." He laughed, and quickly said, "I promise that too." Then I asked him to release his political prisoners from the dungeons where they were suffering untold horrors. He reflected for a moment, and then declared that he would begin at once to release them, but that he could not set them all free at once. As I arose to go he remarked, "You have asked nothing for yourself." I laughed, and said, "No; I have everything I want in life."

Nothing of moment occurred during the next few months; and, as the work of the Legation was in good shape, my secretary, Mr. Russell, asked for a change of post, and word came from Washington that he might go to Panama. Before leaving he transferred to me the Archives of the Legation, as

the newly-appointed Secretary had not arrived to take charge of them, that being always the duty of the Secretary. Happening to look at them a few days later, I saw that Russell had left a bundle of papers in such a prominent place that they could not fail to attract my attention at once. I read them carefully, and they disclosed:

1. That Loomis had bought part of the Mercado Claim and collected it from the Venezuelan Government.
2. That Loomis had secured for services rendered and to be rendered the promise of one-seventh of ten million dollars (nearly one million and a half dollars) if the Mayers-loan scheme was carried out.
3. That Loomis had received from Castro a note addressed to him as the representative of an American syndicate.
4. That Loomis had received an assignment from A. F. Jaurett.
5. That Loomis had been given a power of attorney authorizing him to incorporate in the United States "The Guana Gold Mining and Exploration Company," with a capital of three million dollars.
6. That Loomis had secured from Paquet & Co. a promise to offer to him, before any one else, mining concessions.
7. That Loomis had obtained a partnership offer in a railway concession, to be sold for about \$240,000, of which he was to receive as his share twenty-five per cent.
8. That Loomis had got a receipt from Paquet & Co. for about \$6,000 for wharf bonds.
9. And that Loomis had made an agreement with Mr. Conde about a National loan for Venezuela of about twenty-six million dollars.

On my first voyage to Venezuela I met the Caracas banker of Loomis, and he spoke to me about the busi-

ness enterprises in which Loomis had been engaged while Minister there; and Russell, the Secretary of the Legation, also told me about them, and he mentioned a mysterious entry of ten thousand dollars, which he told me the manager of the Asphalt Company in Caracas had informed him was on the books of his company, and I learned that everybody in town was familiar with both stories. I paid no attention to them officially, however, for they seemed to me to come clearly under the head of hearsay, but when I found the foregoing documents I felt that they constituted substantial evidence of wrongdoing, and I sent copies of them forthwith to Mr. Hay.

I naturally expected that he would show them to Loomis and ask for an explanation, and that if the explanation were satisfactory, he would so inform me, and thus make it incumbent on me to put an end to the scandal, which, of course, I should have been delighted to do. On the other hand, I just as naturally expected that if Mr. Hay could not get a satisfactory explanation from Loomis he would prefer charges against him, or let him resign. My surprise, therefore, was intense, when I received from Mr. Hay the following letter, which I publish *now for the first time*:

March 21, 1904.

My dear Mr. Bowen:—

I received in due time your letter with its enclosures, as



also the letter from C (an ex-official of the Department of State) to R. (Russell).

I have been greatly surprised and pained in reading the documents you sent me. I have, as yet, taken no action on them. I have not even called them to the attention of the party most directly interested (Loomis). I think I shall wait until some time when Mr. R. (Russell) is passing through Washington, and go over the matter with him. I can see no good in starting the newspapers on so painful a subject. I recognize, as you do, the fact that such documents should not be left on file in your Legation. I should be glad, therefore, if you would send them to me in an envelope marked 'private and confidential.' I have no apprehension in regard to the use you might make of them, but some of your successors might not be so discreet and considerate.

Judge Penfield is away from Washington at this moment, and I am retaining your letter of the 6th of March to consult with him before giving it attention.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY."

That letter shows conclusively that Mr. Hay was afraid to act, and that he regarded the documents, as I had, as real evidence of wrong-doing, for he said they "surprised and pained" him. Why did he not show them to Loomis? Was he afraid of the President? Or was he simply disinclined to start trouble?

I hardly knew what reply to make to his letter, but I finally wrote urging him to lay the whole matter before the President, who, I thought, would live up to the reputation he had carefully established for himself as a man who believed in giving what he



called "a square deal" to everybody, and who would insist that every official under him should have a reputation—to use another of his phrases—"as clean as a hound's tooth." I felt that if Loomis were guiltless the President would see that justice was done to him; but that if he proved to be a grafter the President would get rid of him, and save the country, and particularly Mr. Hay, from the ignominy of having him continue to be Assistant-Secretary of State.

Mr. Hay, on the receipt of my letter, decided to take my advice, and go to the President. He went, and the interview must have appalled him, to judge by the following two letters of widely differing dates which he enclosed in the same envelope, and which I *now publish for the first time*:

"June 25, 1904.

Dear Mr. Bowen:—

I wrote the enclosed two months ago, but for some reason or another I laid it aside and then forgot it. I came across it this morning. I send it, as it is, as a mere verbal communication.

I have talked of the matter with the President. I have also gone over it with Mr. Russell. I am to consult also with Gen. Greene. I shall destroy your personal letters on the subject. I think you might as well destroy mine. I have not mentioned the matter to Mr. L. (Loomis). I shall not mention your letters nor allude to your feelings towards him.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY."

Mr. Hay's enclosure—dated April 14, 1904

"I have your letter and the accompanying documents.

"I am sorry you saw fit to make copies of them. I think your responsibility in the case was discharged when you brought the matter to my attention, and I must exercise my judgment as to the time and manner in which I will lay it before the President. You are young and combative; I am old and inert, but I think I am right in saying that nothing but harm can come to any one from the sort of attack you meditate. You have many friends; the person you propose to attack has just as many and just as powerful. You may be successful in your attack, but it will be energetically met, and, no matter on which side the merit and blamelessness be, there will be serious damage done to both. You should consider also what an infinite load of cares rests upon the President and upon myself, and you ought not to add to them. You will remember that you have not been free from attacks yourself. I have always taken your part, not only from personal liking, but from a conviction of your merits, your ability, your courage, and your integrity, but no man, especially no young man of ambition and bright prospects, can afford needlessly to add to the number of his enemies.

Perhaps all this may simply confirm you in your intention to have it out with the man you dislike, but, nevertheless, I have thought it my duty in the interest of everybody, to say it."

Those letters indicate very plainly:

1. That President Roosevelt was the first person to whom Mr. Hay showed the Loomis documents.
2. That Roosevelt, instead of summoning Loomis to explain them, told Mr. Hay that he would punish me if I did not shield Loomis.
3. That Roosevelt realized that the publication of the scandal might ruin Loomis, and decided that if it did he would ruin me, too.

4. That a powerful crowd was backing Loomis, and that it was clearly the Asphalt Crowd and their Senators and Representatives, as Mr. Hay said in his letter after talking with Roosevelt, that he must see General Greene, who was the President, at that time, of the Asphalt Trust.
5. That Mr. Hay would never of his own accord, have gone to the President of the Asphalt Trust for orders, and that, consequently, Roosevelt sent him.
6. That it was humiliating for Mr. Hay, as Secretary of State, to take orders from the President of the Asphalt Trust, but that he obeyed Roosevelt rather than break with him, and ruin the chances of his son-in-law, Wadsworth, for political preferment in New York.
7. That Mr. Hay was completely cowed.
8. That it was absolutely necessary to keep Russell quiet, as he was in Caracas as Secretary while Loomis was there as Minister, and that Mr. Hay was ordered to see Russell, also. (I may mention here that Russell after his conference with Mr. Hay was promoted to be Minister, and has been kept in the service up to date, April, 1926.)
9. And that Mr. Hay, although pleading with me to save him and Roosevelt from further worry, still felt that I had conscience enough to resist his appeal, and strength and courage enough to fight, if necessary.

As Mr. Hay, when he wrote the foregoing letters, had not yet seen General Greene, it seemed to me that there was nothing for me to do but await developments. There was no need for me to bring charges against Loomis; for the documents I had sent to Mr. Hay were themselves clear and concise charges; and if I should prefer any, they would undoubtedly be pigeon-holed. On the other hand, I could not break the rule of the Department of State

forbidding diplomats to start controversies in the newspapers; for to break that rule would be to court instant dismissal. Moreover, there was an outbreak of hostilities between the rival asphalt camps at that moment, and I felt that I had an opportunity to settle that controversy and any other that might arise with the Venezuelan Government, by inducing Castro to agree to a scheme of general arbitration that I had in mind. He favored it quite enthusiastically, and it was approved by Roosevelt and Mr. Hay. I sent it, therefore, to Washington in order that it might there be put in the form of a treaty, and then be sent back to Caracas for Castro's signature.

Some New York newspapers now arrived, stating that the relations between Mr. Hay and Loomis were not good, and that Mr. Hay was ill.

A few days later I received a cablegram containing a protocol covering only the asphalt case, and it was signed by Loomis, who ordered me to submit it to the Venezuelan Government. I took it to Castro, and he indignantly refused to accept it, saying, "You promised me a general arbitration treaty, and you bring me a protocol referring to nothing but asphalt." I could make no explanation; but I am sure that he understood the situation the moment he saw that the cablegram was signed by Loomis. Castro's Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Sanabria, re-

signed when he heard the news, and I felt like doing the same; but I saw that it was my duty more than ever to protect my legation. Hardly had I come to that decision when my colleagues, the French Minister and the Spanish Minister, called on me, and told me that the custodian of the asphalt lake had a cheque in his possession with which Loomis had been paid for promising that the United States would not intervene to call the custodian to account.

As Mr. Hay was back in his office, I cabled that information to him. He replied by cable that I should have denied the story. I answered that it would have been useless. He then cabled to me, offering me promotion. It was arranged that if I accepted I was to go first to Chili and then be made Ambassador to Brazil and then Ambassador to Italy. I should have been delighted to accept an honorable promotion; but I felt that the one offered me was a bribe, and, therefore, I declined it.

Mr. Hay then suffered a complete break-down, and went to Europe; but before he left he must have given a hint in some way that all was not well in Caracas, for some newspaper men representing the New York *Herald* soon put in an appearance. When they had picked up all the information they could from the Venezuelan officials and from my colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps, they called on me. I refused to speak for publication or to be quoted. I

gave them my private view and opinion, just as all my colleagues had done. The stories were as public as the Dreyfus scandal had been in France, and the newspaper men soon came to the conclusion that the scandal should be investigated, and not suppressed: so they returned to the States, and put all the information they had obtained before Loomis. His explanation evidently did not satisfy them; for they returned to New York and published in their newspaper the whole story. Roosevelt now decided that there must be an investigation, and he directed Taft, who, after Mr. Hay went to Europe, had been put in charge of the Department of State, to cable me to come home, and to state that Loomis charged me with instigating the publication of the scandal, but that if I had not done any wrong I should receive the Ambassadorship to Brazil. On the receipt of Taft's cablegram, Mrs. Bowen and I bade our friends in Caracas adieu, and left for Washington.

## CHAPTER XXVII

I ARRIVED in Washington on the 14th of May, 1905, and I called the following morning on Roosevelt. We bowed very formally to each other, and I said, "I have come to report to you, Mr. President." He paused for a moment, and then replied, "Report to Secretary Taft." Thereupon I bowed again, and withdrew. From the White House I went directly to the War Department, and had a pleasant little chat with Taft, who told me that he was to pass on Loomis's case, and that the President would deal with mine.

Taft, who no longer was doing any towering as a moral force, as he wanted Roosevelt's aid to secure the Presidency, then proceeded to hold hearings. He examined both the New York *Herald* reporters and Richard Harding Davis, Caspar Whitney, all the business friends of Loomis that came to Washington to testify for him, and Loomis's three intimate cronies, Jaurett, Dolge and Olcott, alone and behind closed doors, without giving me any opportunity to cross-examine them. When he had finished with them, he notified me that he had secured no evidence that supported my charges, and that I



should attend the hearings, as I was the prosecutor. I answered that I had never preferred charges against Loomis, but that the newspapers had, and that the documents in the case themselves constituted charges; and I then ridiculed the idea he had advanced that I was the prosecutor in the case, and stated that if I were it would have been very improper for him to examine all the principal witnesses behind doors that were closed to me. I offered, however, to help him, and suggested that I be the head of a Commission to go to Caracas and examine there the men who had dealt with Loomis and shared with him the profits of their various business enterprises. Taft referred my suggestion to Roosevelt, and it was abruptly declined. I then asked him to call Mr. Unwin and Mr. Barbour, who had been officers of the asphalt ring when Loomis was Minister at Caracas, and to get their testimony. They answered the call promptly, Mr. Unwin was examined first, and Taft learned from him that he was the Traveling Auditor of the Asphalt Company, and that he had understood \$10,000 had been paid by the Company to Loomis. As Taft did not seem inclined to elucidate the matter, I asked to cross-examine the witness, and the following is a repetition from the official record of what was said:

Mr. Bowen: "You all understood that it was a payment for Mr. Loomis?"

Mr. Unwin: "Yes, Sir."

Mr. Bowen: "That means a bribe?"

Mr. Unwin: "We did not know what it was for. It looked that way to us."

Mr. Bowen: "You understood it was a bribe?"

Mr. Unwin: "Either that or payment for some service rendered."

Mr. Bowen: "Don't you think it was a bribe?"

Mr. Unwin: "That is an ugly expression."

Mr. Bowen: "Ministers are not paid for services—everything outside of a salary must be in the nature of a bribe."

Mr. Taft: "I would not argue with the witness, Mr. Bowen."

Mr. Barbour was then examined by Taft, who elicited from the witness that he had been President of the National Asphalt Company up to January 3, 1901; that while he was President no money had been paid to Loomis, but that subsequently he had heard rumors. Taft, at that point, turned the witness over to me. I now quote from the official record:

Mr. Bowen: "Were there any rumors in the office with which you were connected to the effect that money had been paid to Mr. Loomis?"

Mr. Barbour: "There were."

Mr. Bowen: "What was the amount mentioned?"

Mr. Barbour: "There was an amount mentioned—\$10,000."

Mr. Bowen: "And was there any date mentioned—approximately I mean—whether it took place in 1900, 1901, or any other——" -

Mr. Barbour: "I understood it was 1901. That is my understanding of it."

Mr. Bowen: "If it were shown in this investigation that

money had been used by the New York and Bermudez Company in any such irregular and unusual way, would it not necessarily lead to proceedings against the Company on behalf of the stockholders?"

Mr. Barbour: "I should think it might."

Mr. Bowen: "Therefore it would be in the interest of the Company to keep this as quiet as possible?"

Mr. Barbour: "I think that is correct."

Mr. Bowen: "What is your opinion of Mr. Unwin's character? Is he a good man, a man you would respect?"

Mr. Barbour: "A man of entire creditability, in my opinion."

The record now showed that two respectable officers of the asphalt ring believed that Loomis had received a cheque for \$10,000 for services, and that others, also, in their offices, believed the rumors. Hence it was impossible to charge me with starting the rumors about either the Loomis cheque or his business transactions, for those rumors all existed before I went to Venezuela.

It was now necessary for me to prove that I did not instigate the publication of the scandal.

In Taft's private examination of the two *Herald* reporters, Dater and Biddle, who went together to Caracas, he ascertained from them that they knew all about the scandal before they saw me, and that I had refused to speak for publication or to be quoted, but that I had talked privately to them quite freely. Taft did not ask either of them whether I was re-

sponsible for the publication of the scandal; for he knew very well that when reporters have a sensational story they do not need to be urged to publish it, and that it is only when any one wants to suppress a story that one has to use any urging. Loomis, however, directly charged Richard Harding Davis and Caspar Whitney with having been urged by me to publish the scandal during their stay in Caracas just before I was recalled.

Richard Harding Davis testified, as the record shows, that I spoke to him only in a casual way about Loomis, and that, "so far from asking me to write anything, Mr. Bowen gave me to understand that it was an affair closed." Then he added, "The only value I have as a witness in coming here is that the people at home do not know the reputation of Loomis down there. The man may or may not be the most innocent person in the world, but he has associated with people who have brought him into disrepute, not only in Caracas but in every legation in Europe; and I do not see how he could be appointed to any position in the diplomatic field without insulting the people to whom he is sent."

As Mr. Davis was a guest at the White House, his testimony was not only a great surprise but a great shock to Roosevelt, as was also the testimony of Caspar Whitney, another intimate friend of his, who

also was a visitor at the White House. Whitney's testimony was embodied in a letter to Taft, and is so interesting that I will give it in full:

"No. 239 Fifth Ave., New York, June 6, 1905.

My Dear Sir:

Your letter of June 4th arrived during my absence from the city, and this is my first opportunity of answering. I am very glad to have the opportunity of writing you. I am sorry I have not had the pleasure of a personal meeting, but perhaps it will serve your purpose better to have what I have to say in black and white, over my signature.

You say Mr. Loomis mentions my name,

'as one of those to whom Mr. Bowen disclosed his belief in the truth of the charges against Loomis.'

You say, also that,

'Mr. Loomis also charges that Mr. Bowen instigated on your (my) part a publication of charges against Loomis.'

Both charges of Mr. Loomis are false; utterly without foundation. I have seen Bowen just three times in my life; twice in Caracas, and the third time about a week ago, here. I did not know him before I went to Caracas, and before I met him I had heard in Caracas the reports about Loomis and the Asphalt check, etc. Before I left Caracas I heard the same scandal discussed by foreign diplomatic representatives at Caracas—by the German and the French Ministers, and others.

The only conversation that Mr. Bowen and I ever had on the Loomis Asphalt scandal concerned itself entirely as to whether he knew of the matter as it was being talked about in the town. I asked him if he knew of the reports. He said he did. I followed that up by asking him if they knew at



Washington; to which he answered, they did. Mr. Bowen made no suggestion to me of writing anything about it one way or another. Most of our interview (which was not extended) was devoted to the discussion of an arbitration treaty at which all pending questions could be considered. I never heard Mr. Bowen express himself one way or another about Mr. Loomis, personally or officially.

I have never heard from other writers or newspaper men anything to suggest that Bowen was instigating the publication of charges against Loomis. With the subject common talk, there seemed no particular reason why any one should 'instigate' charges. The story was there, for anybody that wanted it, and could be heard at a dozen different places. It had become a chestnut. The timely topic when I was there was whether the United States was going to take the matter up and investigate on its own account.

That, I believe, sufficiently answers the charges of Mr. Loomis against Mr. Bowen, so far as I am concerned. If there is any other way in which I can serve you in the interest of a square deal, I should be very happy to do it.

As to my expenses to Washington, if, as you say, you feel that they should be paid by the Contingent Fund of the State Department, they amount to \$23.00; but I was perfectly willing to go there in the cause at my own expense.

Respectfully yours,

CASPAR WHITNEY.

Apropos of newspaper campaign, if you will not take offense at a suggestion, it might not prove uninteresting to investigate the newspaper campaign *against Bowen* which has been industriously waged from Washington for nearly a year."

My next step was to knock out the very slanderous testimony of Loomis's three cronies, whom he made his principal witnesses. I accomplished that

purpose by having Taft enter in the Records a letter from Captain Parker, the United States Military Attaché at Caracas, to his superior in Washington, Major Beach. It was this:

"American Legation,  
Caracas, Venezuela.  
May 27, 1905."

My dear Major Beach:

I noticed that Mr. Dolge, Mr. Jaurett and Mr. Olcott are attacking Mr. Bowen. I only hope that the authorities know the calibre of these men. Any one knowing the inside of the Olcott claim would understand that an *honest* Minister would not be popular with Olcott. As for Jaurett, an adventurer, ready to steal, lie, blackmail, whenever an opportunity presents itself, and usually looking for such opportunities. As for Dolge, a laundry man here seeking to ingratiate himself with the Government, and a greasy little chap whose one idea seems to be the dollar. Mr. Bowen would never associate with those men; would have nothing to do with them. I hope if Bowen's character is attacked some way will be found to obtain the opinion of the proper element of Caracas. Bowen had nothing to do with men whom he considered in any way crooked, and as a result he has many enemies. But he is highly respected by the other element here, and I hope this is known.

Yours very truly,  
FRANK PARKER.

All that remained for me now to do was to call on the principal newspaper correspondents in Washington to answer four questions I framed, that were designed to elicit from them information regarding



private talks between officials or diplomats with newspaper men.

What the questions were, and how they were answered, may be seen from this portion of the Record:

- "1. Have you or have you not often been granted private and confidential interviews with high officials of the United States and with the diplomats in Washington, with the understanding that you would not quote them?—A. Yes.
2. Is it not customary for high officials and diplomats to make use of the press when they think it is for their advantage or for the advantage of their respective countries?—A. It is.
3. Is it not so exceptional as to be almost unheard of that a representative of a respectable newspaper, when thus trusted, betrays the confidence reposed in him by quoting documents or oral statements, that it had been agreed were not to be mentioned?—A. Most exceptional.
4. Have you ever heard that any official of the United States has ever been punished because he trusted the representative of a respectable newspaper and was betrayed?—A. I have not."

ALFRED J. CLARKE,  
Correspondent of Washington Star.

The testimony was now all in. Taft directed me to see the President, and stated that he himself would soon render his decision. It was arranged for me to call on the President on the morning of June 20, 1905. The previous morning Penfield, who was the Solicitor of the Department of State, told me that Mr. Hay had landed, and was hurrying on to Washington, as he wished to see me. He told me

to call at Mr. Hay's house at seven in the evening. I arrived there punctually, and found Mr. Hay alone in the dining-room, just concluding a very simple meal. He looked so worn and weary that I decided at once not to discuss the scandal with him. He began to speak right away of how grieved he was that I was in trouble, and told me that I had always been one of his favorites. He declared that he would call on the President the next day and see what he could do. He then asked me whether I had offered his letters to me in evidence. I told him that I had not, but that I had quoted his words, "I am greatly shocked and pained," in his first letter to me after receiving the Loomis documents. He nodded approval, and then, as I rose and extended my hand, he took it with the old sweeping movement of his arm which he used to indulge in with some of his personal friends.

The following morning, in the company of my brother, Clarence, I went to the White House, where we were received by Roosevelt and Taft. The moment Roosevelt saw me he said, "I have not decided to do anything to you." As I interpreted that remark to mean that he expected me to answer that there was no need for him to, as I had decided to submit to his judgment, I looked him in the eye, and replied, "If I had my work to do over again, I should do exactly the same." Thereupon he raised his arms

despairingly, and said to Taft, "You see it is useless." He then lost his temper completely, paced up and down the room, and shouted at me all sorts of charges and criticisms, which I refuted by simply remarking, "And yet you were willing to make me an Ambassador." He replied to that remark, "Yes; I would have done a great deal to hush up the scandal." Finally he calmed down enough to ask for my resignation. "Why do you wish me to resign?" I asked. "Because you talked to reporters," he answered. "We all talk to reporters, Mr. President," I replied, "you and Secretary Taft, and every official I have ever known. There is no rule against expressing our personal views, provided we refuse to be quoted." He knew that statement to be true, and he did not attempt to answer it. My brother then said to him that if he thought I had done anything wrong, he should dismiss me with a reprimand; "but if you do," my brother added, "you will make a great mistake." The President flashed a look of anger at me, and then said, "I'll dismiss him with a reprimand," and then he turned his back on me, and I left the room, followed by my brother.

I was, of course, sorry to have to leave the service, but I felt that I would rather be a Minister dismissed for upholding the truth than be made an Ambassador for suppressing it.

Taft, accepting all of Loomis's explanations, now

published his decision, which exonerated Loomis completely. He found that there was no evidence of bribery, and that Loomis's schemes to make money were all legitimate transactions; but, evidently somewhat conscience-stricken, he completely destroyed the moral effect of the exoneration he bestowed on Loomis by concluding his report with these words:

"I can not say, because I do not think, that the record of Mr. Loomis as minister in Venezuela, as shown in this record, is such as to disqualify him from service as minister in the diplomatic service of the United States, but I sincerely hope that his bitter experience in this case makes it unnecessary further to point the moral that one who occupies the position of minister of the United States can not afford, in any country in which business enterprises must more or less be affected by government favor and concession, to make personal investments of any sort or to leave the slightest doubt as to the absence of all personal interest in any matters which he may have to bring before the government to which he is accredited.

WM. H. TAFT, Secretary of War."

The President's order dismissing me was characteristically fistic and fantastic, and was, of course, published in all the papers. It was quite different in tone from this letter he wrote to me a year before he made the acquaintance of Loomis:

"My dear Mr. Bowen,

I am in receipt of your letter of the 8th of April. You owe me nothing, for the obligation is upon us to show our appre-

ciation of your admirable work. It is a pleasure to have a man like yourself to represent America.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

In the order of dismissal Roosevelt, regardless of the evidence, charged me with instigating the publication of the scandal, and accused me of being mendacious, furtive, underhanded, and unfit to hold office; but he did not explain why he tried to hush up the scandal by offering me an Ambassadorship, nor why a diplomat should be punished because he was simply intent on trying to do what he could to make the service and the government pure.

I published an answer to his order of dismissal, but it was not complete, for I did not feel justified in publishing the three letters Mr. Hay had written to me. They, of course, would have convicted Roosevelt of deliberately trying to suppress the scandal: so my answer was not half so strong as I might have made it. I hardly expected that it would receive much attention, but, as a matter of fact, it appealed very strongly to the public conscience. The result was that Loomis, instead of being promoted, as he should have been, if wholly innocent, was soon retired from the Department of State, and returned to private life.

Roosevelt, I learned from my friends in Washington, was very much afraid now that I would carry

the case to Congress and demand a full investigation; but I felt that, although I could thus compel both Mr. Hay and Russell to reveal all they knew, Congress would not have courage enough to impeach Roosevelt, and that he would forthwith vent his wrath on Mr. Hay and Russell, and remove them from office. It seemed best, therefore, to me not to appeal to Congress for justice. The only unfortunate result of my dropping the case was that the public continued to believe that Loomis was the principal offender.

But the great culprit was not Loomis; it was the man who shielded wrong-doing, and who tried to make me shield it, too: Theodore Roosevelt.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

THE day I was dismissed, June 20, 1905, I went directly from the White House to the Department of State to say good-bye to Judge Penfield. After I had told him what had occurred, I said to him, "Mr. Hay and you will be the next to go." He answered in a very decided voice, "I am ready." But Mr. Hay was not destined to live long enough to be forced out of office. He died two weeks later at his country home in New Hampshire.

He was like a knight of old in the purity of his life, and he had the marvelous gift of imparting fascination to words. Nothing that he ever said sounded commonplace, and one felt always on a high plane while talking with him. He had a fine sense of humor, and I remember how he enjoyed telling some friendly caller that he was dying of a fatal disease. The friend, in great alarm, would sympathetically inquire, "What is it, Mr. Hay?" And he would answer sepulchrally, "Old Age." He was broad enough at the same time, to enjoy the wit of others, and I think that he treasured especially a brilliant sally of Evarts's when they were journeying to-



gether on a very slow New England train. They had gone for hours without apparently getting anywhere, when suddenly they stopped at a little station hardly bigger than a hen-house. As they were both hungry, Mr. Evarts suggested that Mr. Hay should descend and see whether he could not get something to eat. Mr. Hay rushed out, and soon came back with a paper bag containing some very large and greasy doughnuts. Mr. Evarts eyed them for a moment, thinking first of his hunger and then of his poor digestion, and then solemnly ejaculated:

*"Timeo Danaos et doughnuts ferentes."*

A few days after the death of Mr. Hay a letter came to Mrs. Bowen from Judge Penfield, and as it is so indicative of the character of the man Mr. Hay considered his most loyal and helpful friend in the Department of State, it would be a pity not to print it.

"July 8, 1905.

Dear Mrs. Bowen:

I thank you sincerely for your letter. My burden of grief has been heavy these days—in the loss of a great and good friend. I feel that a great light has gone out of my life.

I did my best service that I could pay to so good and dear friends as you and Mr. Bowen, but I found it was not possible to heal the breach caused by the prolonged and bitter discussion of the controversy. But—I did my best service to my friends and even though I did not succeed, it is some comfort to know that I tried. I am glad indeed that you bear up

bravely, cheerfully even, and I have no doubt that Mr. Bowen finds in your sympathetic companionship a great strength as well as happiness. I had a few words with Mr. Hay the day before he left W. for N. H. and he spoke of Mr. Bowen in the same kindly and affectionate manner he always did. I have a letter from Mr. Hay, dictated and signed by him the day he died. Its concluding words were pathetic, "I am miserably ill, but the doctors say I will improve." The letter was in the old, sweet tone, as if a lute were always breathing in his soul.

I shall be happy to pay the visit to Woodstock next summer. It will give me happiness.

Please give to Mr. Bowen my love and know that I have not ceased and never shall cease to love you also.

Sincerely yours,

W. L. PENFIELD."

Towards the end of the year my prediction that Judge Penfield would leave the Department of State came true. He resigned. Like Mr. Hay, he was not combative; and he suffered indignities without resenting them. Men of that kind brood over their troubles, and thus unconsciously impair their health. I saw him several times during the next few months, and I tried to induce him to leave Washington, and to form a law firm in New York with a friend of mine; but he seemed unable to make a radical change; and it was not long before he, too, passed away.

A letter about this time came from Mrs. Hay, asking me to send to her some letters her husband had written to me, in order that she might use them

in compiling a book of his letters that she had in mind; but she soon abandoned the project, and wrote that the story of his life was to be written by Mr. Thayer. I gave what assistance I could to Mr. Thayer, and I received from him the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Bowen:

I am very much obliged to you for your clear statement of the Venezuelan transaction. It will enable me to walk straight among the documents which sometimes run zigzag and criss-cross.

Thank you also for your good wishes for the success of the book. Hay was a very interesting person, from many points of view. As a problem in biography he is unusually difficult.

Very truly yours,

WM. R. THAYER."

As Mr. Thayer expressed in his biography of Mr. Hay and in several of his other works very erroneous views, at my expense, about mediation and arbitration, I indulged in a brisk exchange of incivilities with him in the *North American Review*, and he very cleverly ended the controversy by declaring that he was right, but believed that I believed that I was right. That was more, *mutatis mutandis*, than I could have said of him; still, in spite of his few inaccuracies, he was a talented writer, and his books will always live and be admired.

The passing years now brought Roosevelt's second term of office to an end, and consequently, his

Ananias club-house was closed forever. The Club's name should really have been "Ananias His Club," but the ambiguous appellation applied to it was deemed to be a little more deft and delicate. The membership consisted of Judge Alton B. Parker, Senator William I. Chandler, Henry M. Whitney, Ambassador Bellamy Storer, G. O. Shields, E. H. Harriman, John F. Wallace and myself, with the great American Free-lance, Poultney Bigelow, as its only honorary member. The qualifications for membership were a good character and a public dispute with President Roosevelt, during which Roosevelt pilloried his opponent in order to escape condemnation himself, relying on the enormous prestige of his Presidential position; which is the plain English of the euphemistic criticism of him by the great Editor, Henry Watterson, that the "weight of evidence was always against Roosevelt in his controversies with the men to whom he applied the ugly little word."

Taft and I were now on a friendly footing again, owing to the mediation of the Valedictorian of our Yale Class, Kelsey, who, on learning that I had decided not to attend our 40th reunion because I thought that the very strained relations that existed between Taft and myself would be likely to derogate from the harmony and festivity of the occasion, wrote to Taft explaining the situation, and Taft thereupon addressed to me the following letter:

"June 5, 1908.

My dear Herbert:

Kelsey has sent me the inclosed note. I should feel very badly if you were kept away from the meeting on my account. I should be glad to see you, glad to talk with you, and delighted to have you in the class and enjoying the place you have a right to occupy there. I hope the other boys will urge you to come and that nothing will prevent you making the Reunion complete by your presence.

Very sincerely yours,

WM. H. TAFT."

Later in the year I had the pleasure of congratulating him on his success at the polls, and he sent the following note in reply:

"Dec. 8, 1908.

My dear Herbert:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your telegram of congratulation, received at the time of the election, and to thank you for sending it and for your kind words of greeting and good wishes.

Yours very sincerely,

WM. H. TAFT."

During the following Winter I attended at the White House a dinner that he gave to our Class, at which both he and I made speeches; and towards the end of his term I had a talk with him in Washington about my desire to be reinstated in the Diplomatic Service. He asked me where I wanted to go, and I replied, "Mexico," but quickly added, "I ought to have answered that I leave that decision to you." He smiled approvingly, and said, "Yes; that would

be best." A few days later I wrote a note thanking him for my pleasant call, and I received from him this humorous answer:

"Nov. 10, 1912.

My dear Herbert:

I have yours of Nov. 8th, and thank you for your kindly expressions.

I shall see if I can find some place to which I can appoint you, but I can not promise, because everybody now holds like a leech the place he has.

Sincerely yours,

WM. H. TAFT."

A few months later his term of office expired, and he was retired to private life, as Roosevelt had split the Republican party, taking away its united support from Taft and giving the election to Woodrow Wilson, the most autocratic Democrat that ever lived, the most inept phrasemaker of the centuries, the only man in history that added the horrors of peace to those of war, and the world's sole super-statesman that had a hundred chances of success and lost ninety-nine of them through excessive egotism, being, however, in other respects a very clever and interesting gentleman.

With Taft side-tracked, to be tooted later into the Supreme Court, where he had always really belonged since the beginning of his public career, I made up my mind to be a Country Squire the rest of my days, and I felt very little disappointment; for



I had learned to love country life and its simple pleasures. I had acquired, while I was still in the service, the estate in Woodstock, known as "Plaine Hill," which had been taken from Nature by my ancestors in 1686, and which had never been out of the possession of my family; and there I settled down.

With a roomy house, plenty of books, good neighbors, with relatives and friends, young and old, within call, and, best of all, with a thoroughly charming and charitable wife, I found myself delightfully situated to watch Winters and Presidents come and go, and to obtain consolation and inspiration from my simple creed: There is nothing so positive as ignorance, nothing so comparative as wisdom, and nothing so superlative as love.

THE END









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